

SPRING 1958

QUEEN'S *Quarterly*

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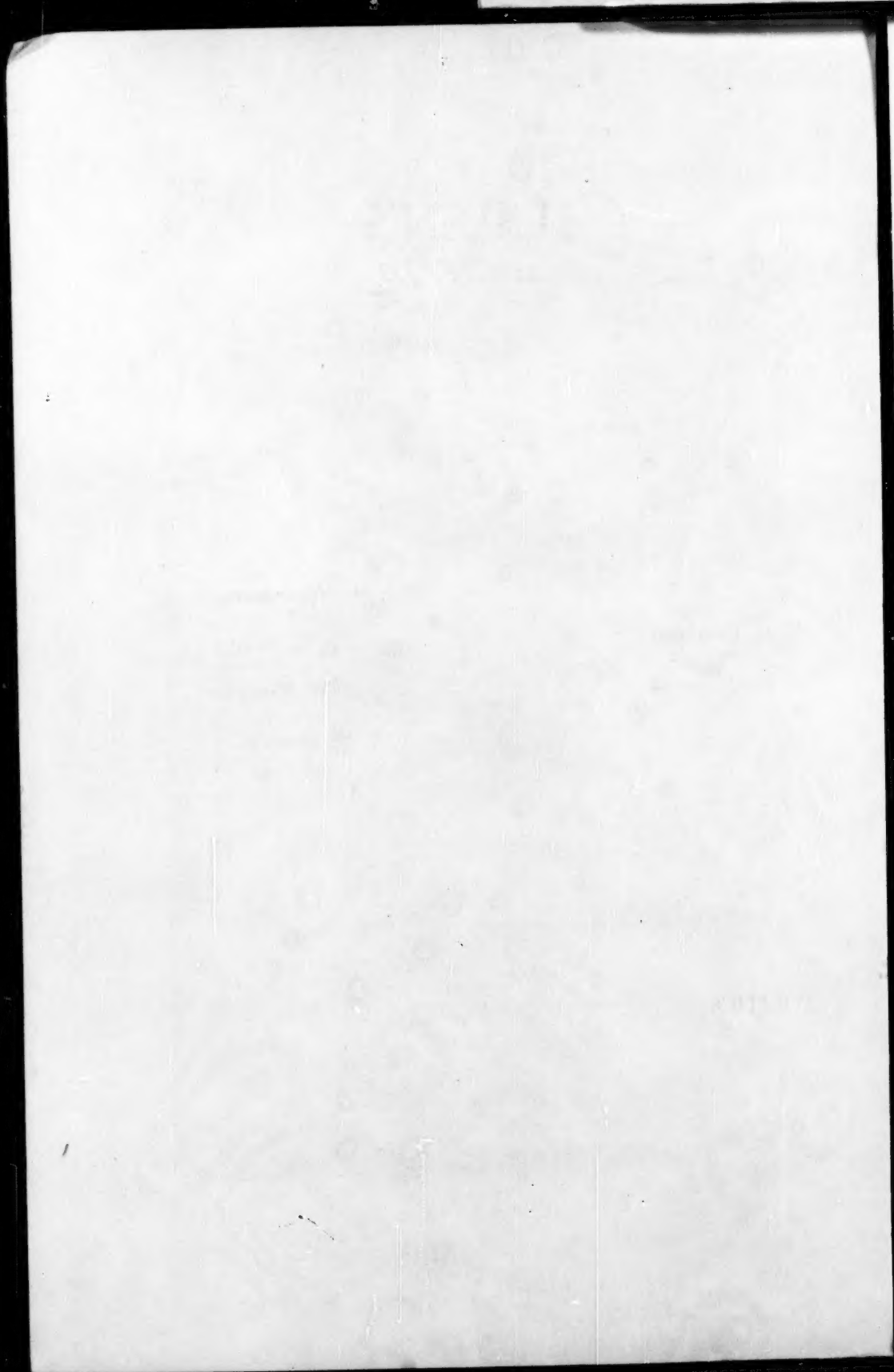
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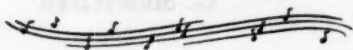
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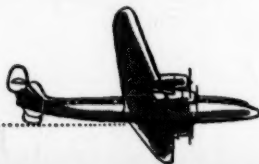
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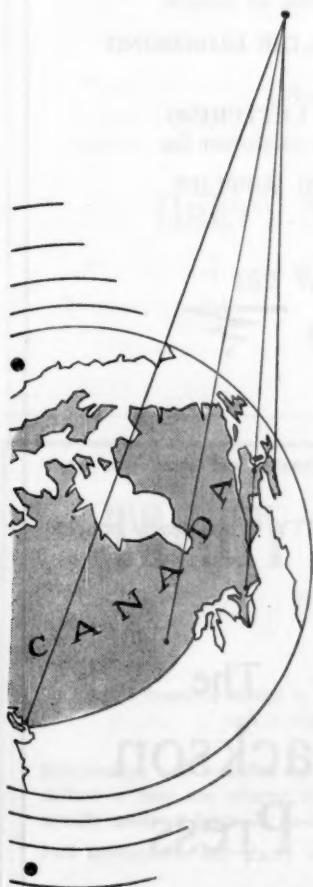
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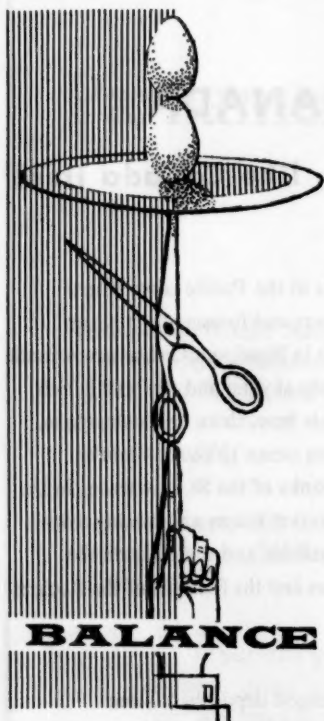
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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

Our Public Affairs Review is by NORMAN WARD, Professor of Political Science, University of Saskatchewan. He covered the 1958 convention of the Liberal party as CBC radio and TV commentator and has put down on paper his impressions of that historic occasion. The discussion of one topic raised by Jacob Viner's review of the Gordon Commission's Report, the impact on the Canadian economy of the heavy importation of American capital, is continued by GEORGE MOWBRAY, an economist who was formerly with the Department of Defence Production and in 1957 became associated with the consultant firm of Loughheed and Associates. Mr. Mowbray's views are his own and not necessarily those of his business associates.

Much in the news, since the recurrent illnesses of the President, has been the office of Vice President of the United States. JOSEPH F. MENEZ, Ph.D. from University of Notre Dame and now on the political science staff at Loyola University, Chicago, explores the recent developments that have been transforming this neglected office to one of first class significance.

A little known aspect of Russia's penetration into Asia and the Middle East is dealt with by ALBERT PARRY who last year exposed Russia's views of Canada in our pages. Dr. Parry, who is Professor of Russian Civilization and Language and chairman of the Department of Russian Studies at Colgate University, has been conducting his recent research into Soviet-Asian relations with the support of the Littauer Foundation.

Interesting intellectual developments have been taking place in Quebec where the traditional nationalism of that Province appears to be under heavy bombardment. PIERRE VADEBONCOEUR, graduate in law from University of Montreal, now technical adviser to the Canadian and Catholic Confederation of Labour, presents a most interesting interpretation of this new movement of revolt. We are grateful to Eugene Forsey for putting us in touch with this article and for translating it.

Recent announcements from the United Kingdom indicate that another step on the long road to the exploitation of atomic power for peace-time uses has been taken. J. K. ROBERTSON, distinguished physicist and head of the Physics Department at Queen's University from 1943-51, presents for the layman in his lucid analysis of fission and fusion some of the earlier steps that made these latest developments possible. Dr. Robertson, though ostensibly in retirement, manages to preserve the best of the old world and the new by lengthy visits to England and Canada where he retains a close contact with leading scientists on two continents.

The fascinating world popularized by the crystal ball gazers has been made the subject of scientific investigation, particularly by Dr. J. B. Rhine at Duke University. G. L. MANGAN, a New Zealander now on the staff of the Psychology Department of Queen's University, describes the evolution of the study of "parapsychology" and reports on some of the research of J. B. Rhine's laboratory with which he was associated for two years.

K. W. MAURER who contributes a piece on the appreciation of painting is on the staff of the German Department at the University of Manitoba. For several years he has been the guiding spirit of the Festival of the Arts which, since 1955, has made a most impressive contribution to the cultural life of the Province.

RICHARD J. VOORHEES whose contribution to our literary criticism section is devoted to the war novels of Evelyn Waugh is assistant professor of English at Purdue. He has published articles on twentieth-century novelists in numerous periodicals. F. J. BEHARRIELL has a review article dealing with Freud's influence on the novel. Professor Beharriell is a graduate in German from the Universities of Toronto and Wisconsin, and has been teaching at Indiana University since 1948. He has written widely in the area covered by his review.

Short stories in this issue are by TREVOR LENNAM and NEWTON MINER. Mr. Lennam contributed his first short story to the Quarterly a little over a year ago. He is currently holding a teaching fellowship at the University of New Brunswick. Mr. Miner lives in Pennsylvania "in a green house on two green acres" and his instinctive aversion to killing — particularly for sport — is well documented in his story, a first for him and us.

Our poetry section is occupied by two "regulars" and a newcomer. MIRIAM WADDINGTON, besides producing poetry, books and reviews, is a caseworker on the counselling service of a family agency and is married to Patrick Waddington of the CBC. ELIZABETH BREWSTER, a native of New Brunswick is at present a librarian in the Indiana University Library. She has had three poetry chap-books published by the Ryerson Press. E. F. GUY, a newcomer to our Quarterly, describes himself as "a transplanted Nova Scotian lecturing in English at the University of Alberta".

QUEEN'S *Quarterly*

Volume LXV

SPRING

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Public Affairs Review

The Liberals In Convention

— Revised and Unrepentant —

by

NORMAN WARD

On January 16, 1958, for the third consecutive time, the Liberal party chose as its national leader a man who had not worked his way upwards through the party ranks, but instead had originally moved in close to the top. Mr. King was Deputy Minister of Labour when he resigned to contest a seat for the House of Commons in 1908, and shortly thereafter was Minister of Labour. The three men who opposed him for the party leadership in 1919 had a combined record in the party's service of over seventy-five years, and all three had begun their political careers in the provincial arena.

Mr. King at least entered politics as a young man, but his two successors did not. Mr. St. Laurent and Mr. Pearson were both cabinet ministers before they were elected to Parliament, and had to wait a number of years before they could enjoy the experience of sitting elsewhere than on the Treasury benches; they too defeated rivals who had served apprenticeships as ordinary members. Since Laurier, indeed, the only serious candidates for the party leadership who have not taken at least a youthful fling at provincial politics before attempting to enter the federal field have been Messrs. King, St. Laurent, Pearson, and Power — and Mr. Power, when he contested the leadership in 1948, had been a member of parliament for thirty-one years. Whatever the validity of the tradition that alternates the Liberal leadership between French and English Canada (and that was briskly challenged in 1958), it would appear to be established that one excellent way of ensuring that one will not rise to the top of the Liberal party is to start at the bottom.

In other important respects, the 1958 convention was featured by departure from ancient ways and submission to new ones. The

party has never met before under so recent or unexpected a defeat as that of 1957, nor in the full knowledge that, partly because Parliament and a convention were meeting concurrently for the first time, and partly because of the party's strength in Parliament, the party could almost certainly precipitate another general election any time it chose. With the possible exception of Alexander Mackenzie, who called no caucus meeting during his last session as leader and first announced his resignation in the House of Commons, no departing leader has ever been less specific than Mr. St. Laurent about his choice of successor. Such open campaigning for the leadership as that of Mr. Martin and Mr. Pearson has not been seen before in Liberal affairs, nor has the party previously been favoured by would-be leaders who admitted frankly and frequently that they considered one of their rivals to be not merely unbeatable, but the best man anyway.

It is significant too that for the first time while convening when in opposition, the party had nothing to say about such matters of liberal interest as responsible government and the rôle of parliament. Considerable eloquence was devoted to these items in 1893 and 1919 (when Mr. King urged that control of the executive be restored to Parliament), but in 1958 one could kill a private conversation with a delegate by bringing the subject up. For the first time in any of the Liberal national conventions, signs of potentially divisive forces appeared, which could gather strength under the right circumstances. This is a point of historical as well as immediate interest, for previous Liberal conventions (most notably those of 1893 and 1919, with which one can justifiably couple the Reform conventions of 1859 and 1867) made positive and lasting contributions towards party strength and unity.

Finally in this catalogue of real and suspected "firsts", the Liberals in 1958 met for the first time under glass. The all-seeing eyes of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's television cameras, so placed that no corners and no faces were beyond reach, undoubtedly helped produce some of the most self-conscious spontaneity yet seen in Canadian politics. (At that, the television coverage did not

include everything that the party might have wished, for during the pre-convention planning at least one organizer showed an interest in having the cameras show a well-rehearsed fragment of convention procedure that would have demonstrated nicely how democratic the whole thing was.) The scheduled periods of telecasting were all prominently marked on the convention programmes, though the radio broadcasts were not mentioned, and before the first performance the delegates were admonished from the chair to be in their seats early "so that when television starts at eight o'clock we will be in good shape to be observed by the people of Canada."

The party naturally sought to put its best foot forward for the televised parts of the convention, and it is no coincidence that the daily highlights — the departing leader's farewell, the speeches of his potential successors, and the announcement of the results of the ballot — were seen from coast to coast. All these results would have taken place in any event, but not necessarily either at the times chosen, nor under all the pressures of rigid time limits, had they not been selected for broadcast. Undoubtedly the use of television, combined with the party's decision to use the televised periods for set "programmes" instead of random and unplanned hours, added some inflexibility to the convention's procedure. (The number of minutes allotted to each candidate for his speech for the leadership, for example, depended on a mathematical calculation of the number of minutes available, divided by the number of candidates.) At the same time, the preparations for television added something to the convention, for to most of the delegates the programmes were ordinarily the most interesting parts of each day, and they were interesting partly because they were telecast.

It may be objected that television distorts a gathering such as a convention, for on the one hand the broadcasts are not truly representative of the convention as a whole, with its milling groups of noisy delegates, and the large amount of work that is done behind closed doors; on the other hand the temptation to put on a show is too readily indulged in. The disorder that often marked the proceedings is attested to by the frequency with which the chairmen

and other speakers requested attention, as well as by the number of times when, to an interested observer, there appeared to be nobody at all listening to what was going on; in this regard the Liberals' 1958 meeting was like any other large party meeting. To blame television for converting the convention into a show, however, ignores the obvious fact that a leadership convention is a show, and is carefully arranged to be as good a show as possible.

As is customary with large modern party meetings, preparations for the Liberal's fourth national convention began months before January of 1958, under the guidance of a committee that was top-heavy with senators, M.P.'s and former M.P.'s. (Some of the preparations are necessitated by the absence of a constitution for the Liberal national convention, which means that not only must each convention begin by adopting its own rules, but that part of the first day must be given over to setting up the various convention committees; this consumes considerable time, but it also gives several people a chance to move and second motions.) The committee had subcommittees to deal with major matters relevant to the convention, ranging from Accomodation and Hospitality to Resolutions (the subcommittee chairman was Hon. George Marler), Political Organization (Senator Power), and Program (Senator Connolly). The work of the subcommittees on Resolutions and Political Organization profoundly influenced the work of similar committees on those subjects later set up by the convention itself, and it is no exaggeration to say that one of the main tasks of the convention committees was to decide whether or not to adopt as their own the reports of the pre-convention subcommittees. In a striking number of cases the answer appears to have been in the affirmative.

Some time during the pre-convention preparations two extremely important decisions were made, whether consciously or not. The first was that the convention was to be partly a parade of the party's "brass" (a word rubbed thin with use in January), and not merely of survivors of the June 10th débâcle, but also of those popularly held to have been largely responsible for it. (As in 1948, but not as in 1893 and 1919, federal leaders clearly over-shadowed their prov-

incial counterparts at the convention.) The second decision was that the convention must look as democratic as possible, and elaborate plans were laid for the moving of spontaneous resolutions from the floor. Paradoxically, since not all the delegates were consummate actors, some of the actual presentations from the floor, instead of looking spontaneous, looked contrived.

There was a further paradox in that the crowded agenda and the way in which it was handled (both of which set many delegates grumbling) obscured many of the genuinely democratic aspects of the convention. Though the brass was present in quantity, for example, a majority of the delegates were representatives of the local constituency associations, three from each. For weeks before the convention, the local associations and other groups affiliated with the party (the women's organization, and those of the university and young Liberals) were not merely asked but urged to send in resolutions and suggestions for the platform. Mr. Marler's subcommittee dealt with over three hundred and sixty proposals, and care was taken to ensure that each major element in the party had its turn at the convention, not only in presenting resolutions but also in speeches and in the chair. The delegates, though they did not at first appear to be so, were free to reject any resolution or proposal presented to them, and vociferously did so with the report of the committee on party organization.

Yet it may be questioned whether it was the original intention of the convention planners that the gathering should become the free-speaking forum that it occasionally did. The rebels who turned down the first draft of the report on party organization did so through proposing amendments to it, but there was nothing in the convention rules about amendments. Theoretically any delegate was free to propose a resolution for inclusion in the platform, but under the rules all resolutions had to be cleared through the Resolutions Committee; this meant, as the Canadian Press noted, that some "policy resolutions presented from the floor . . . vanished without trace." Further, "resolutions to be submitted from the floor must be sponsored either by a National Liberal organization which has delegates accredited

to the Convention or by the official Liberal organization of any Province, and such resolutions must be introduced by delegates designated by such organizations at the floor microphones provided." The four microphones available to delegates on the floor were under the control of a convention whip who could, and on two occasions did, switch off a delegate with whose remarks he was out of sympathy.

A variety of other straws in the wind suggested that the party's leaders had not found defeat at the polls in 1957 a wholly chastening experience. References in speeches to the party's having won the largest total vote in June of 1957 were never accompanied by mention of the actual provinces in which the Liberals had been more popular than all other parties. The convention had no keynote speaker, and one of the several reasons for this was interesting: the most logical choice of keynote speaker, Senator Power, had given the party a shrewd scolding in 1948, and it was feared by some that he might do it again. The first report of the committee on party organization (which was not merely drafted, but mimeographed, before the committee met) recommended "no alteration in the basic constitutional structure of the National Liberal Federation", and was amended only after vigorous protests from delegates on the floor. Remarks by Mr. Howe on the pipeline, during a prepared speech, were well received. Shortly after the convention Mr. Pearson announced that he planned no changes in the Liberal shadow cabinet in the House of Commons. Taking together all the more obvious signs of self-satisfaction, a casual bystander could be forgiven if he concluded that he was attending the convention of a party that had recently won, not lost, a general election.

Yet the platform adopted at the convention contains some indications of at least a desired, if not yet a real, change in direction for the party, and this was by design. Mr. Claxton, when addressing the convention of 1948, observed that "a party in power cannot pass resolutions with that fine free careless irresponsible rapture which is characteristic of the opposition", and while nobody quoted this passage in 1958, the possibilities inherent in it seem to have occurred to a number of citizens at the Coliseum. A party that has just gone

out of power after prolonged political prosperity can hardly draft a wholly new platform without tacitly admitting it has left many important things undone, and much energy went into the drafting of statements (some of them quite long) about such topics as liberalism, a vigorous economy, and a fighting faith, all intended to show that Liberalism was still fundamentally the same comfortable thing it had always been. Inevitably parts of these, because they dealt with familiar topics and because the vocabulary of politics is limited, sounded platitudinous; but how many mortals could draft a simple statement about (say) liberalism which, however true, did *not* sound platitudinous? There are, too, the usual types of proposals (not confined in Canada to Liberal platforms) to attract the Maritimes, the West, and so on. There are the customary contradictions we have come to expect of our major parties: the Liberals appear to be in favour of both free trade and protection, both free enterprise and a substantial increase in governmental activity, both larger expenditures and reduced (or "modified") taxes.

In fairness to the new platform, however, it must be added that, at the convention, little if any emphasis was placed on lower taxation as a catch-all for electors, and no specific resolution embodying such a proposal was suggested, partly because the three hundred and sixty proposed resolutions sent in to Mr. Marler's subcommittee reflected little demand for it. Where the platform can be said to be new at all, it leans leftward, and was apparently intended to. The leaning was readily contrived through employment of the services of a small committee of writers and intellectuals, the most active of whom were Mr. Tom Kent, the editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, and Mr. Maurice Lamontagne. This group sifted through the proposals submitted, and drafted the original texts of resolutions embodying all the acceptable notions. Most of these resolutions were passed by the convention without change. (An incidental benefit worth mentioning is that the practice followed in regard to resolutions brought together in prolonged and serious discussion men like Messrs. Kent and Lamontagne.) The Liberals thus stand committed to a considerable range of policies concerning, among other things, labour,

fishery, agriculture, education and social welfare, many of the details of which they either openly opposed or failed to accept when in power. And for the second consecutive time, though the period from 1948 to 1958 strongly resembles a decade, the party has agreed to hold a national convention (or a "National Policy Conference") every four years.

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While possibly important changes in Liberal policy are thus discernible, it cannot be said nearly so convincingly that the campaigns for the leadership, and the final choice, also reflect a real alteration. A remark commonly passed around by delegates at the convention was that the party was fortunate to have two potential leaders of the calibre of Mr. Martin and Mr. Pearson. (Nobody at any time, so far as one could discover in conversation, took seriously the candidature of either Mr. Mackay or Mr. Henderson, who flashed across the convention sky like meteorites, and almost as mysteriously.) But what was equally striking was that after twenty-two years in power, there were in the party only two serious candidates for the leadership, both of them identified with the "old guard". Neither of them, except in an extremely general and inconclusive way, offered the convention any leadership in regard to the drafting of the party's platform, and each refrained from telling the party whether or not he would, if chosen, take steps to force an immediate general election. In a literal sense, one of the distinguishing characteristics of the convention was that it was itself clearly leaderless.

The battle for leadership, virtually stripped of references to "I will, if elected . . .", perforce became largely a popularity contest in which the candidates held court in hotel suites, hotel lobbies, the railway station, the parliamentary restaurant, the convention floor, and any other place where delegates were gathered. Both candidates had made extended trips in the months before the convention, and both had been prominent in the House of Commons. Mr. Pearson, with the inertia of his great international reputation behind him, got his campaign off to an appreciably slower start than Mr. Martin, but once on the convention hustings produced some pleasant surprises

for his warmest (and occasionally worried) supporters. Mr. Martin, obviously seeking to demonstrate by campaigning that he was a great campaigner, worked tirelessly among the delegates (many of whom he had approached by long distance telephone before the convention began), while his supporters turned out signs, stickers, hat-band favours, and a small daily paper. Probably the oddest tactic in the Martin campaign concerned a short-lived attempt by his supporters to hold the balloting for the leadership on the second day of the convention, immediately following the candidates' speeches. The reasoning behind this apparently ran as follows: (a) Mr. King made a great speech in 1919 and was chosen leader; (b) Mr. Martin is a better speaker than Mr. Pearson; (c) therefore Mr. Martin's chances of being elected will be greatest immediately after he has spoken. But since Mr. King in 1919 had spoken the day before he was chosen, and since the party found at its 1948 convention that nobody stays around after the leadership is settled, the original plans to have the new leader's choice announced on television, as the last important item of business on the convention's third day, were left unchanged.

Two other elements in the candidates' campaigns (in addition to the full indulgence in campaigns and demonstrations) were of more than passing interest, for the Liberal party may not have heard the last of them. Mr. Martin's supporters were anxious to establish that the demand for Mr. Martin had a broad democratic basis, and as convention week wore on, sought increasingly to identify Mr. Pearson with the brass, which could be assumed to be to his discredit provided that the brass could be held exclusively responsible for last year's election result and the attempts to control the convention. This stratagem produced sufficient ill-feeling to have observers wondering whether Mr. Martin's position in the party might not have been seriously damaged through the zeal of his workers, regardless of the choice of leader. It was in any event a failure, for the majority of the delegates had no quarrel with the party leaders, and those who had were more inclined to link Mr. Martin rather than Mr. Pearson with the old guard. Mr. Pearson, because of the nature of his career, was more or less considered to have escaped contamination

in a manner somewhat reminiscent of that in which Mr. King in 1919 escaped identification with the Liberal Unionists.

The second issue raised, also on Mr. Martin's behalf, concerned the alternation of the party leadership between French-speaking Catholics from Quebec and English-speaking Protestants from elsewhere. If it were conceded that the alternation had become an established party tradition, then anyone like Mr. Martin, a Catholic from English-speaking Canada, would be permanently disqualified from the Liberal leadership. Mr. Pearson's forces were of course not averse to having the tradition favourably spoken of, but were not disposed to make too much of it, largely because of the two and a half million Canadian Catholics who live outside Quebec, and the half million Protestants who live within it. Mr. Martin's supporters, facing the inescapable facts of party history, had to cope with the alternations that have already occurred. Although the convention as a whole presented an admirably united picture as far as the two great language groups were concerned, English-speaking delegates supporting both candidates tended to assume that Mr. Pearson's English-speaking Protestantism was the sole reason why delegates from Quebec would support him, in order not to lose Quebec's turn at the leadership after Mr. Pearson. Intelligent French Canadians not unnaturally found this cynical and patronizing, particularly since it was patently untrue. As one French-speaking commentator remarked, Mr. Pearson's background was not irrelevant, but in general French Canadian delegates favoured Mr. Pearson for the same reasons as English.

While it would probably not be difficult to exaggerate the importance of these issues raised by the campaigns for the leadership, they cannot be ignored. Whether they become potentially dangerous will depend largely on the party's fortunes in the immediate future, for presumably they will be forgotten, along with the grumbling about the management of the convention, if Mr. Pearson's leadership is successful and the party flourishes. If the party is in for a bad time, however, its 1958 convention has provided some fruitful possibilities for afterthoughts and recriminations.

But this is to speculate about a future that was far from apparent at the gathering's closing session. The Liberal convention of 1958 ended on a note of triumph, with words from such old warriors as C. D. Howe, a touching farewell to the departing leader, a belligerent speech from the winner of the leadership race, and a graceful and conciliatory gesture from the loser. No delegate, on that final night, was asking for more than that; few were asking if it was enough.

"Little Canadianism" and American Capital

— What Price Economic Nationalism? —

by

GEORGE MOWBRAY

An economist takes a sharp look at the current outcry against the infiltration of American capital into Canada. Are we open to the charge of having a 'banana republic' mentality? Are these fears groundless, based on 'sentimental calisthenics'?

As successive reviews by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics have shown that American investment in Canada is growing, as loose minds have preyed on comments of the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects, as unifying themes in Canadian politics have become scarcer, there has developed a mounting demand that Canada bring a never-specified fringe of American subsidiary companies into some "proper" state of domesticity.

This outcry is surely "little Canadianism" at its poverty-stricken worst. Even high political figures are apparently striving to implant fear in the minds of their fellow citizens. If public attitudes towards other countries are one measure of national maturity, then we are being led back into an era of infantile disorders of the mind.

A number of suggestions have been made — some of them expensive from the Canadian standpoint and insulting or embarrassing from the American — as to how the subsidiaries of American corporations in Canada should be forced to acquire local colour. Now comes the crowning rumour that Canadians should put some of their scarce resources of private capital into General Motors of Canada, to replace perhaps \$100 million of American investment.

And to just what practical purpose? Absolutely none whatever! No concrete economic problem has ever been posed with respect to the operation or expansion of American properties and investment in Canada. I challenge anyone to produce one substantial piece of

practical evidence, unrelated to unbecoming nationalistic sentiment, which points to the need for a general change in the position of the broad cross-section of American firms operating in this country. The plain, simple fact of the matter is that there *is none*.

Canadians who prattle about Canadianizing U.S. subsidiaries leave themselves open to the charge of having a "banana republic" mentality, of being empty drum beaters of the kind we have been mercifully free from in this country, and of unwittingly putting themselves on the side of future poverty for themselves or their heirs. Such sentimental calisthenics about a non-existent problem ill become our senior politicians and journalists.

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There need be no doubt, of course, that the influence of American investors is growing, and growing rapidly. The number of companies concerned has doubled since 1945. United States residents were reported in 1954 to "control" 45 per cent of our manufacturing industries and 57 per cent of mining, smelting and petroleum extraction. These percentages have likely increased somewhat in the past two years. In the decade of unprecedented prosperity since the war, the value of American investments in Canada more than doubled, from \$5.2 billion in 1946 to \$11.7 billion in 1956. This increase of \$6.5 billion should, however, be looked at in light of the \$50 billion of total new public and private investment in Canada during these same years. Although no estimate is available of the total current value of investment goods now being used in our economy, the \$11.7 billion American total is undoubtedly only a small portion.

One might ask how this American capital came to be invested in Canada. The first thing to note about it is that it is *private* capital, not the funds of the American government. It was attracted to Canada by the hope of profit and not driven here as an arm of American "imperialism". Its amount is small relative to the American base from which it was exported, but it reflects a peculiar characteristic of the Canadian and American capital markets on which information is scarce and on which there are apparently some misguided Canadian opinions.

Capital investment is "savings at work", and the dovetailing of Canadian and American international investment reflects important differences between supply and demand in the two capital markets. First of all, American and Canadian savings patterns and investment psychology are very similar. But the volume of American savings available for "venturesome" undertakings is a little too large for the American demand at going rates of prospective return. On the other hand, the volume of Canadian savings, while adequate in theory to meet our total needs, contains far too small a "venturesome" component in relation to the relatively much larger need for such funds in Canada. Thus, a good deal of Canadian money flows into conservative foreign uses and a small overflow from the American pool of capital funds fills a large gap in our requirements.

Canada has in fact been more often a net *exporter* of capital than a net importer in the last thirty years. Between 1945 and 1955, the value of long-term Canadian investments in other countries increased by 2.4 billion, from \$2 billion to \$4.4 billion. Almost half of this increase applied to the United States and raised our investments in that country from \$864 million to almost \$2 billion. It may come as a surprise to some Canadians to realize that this \$2 billion is at least one-sixth of the total of investments by Americans in Canada, whereas the total value of Canada's national output in 1955 (\$27 billion) was about one-fifteenth of the American figure (\$392 billion). Relatively speaking, therefore, Canadians have a far bigger investment stake in American activities than Americans have in Canadian. The continued outflow of Canadian capital, and a compensating inflow of American, thus enables us to maintain a rational program of private investment. If the American funds were to be cut off, we would be in very real difficulties because we could not prudently switch our capital exports into risky domestic projects.

This function of risk-bearing is the basic key to Canadian economic development. Large American corporations, with their ability to absorb losses and underwrite long periods of profitless development, are able to make use of our primary resources in a way we could not do ourselves. Even if governments undertook to replace foreign capital, and assume its risks, there is still the matter of

markets. The subsidiary companies of American enterprises here, particularly in mining and petroleum extraction, act as export agents to the assured American markets of their parents. This in turn gives us American defenders against independent American firms who wish to raise tariffs against Canadian materials. As Professor Jacob Viner, Canadian-born Princeton economist, wrote recently in this *Quarterly* (Autumn, 1957), these arrangements protect 35% of all our commodity exports to the United States. A case in point: our wood pulp exports to the U.S. in 1957.

Then, too, many "Canadian" manufacturing establishments were set up by American corporations that crawled under tariff barriers. While it is easy to overestimate the degree of protection afforded by our present tariff rates, the automobile, electrical equipment and appliance industries are examples of industrial development encouraged in the first instance by tariff restrictions. Without American capital and managerial skill, some of these would certainly not be flourishing as they are today.

The influence of American business is far greater than its investments in Canada indicate. We are in the fortunate position, for a small country, of being able to take advantage of our neighbours' skills, and not least in the form of expert American executives in the top ranks of many Canadian firms. These men are few in number but great in economic value to Canada. The suggestion has been made, for example by the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects, that Canadians should have more opportunities for top posts in the subsidiaries of foreign firms.

There can be no doubt that this desire is shared by the management of the parent companies. What the critics of personnel policy do not seem to understand is that there is a severe shortage of executive talent in the United States. American corporations really cannot afford to export brains. It is in their financial interest to select, train and promote as many foreign nationals as possible — and this they have been doing all over the world and nowhere more than in Canada.

The combination of American money, talent and willingness to assume risks has brought benefits to Canada and Canadians, has

helped establish a rate of economic development unprecedented in the entire history of western civilization — a doubling of living standards since before the war.

The Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects must bear considerable responsibility for conjuring up the hobgoblin which demagogues may yet use to frighten off foreign investors and destroy the heritage of equality of international business opportunity so carefully nurtured these many years in Canada. The commissioners' own words are the measure of the chimera:

It would, however, be both unfair and ungenerous to suggest that Canada has been hurt so far in these or other ways as a result of the foreign capital which has been invested in this country. As already stated, we have benefited greatly from such investment. Nevertheless if, as seems likely, the present trend continues under which foreign investment in Canada is heavily concentrated in the resource and manufacturing industries, it seems probable that this will continue to cause concern in this country. And conceivably, if this proves to be the case, it could lead to action of an extreme kind being taken at some future time. This is the problem — the question is what can or should be done about it? (*Preliminary Report*, pp. 89 f).

The problem here is that there is no problem and that the conception is certainly not an immaculate one. About the best the commissioners seemed able to do was hint obscurely that at some future date a stupider generation of Canadians would swoop down and seize the American properties. A vague hobgoblin, dimly seen through the shroudy mists of the indefinite future, must be classified as rather insubstantial as a basis for public policy in the present.

The commissioners' views do not reveal a full or accurate appreciation of the principles governing Canadian-American economic relations. Canada and the United States form a free society, a capitalistic society characterized by a universalistic price system and substantial equality of personal economic opportunity. American investment is merely part of the total continental flow of capital funds. American investment will not continue in Canada, nor will any other kind, beyond the point where it is good business to extend it. Does anyone suggest that American subsidiaries in Canada are going to neglect opportunities for good business? Their record does not, nor

does their vigorously competitive attitude. No one has suggested, either, that these firms do not operate in conformity with the letter and spirit of Canadian law.

If Canadians come to be able to compete in money and nerve with their neighbours for the development of this country's human and material resources, then American capital will fall into a more minor position in the course of time. Until then, we should have more faith in our own citizens and in those of the United States. One does not look to royal commissions for a short sale of Canadian character and *bona fides*.

If "little Canadianism" is to be rooted out of our consciousness before it gets too well established, we have to understand what motivates the people who are upset about American companies here. These self-styled St. Georges appear in many walks of life, but notably in high political circles and in the press.

The usual technique employed by such critics is to toss a few bouquets to "the vast majority of American firms" and then to refer darkly to a delinquent minority. The time has surely come to be more explicit. If there are firms with American connections that are *really* acting against the best interests of Canadians generally, then let's know who they are. I am sure that some specific publicity would be most salutary.

The second point to note is that the critics speak large from small texts, as reflected in their suggestions for reform. The personnel management canard we have already referred to. It is also alleged that Canadians do not have enough opportunity to buy shares in the subsidiaries of American firms. Now this might very well entail a waste of our savings, but passing that argument I would point out that it is only recently that Canadian tax laws ceased to be a decisive barrier to such participation. If Canadian stockholders interfered irrationally — as they would not likely interfere — with international trade relations between parent and subsidiary it would be against both shareholder interests and those of our economic development.

Then there are the quite ridiculous ideas. What useful purpose would be fulfilled by *publication* of separate financial statements for

subsidiaries? This might require disclosure of confidential business data affecting competitive relationships in the Canadian market and in this case it would not only be socially useless but positively harmful. And now the Minister of Finance charges that American companies do not contribute enough to philanthropic causes. *What* companies? How about Canadian corporate contributions? Shades of "blackmail" and the Toronto United Appeal this year!

A third point to consider is the effect on voters and newspaper buyers that a good old nationalistic furor can have. Being "against foreigners", particularly Americans, is a time-honoured political gambit all the way from Moscow to Djakarta. In the present Canadian scene, however, some journalists who might be called "half-transplanted" have taken the lead in beating the nationalistic drums and no doubt selling papers to boot. One cannot resist the suspicion that an Old World anti-Americanism born of envy and frustration is looking for new Canadian roots. A sloppy sentimentality towards Britain is not, as far as I and a good many other Canadians are concerned, the kind of thing we need to develop a nationally independent culture.

All this is not new. Canada was born partly out of fear of the military power of a new Union Government in the United States following the Civil War. As we and the Americans have grown up, this fear has turned to a mutual friendship on which one of the world's strongest alliances is firmly based. Americans seem to "like" Canadians even when they do not know much about us. A cheap betrayal of this trust is a retrograde step, no matter what its source.

Mr. Walter Gordon and his fellow commissioners, it is true, may have been trying to forestall an irrational growth of anti-Americanism which they themselves did not share. On the other hand, the "helpful fireman" suggestions clearly have had an incendiary effect. Because of the nationalistic tone of their *Preliminary Report*, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the commissioners knew they were starting a brushfire.

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The central point of my argument, however, goes far beyond the particular question of Canadianizing the subsidiaries of American

firms. My plea is that we eschew negative national attitudes, the mark of the shrivelled soul. In the parade of the worlds it is not enough to be against peoples and things, nor to try to wring trade concessions from the American government by attacking our first line of defence on trade policy in the United States. One must be *for* something. Negative attitudes are a spreading poison. From being against some aspects of American activity we can too easily be against all. This would be crass stupidity. Anyone who knows anything about the United States — or any other country for that matter — will attest the infinite variety of its people and ideas. Whole nations do not, newspaper headlines notwithstanding, tread the boards of the world stage like single giants. Nor is abuse of national stereotypes the mark of a sophisticated man or people.

All kinds of positive avenues are open to us Canadians. One could go through the arts and sciences and find wonderful challenges. Among the broader goals is that of helping all our citizens enlarge their personal horizons and acquire the material base on which personal economic power depends. In a word, to promote the economic development of Canada.

Of all the economic limitations which nature and human frailty have placed upon the progress of man from poverty to wealth, the shortage of *real capital* is perhaps the greatest. Over a vast area of the globe, whole peoples sweat out their short and dismal lives in economies with one hundred per cent consumption, zero savings and zero capital investment. This is the vicious circle of the backward country. Of all the nations in the world, Canada is perhaps farthest removed from this *cul de sac*.

In the years before the first world war, our country was launched on the voyage to wealth by foreign investors, mostly British. Our capacity to make sizeable savings beyond our current requirements came later, and by then we were on our way. The Americans, for quite selfish reasons, have helped us link our economy to the progressive, driving forces of their own great society. With money and talent they have enabled us, a small people in a large and often inhospitable territory, to achieve a standard of living second only to theirs in the modern world. In short, they have saved us from the

restrictions on our own capacity to generate funds for capital investment and from the constraints of limited executive talent in a small population.

We need the money and brains now more than ever before because the margins of economic opportunity are getting finer and harder to assess with the same assurance as heretofore. It is one thing for a people to lift itself — as, for example, the Russians have done by various means — to a reasonably good level of real income. It is quite another to move beyond current limitations towards infinite wealth.

Canadians will have to be well supplied with the tools of hand and mind, and with capital funds, to extend their postwar boom through the next few decades. One of the projections of this boom by the Gordon Commission pointed to a \$76 billion Gross National Product for Canada in 1980 — a level of national output nearly three times larger in volume than that for 1955. The postwar period on which this forecast was based was enriched by considerable foreign capital and saw public and private investment rise from less than 20 per cent to about 27 per cent of total national expenditures by the end of 1957. This capital is our well-spring of growth. The equivalent in 1980 would be an annual outlay of nearly \$20 billion. It seems highly questionable whether this level of real savings will be available in the years leading up to the end of the next quarter-century — at least from domestic sources. And international competition for the world's limited supply of real capital will also predictably increase. It might be noted parenthetically that no local governments are screaming about the evils of American enterprise in Canada, because an American subsidiary has saved more than one municipality from an unbalanced assessment. Nor must we lose sight of the fact that provincial and municipal governments, and not the federal government, are closest to the basic determinants of economic expansion.

If we do not do something quite foolish, total American investment in Canada could well rise from \$12 billion to \$50 billion between now and 1980. It may *have* to if we are to keep advancing in terms of both overall national output and output per man-hour of labour effort. A \$50 billion stake in Canada would imply perhaps \$3 billion

a year in transfer payments of dividends and interest to the United States in 1980. Such a rate would mean good times. It also may be thought to pose something of a "transfer problem".

Two propositions have to be kept clearly in mind about this so-called problem. One is that if the transfers cannot be made advantageously by their private owners, they will not be made; if the free economy and the free exchange rate permit them to be made advantageously, then there is no fundamental problem. The other proposition is that goods follow money and sooner or later transfers of purchasing power must be required by transfers of goods; return on foreign investment thus tends to underwrite export industries and markets in a general way quite aside from any direct trade connections.

The foreign exchange mechanics are worth looking into briefly. If the demand for American funds for transfer purposes depresses the exchange value of the Canadian dollar — a reaction which automatically cuts down the transfers, by the way — then the resulting rise in the Canadian-dollar prices of internationally traded goods can be depended on to produce two kinds of equilibrating reactions. The first is a quick shift of domestic commodities into international trade; this increases export income and the demand for Canadian funds. The second is a gradual shift of capital and labour and supplies into export industries and import-competing industries and out of domestic industries. This, too, decreases the demand for American funds for trade and increases the supply of them in the exchange markets.

If you feel uneasy about this hocus-pocus, be consoled with the thought that the capacity of adjustment in a well developed industrial society is much greater than some people think. The strength of freedom is an elastic strength. Let us welcome American capital and profit from it along with its owners. The world suffers from a chronic shortage of real capital. It always has suffered from it. It always will. To the peoples of far-off lands who would sell their souls for the American capital we get with no strings attached, we Canadians must seem very peculiar indeed. I have a feeling that those who know most intimately the pinch of absent savings would think the same way I do — that our "little Canadianism" in the capital market is blustering nonsense.

The Vice Presidency in The United States

— Up from Oblivion —

by

JOSEPH F. MENEZ

"I am Vice President of the United States. In this I am nothing. But I may be everything". Thus spoke John Adams, the first Vice President. Americans have had due cause to ponder this remark for no less than seven "accidental presidents" have been thus hoisted from the obscurity of the vice presidency. What has been happening to the office to account for its increasing eminence? What problems have been raised by the current efforts to arrange for a proper presidential succession in the event of illness or death?

A new concept of the Vice Presidency has arisen. It is one in which the Vice President is becoming in fact an Assistant President. No doubt, Presidents will continue to have their special friends and confidants but the gains made during the last three administrations in enlarging and dignifying the Vice Presidency cannot be erased. Mr. Throttlebottom, the dubious Vice President in "Of Thee I Sing" whose principal job was to sit in the park and feed peanuts to the pigeons, is not only accepted as a working partner in the Eisenhower Administration but one who is assigned important tasks. The tasks Mr. Nixon carries out for the President are partly reflected in his budget, his staff of thirteen, and his administrative assistant to handle press relations, — in short, a press agent.

With the President's knowledge, Mr. Nixon has made the office one of power and influence. During the campaign of 1956, Nixon toured thousands of miles and held over fifty press conferences any one of which could have spelled his doom or seriously damaged the President. Little wonder Mr. Eisenhower said. "Dick is the most valuable member of my team." The demand of reporters to accompany Mr. Nixon was so heavy it led to a priority list. When Mr. Truman campaigned in 1944 along with Roosevelt, by contrast, it was said that the Democratic National Committee assigned George

Allen, humorist author of *Presidents Who Have Known Me*, to go along to keep the Missourian from being bored.

From figurehead to power. That is the story of the last few decades of this office — evolving from near obscurity to its present high status. In addition to their liaison work with Congress, Roosevelt used his Vice Presidents as diplomatic emissaries. This is a long step from the time of Jefferson who as Vice President refused on constitutional grounds President Adams' offer to go to France on a peace mission. Roosevelt's Vice Presidents also sat in the cabinet as regular members. Mr. Truman in turn was responsible for increasing the Vice President's power by inducing Congress to make the Vice President a statutory member of the National Security Council. This development, accentuated by Mr. Eisenhower, helps to explain why Mr. Nixon is easily the second most important member of the Eisenhower Administration.

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The new concept of the Vice Presidency is bucking a very different tradition — a tradition in which the Second Consul was powerless, a figurehead, and useless. The Constitution devotes only twenty-three words to the office, a fact which supported Woodrow Wilson's remark "in saying how little there is to be said about it one already has evidently said all there is to say." While the President, according to the Constitution, is to be paid a salary ascertained by law, it looked, judging from the debates in the first Congress and the silence of the Constitution on the subject, as though the Vice President would not even be paid. Such disrespect was bad enough but add to this an office of no power and it is no wonder an irritated Vice President, John Adams, cried out: "My country has in its wisdom contrived for me the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived." When a newspaper reporter reminded Adlai Stevenson that the Governor's grandfather was Cleveland's second Vice President, he responded by saying that his grandfather was the unsuccessful Stevenson!

The Vice Presidency was hardly a quarter century old when it encountered difficulties. Under the original Constitution, Presidential

Electors were required to vote for two candidates, the one receiving the most votes would be President and the other would be Vice President. The Election of 1800 produced a tie between Jefferson and Burr. Aaron Burr refused to capitulate, although everyone knew that the Electors intended to vote for Jefferson. Shortly after this episode the Twelfth Amendment was adopted which provided that Electors would use separate ballots to select the President and Vice President. It corrected one abuse but spawned another, for it changed the Vice Presidential candidate from one of *equal* ability and dignity with the Presidential candidate to one of *unequal* ability. In requiring the Electors to vote for nominees for *two separate offices* rather than *two equal nominees for one office*, the Amendment definitely made the Vice Presidency less attractive. As Edgar W. Waugh says in *Second Consul* the "amendment merely added pavement to a road already chartered for Vice Presidential decline."

The rise of political parties hastened the job of transforming the office into the kind presided over by Mr. Throttlebottom. Electors now voted not as individuals, as the Constitution envisaged, but as a group for one party or the other. Since Electors are "pledged" to vote for the candidate winning a plurality of votes, they have become virtual "rubber stamps". They no longer elect; they record. It is true that formally the Constitution still recognizes the Elector as an agent free to vote for whom he pleases, but custom and a recent Supreme Court decision make this power doubtful.

Until recently, the Vice Presidency has been an office begging for occupants. It has too often been considered not as a stepping stone to the Presidency but the road to political oblivion. Daniel Webster refused it saying: "I do not propose to be buried until I am really dead in my coffin." Nominated against his wish in an astute move by Boss Platt to get that "cowboy" out of New York, Theodore Roosevelt felt, on his way to the inaugural, that he was not going to Washington to be praised but buried.

The way in which the nominating Convention chooses a Vice Presidential nominee also gives a good indication of the scant respect for the office. The method indicates, too, his relations with the in-

coming President. Normally, he is handpicked by the Presidential nominee for reasons usually having nothing to do with executive ability. Thus, only after the Texas and California delegations were assured that their "favourite son", John N. Garner, would get the Vice Presidency did they make the Roosevelt nomination possible in 1932. The conservative Garner and his supporter, William Randolph Hearst, later returned to plague the President. Rarely consuming more than a few hours and never more than one ballot, selection of the Vice President is designed to "balance the ticket". For example, the Republican Convention of 1952 picked Eisenhower an Easterner, over sixty years of age and a liberal along with Nixon a westerner, twenty-three years younger than the General, and regarded as more conservative.

This may be an easy way to win votes but it can lead to confusion in the Government. Following William McKinley's death, Theodore Roosevelt remarked that he would carry out the dead President's policies — a statement which his biographer, Henry F. Pringle, interpreted to mean, "bury them". This is not surprising, for Roosevelt considered his succession to the presidency as equivalent to being elected to the office itself. Although Mr. Eisenhower catered to the fiction of a "sovereign" nominating convention to chose Mr. Nixon in 1956, he later admitted when answering a question of presidential "inability" that it was imperative that the President and the Vice President be a team. He did not say how this could be assured if the President did not *determine* a running mate. The "open" convention of the Democrats in 1956 can only be understood as meaning that Mr. Stevenson would not be permitted to impose his vice presidential choice on the party.

Aside from one or two instances under Washington, it was not until Harding's Administration that the Vice President, in this case, Coolidge, sat regularly with the cabinet. President Coolidge, in turn, invited Vice President Charles Dawes to sit in on cabinet sessions but the latter declined. He did not want to establish a precedent whereby some future President might be saddled in cabinet sessions with a Vice President who did not enjoy the President's confidence. This view was partly substantiated in the case of Garner and

Roosevelt. Initially their relations were most cordial until, in addition to Garner's conservatism, Roosevelt blamed the Vice President for leaking confidential information on the famous soldier's bonus bill. From that time on, as Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, chronicled in *The Roosevelt I Knew*, cabinet sessions were devoted to staff reporting rather than serious discussion. Despite the total estrangement of the two men, Garner nevertheless continued to attend cabinet sessions. In order to circumvent this lack of confidence between the President and Garner, cabinet officials manoeuvred to see FDR privately after cabinet sessions, a device the "sage of Uvalde" characterized as "staying for prayer meeting".

* * *

A momentous evolution in the Vice Presidency occurred under Harry Truman. In 1949, Congress, at his insistence, made the Vice President a statutory member of the National Security Council. In addition to the President and Vice President, this agency includes the Secretary of State, Secretary of Defence, and the Directors of the Foreign Operations Administration and Office of Defence Mobilization. It is charged with integrating domestic, foreign, and military policies involved in national security. Realizing how the course of events would catapult a Vice President into the Presidency, and how necessary it would be for him to be prepared for such an emergency, Mr. Truman wanted Alben Barkley, as John Fisher says in *Master Plan U.S.A.* to be prepared and to "know the score if Truman ever dropped dead." Mr. Truman knew from sad personal experience what it was to be suddenly called on to digest some 30,000 words daily in order to catch up on the past. The President, who had not even known of the existence of the atom bomb until some time after taking the oath of office, felt the nation deserved better preparation for its Vice President than this.

From the very beginning, though, Mr. Nixon has been a member of the Eisenhower "team". This was most notably shown during the 143 days of Eisenhower's heart attack until the White House announced him "recovered". Although it is true the Vice President did not initiate policy, a job admittedly left to the President, yet he helped

keep the Government running smoothly along the lines previously laid down by the President. Vice President Nixon conducted the cabinet and National Security Council meetings with ability, meanwhile regularly briefing the President. Even his critics admit, differences of politics aside, that he is loyal and knowledgeable. Whether this training could make him a real leader can only be conjectured. It is interesting to note that most members of the cabinet, often called the President's "constitutional advisers", are not members of the National Security Council. Further, those members of the cabinet who are members (Secretaries of State and Defence) have no real entrée to the Senate to match that of the Vice President. Thus, it is easy to see how the Vice President is an indispensable link in the legislative and policy process.

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The contrast between Eisenhower's illness and that of Wilson and Garfield indicates the progress made in strengthening the Vice Presidency. Woodrow Wilson's Vice President, Thomas Marshall, was not only kept in the dark all the time the President was ill — a period of seven months — but he was rebuffed by Mrs. Wilson, the "petticoat" President. Mrs. Wilson, along with the President's doctor, Cary T. Grayson, decided what papers the President would read, for how long, and what persons would see the President. "Woodrow Wilson," she said, "was first my beloved husband . . . after that he was the President of the United States." Professor Irving G. Williams in *The Rise of the Vice Presidency* calls this an admirable point of view for a wife "but to the nation and its people, Woodrow Wilson was first of all President and secondly a husband."

Stemming from Wilson's illness was the dismissal of Secretary of State, Robert Lansing. He had made the mistake of informally calling twenty-one meetings with the other departments to conduct necessary governmental business. Despite the fact that Wilson was "disabled" in the constitutional sense (for example, during the 66th Congress, 28 acts became law within the prescribed ten days without the President passing on them) he told his secretary: "Tumulty, it is never wrong to spike disloyalty. When Lansing sought to oust me

I was on my back. I am on my feet now and I will not have disloyalty about me." During the twelve weeks that President Garfield lived after being shot his Vice President, Arthur, never once consulted the dying President. James Blaine, Secretary of State, was the sole link between the stricken President and the nation. Garfield's only official act during this time was the signing of an extradition paper. Although Congress was not in session, a number of foreign policy questions were left unattended.

While a good deal of controversy has ensued regarding Roosevelt's fatigue prior to his death in April, 1945, "only an omniscient observer," writes Professor Herman E. Bateman in *The Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, "could have forecast the succeeding events with certainty." In addition, Mr. Roosevelt's illnesses (sinus attacks, colds, and the like) never constituted "inability" in the constitutional sense. Unlike the illnesses of Presidents Garfield and Wilson — or even the secret cancer operation that President Grover Cleveland endured — Mr. Eisenhower's (he suffered a heart attack September 24, 1955, intestinal attack, June 9, 1956, and an occlusion on November 25, 1957) have been promptly and candidly reported.

In early 1956, the House Judiciary Committee held hearings on "inability", but no legislation ensued partly because the campaign prevented the "health issue" from being raised and partly because of the President's intestinal attack. No legislative proposals emerged from the Celler Judiciary Committee mainly because the twenty-six experts who testified disagreed on the meaning of "inability".

Of the numerous proposed statutes and constitutional amendments that have been introduced into the 85th Congress, the proposed amendment of Mr. Eisenhower's has the best chance of being accepted. It would provide that (1) the Vice President would become President, as is the case now, if the President died; (2) the President in writing can declare his own temporary inability and the "powers and duties" will be exercised by the Vice President; (3) if he is unable to declare his own "inability", the Vice President (with the approval of the majority of the cabinet) will become "acting President"; and (4) the President when he recovers from his "inability" can again exercise his powers.

There are some reservations to the Eisenhower plan. Thus, it is felt that (a) the Vice President is much too interested an official to determine "inability"; (b) the cabinet might be too loyal to oust a chief; or (c) the cabinet might "gang up" on the President and help the Vice President oust him; or (d) it might allow a weak President to withdraw from office and temporarily shirk his duties. In his appearance before the Celler Judiciary Committee on behalf of the President, Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr. said that no mechanical or procedural solution will provide a complete answer "if one assumes hypothetical cases in which most of the parties are rogues and in which no popular sense of constitutional propriety exists."

Nevertheless, the Eisenhower plan is widely supported because it is simple and because it is felt that "inability" is a political question which under the doctrine of the separation of powers should be decided in the executive branch. Further, the Eisenhower proposal has none (or fewer, at any rate) of the built-in features of possible conflict or constitutional controversy that all the other plans have. Where the Eisenhower plan has met opposition, it has been precisely because it is a "political issue". Mr. Brownell, as Attorney General, did not enjoy high standing with Congress — especially those from the South — because of his connection with civil rights legislation. Some conservative Republicans did not relish his opposition to the Bricker Amendment. Still others do not enjoy the notion that Mr. Eisenhower might resign and hand the office over to Mr. Nixon.

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In a constitutional sense, the Vice President is in an anomalous position. He presides over the Senate, although he is not a member of the Senate. Occasionally he is reminded of this fact. He is an executive without portfolio. No wonder John Adams, the first Vice President remarked: "I am Vice President. In this I am nothing. But I may be everything." As Arthur Krock of the *New York Times* noted, the President's illness and reduced schedule make Mr. Nixon's job risky and at the same time enhance it. Mr. Nixon cannot be sure that what he does or says will meet the approval of the President

or of those who have the President's ear. Because of his enlarged and conditional rôle, he "must avoid giving any basis to the charge that he is 'acting like a President', and yet there may be occasions when this responsibility will devolve on him as the only other nationally elected official of the Federal Government."

The Vice President's relations with the Senate are determined as much by his own experience and personality as by the doctrine of the separation of powers. If he happens to be a former Senator, such sensitivity is greatly ameliorated. Thus, when ex-Senator Harry Truman entered the Senate to preside, he was cheered. The manner in which, under directions from Roosevelt, he steered through the Senate the nomination of the unpopular and controversial former Vice President, Henry Wallace, for the job of Secretary of Commerce, attested to his competence and popularity. By contrast, when William H. Taft attempted to by-pass "uncle" Joe Cannon, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and operate through the Vice President, James S. Sherman, the latter stated: "Acting as a messenger boy is not part of the duties of a Vice President."

The last thing Senators expect of the Vice President is a lecture on their constitutional obligations. Consequently, when Charles Dawes, Coolidge's Vice President, reminded the Senate that debate must be germane and that the filibuster was minority government, he met nothing but opposition. Already resented by the President, he was now equally resented by the Senate. Similarly, Henry Wallace failed to court the influence of Senators and thus as a presidential aide was largely ineffective. Senator Alben Barkley, later to become a highly popular Vice President (and coiner of the affectionate term, "Veep"), summed up the attitude of the Senate towards Wallace from the opening day when he remarked on the floor: "In due time I shall present him with a copy of Robert's Rules of Order, Thomas Brackett Reed's Commentaries on Parliamentary Law and Cushing's Rules of Order . . . that he may master the rules which do not apply in the United States Senate."

Vice President Garner, by comparison, effectively lobbied for the President, often leaving his place and "zig-zagging" around the chamber buttonholing votes. Mr. Truman who was in the Senate

during Garner's term recalls that there was hardly a day when half the Senate did not see him in his office. But during all Wallace's term, he doubted if there had been a half dozen Senators in his office. Even a quick reading of Alben Barkley's autobiography, *That Reminds Me* reveals the droves of Senators and hundreds of visitors who thronged the Vice President's office.

Like Garner, Richard Nixon's influence has been singularly successful and especially powerful. In the Eisenhower Cabinet his weight is considered irreplaceable. The cabinet is, for the most part, inexperienced in legislative matters and must rely on Nixon. He is also the link between the President and the Senate. Ever alert to the mood of the Congress, Nixon, thus, understood the seriousness of Sputnik before many administration leaders. Even in the recent State of Union address to the Congress, Mr. Eisenhower candidly admits he did not anticipate the psychological impact upon the world of Russia's launching the first earth satellite.

Several factors militate against the Vice President being nominated for the Presidency, despite the high prestige which the office has now managed to acquire. Leaders of both parties are not completely sold on the new rôle of the Vice President. On the one hand, they tend to agree with some scholars of the party system that a vigorous Vice President might be tempted to fashion a power bloc that could be used as a lever against the President or against them; on the other hand, they have a different and flexible set of qualifications for the Presidential and Vice Presidential candidates. For example, Alben Barkley was rejected as a Presidential candidate in 1952 because of his age and Richard Nixon is often spoken of as being too young. Yet, neither Barkley's advanced years nor Nixon's youthfulness seemed to disqualify them for the Vice Presidential position notwithstanding the fact that seven Presidents have died in office.

Party leaders are supreme optimists in believing the Vice Presidential candidate need not be Presidential material when the record shows that in 167 years they have occupied the office for 51 years. Traditionally the office has been offered only to second rate men. With one or two exceptions they are virtually unknown to the public; or they are known simply because they succeeded to the Presidency.

As James Bryce wrote in *The American Commonwealth*, the Vice President is *aut Nullus aut Caesar*.

Moreover, it is fair to ask, what kind of Presidents did the "Accidental Presidents" make? Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger a decade ago scored the Presidents, Mr. Truman excluded, following a poll among the top historians. They were scored as Great, Near Great, Average, Below Average, and Failure. Concentrating on the "Accidental Presidents" one (Theodore Roosevelt) was considered Near Great; two (Andrew Johnson and Chester Arthur) were rated average; three (John Tyler, James Fillimore, and Calvin Coolidge), were considered Below Average. In a new rating by Clinton Rossiter, Harry Truman is placed alongside of Jefferson and Theodore Roosevelt. It is Rossiter's belief that long after his "partisan mediocrity in domestic affairs" and the "five-percenters" have been forgotten, it will be the Truman Doctrine, the Berlin Airlift, the Marshall Plan, NATO, and the courage to fight in Korea which will be remembered.

Another factor tending to weaken the Vice Presidential office is that it carries no patronage. The Vice President does not have a constituency and thus lacks a power base which he can use as a leverage to advance his causes. Any patronage he possesses is contributed by the President — a flow of power which admittedly can be stopped anytime. By law the Vice President appoints five midshipmen to the Naval Academy, four Senators to its Board of Visitors, and recommends to the President two candidates for appointment to the Military Academy. No wonder these powers have been referred to as the dimensions of impotence or the characteristics of a second-class office.

It must be said, too, that the practice of a candidate seeking the Presidency but taking the Vice Presidency as a consolation prize degrades the office. It tends to reduce the office to a game of lottery. Further, as a result of such bargaining, the ensuing "team" is not likely to be particularly harmonious. Once Mr. Kefauver accepted the Vice Presidential nomination in 1956, he took himself out of consideration for the Presidency itself. Senator John Kennedy of Massachusetts understands what it is to be labeled a "number two man", for he recently remarked that if Marvin Griffin (Governor of Georgia)

"had been successful in securing 22 more votes for me, my political career would have been over."

The paramount event at the Republican Convention of August, 1956, was not so much the undisputed control by Mr. Eisenhower but, rather, the renomination of Nixon. The President designated him as the Heir Apparent. The President will not run for office again. For one thing, there exists the Twenty-Second Amendment to the Constitution limiting the President to two terms. For another, there is his health and age — presuming he is interested, which he is not — to bar him. Any attempt to "dump" Nixon will meet with failure for the President is much too fond of the younger man. "Anyone who attempts to drive a wedge of any kind between Dick Nixon and me," said Eisenhower, "has just as much chance as if he tried to drive it between my brother and me. We are very close . . . Dick Nixon is my friend."

The big question is whether the President can transfer his popularity to Nixon, as did General Jackson with Van Buren, and sell him to the Republican Party as well as the electorate in the face of several congressional mid-term defeats and the Russian challenge. The imponderables of politics make an answer difficult, although we do know that without such assistance his chances of being President, as John Nance Garner discovered when Franklin Roosevelt would not support the Texan, are not worth a "can of stale beer".

The office which Lord Bryce described as being "ill conceived" and Edgar Waugh subtitles in his book, *Second Consul* as "Our Greatest Political Problem" is, apparently, not much of a problem for Eisenhower. He has brought the office around full circle, as under the earliest Presidents, and made the Vice President a potential President. "I want to say this," said Mr. Eisenhower, "there is no man in the history of America who has had such a careful preparation as has Vice President Nixon for carrying out the duties of the Presidency, if that duty should ever fall upon him." Like the President, the public must realize the changed status of the Vice Presidency. The Russians are aware of the "New Look". Conrad Adenauer in a reported conversation with Nikita Khrushchev exclaimed: "But you really can't distrust the Americans. You met Eisenhower. You

know what kind of a man he is." Khrushchev replied: "Oh, it's not Eisenhower we are worried about; it's this fellow Nixon." After Adenauer reminded him that Nixon was only the Vice President, the Russian replied: "So was Truman."

If the President is to faithfully execute the laws with dispatch, knowledge, and confidence and if, as Mr. Truman testified, the Presidency is the toughest job in the world, one in which the President desperately needs help, then strengthening the Vice Presidency and making the Vice President a trained, capable, and informed executive is a healthy development. When Harry Truman succeeded to the Presidency, he admitted that he was unfamiliar with any of the things that the war time heads of the Governments discussed. Such ignorance could prove to be suicidal. The Vice President can no longer be laughed off, ignored, or dismissed. Presidents cannot be prevented from dying in office; but provision can be made that succession of the Vice President, as in the case of death or temporary withdrawal under the Eisenhower proposal, be accomplished intelligently and easily. From *posse* to *esse* must be understood not only in terms of "inability" under the succession clause of the Constitution; but "acceptability" in terms of the challenge which faces the party and the electorate. It may well be at this time the most important challenge confronting our constitutional system.

Ford

— A Short Story —

by

TREVOR LENNAM

The dust, spurned from the wheels of the retreating troop-carriers, swirled thickly in the Libyan sunlight and lifting above the shambling reinforcement, its descending cascade enshrouded the slovenly ranks standing on the desert track. Confused by the sharp commands of strange NCO'S they shuffled in the midday heat like a shabby batch of prisoners, listless, mutely hostile. Among them I first saw Ford.

He was in no way distinguished by difference. The same forces which had sucked the spirit from the others had drained him. He had the sort of skin the desert sun angers, never bronzes. His drill shorts and shirt were creased and caked with sweat and sand. His equipment, carelessly assembled, gave him the lumped appearance of a badly harnessed pack animal. The sweat had channelled the dust on one side of his face like a miniature delta which had flowed out of sight inside his collar. Nature, compensating for a feeble chin, had endowed him with a large forceful nose. His hair was very dark; his eyebrows black and shaggy. He was not an inspiring vision of military purposefulness, but then none of them were. The spectacle of their shame had been paraded for so many months it had ceased to concern anyone; was now, in fact, hardening into habit. It was impossible to degrade what they had indeed become, ciphers of negative value. Illusion no longer had the power to nourish. Reality was sand in the mouth and the suspended nausea of fear. About two hundred stood there in the sun, a thin, uneven causeway of wretchedness, utterly indifferent to the scorn of inspecting eyes.

The process of this devaluation had begun in England and had numberless causes; for each individual there were personal variations. They were the lees of a poor vintage. After Dunkerque, Units husbanded their resources with a fierce and vigilant care. When drafts overseas were called for, it was logical to rid themselves of

the useless, the insubordinate, the untrainable, the odd. Knowing themselves undesirable and having that strong instinct of even the poorest soldier, for exploiting a sense of injustice, however imaginary, they carried with them into the Alamein Line two nights later, the practical result of two years' failure, distrust and despair. It was not a moment for moral rearmament. It was not even a moment for any effective disciplinary measure. Too late for integration, too late for elementary training, before the week was out they had levelled the reputation of the Regiment they had come to strengthen in the dirt of their own degradation. The mixed German-Italian diversionary raid which had chased them out of the defensive positions behind a formidable minefield and acres of barbed wire, was never pressed home. At the most it was noisy. But in the morning light, sangers, trenches, gunposts bore a silent and empty testimony to an occupation which had been transitory, to a flight most expedient. Of course, the Regiment was withdrawn a long way from the great battle which followed soon after, its pride in forfeit, to reorganize in the security and monotony of Iraq. And with it went Ford.

Throughout the full months of training that followed, I saw Ford often. Not that he was in any respect extraordinary. He was rarely in trouble. Although the attempt to smarten his appearance was never successful, he learned to use his weapons with diligence if not with accuracy. I found out that he was an orphan, his nearest relative an Aunt in London. He was exceedingly reserved and desperately inarticulate. He stammered slightly but this defect was almost unnoticed because he said so little. Expression, for him, consisted of tiny reefs of sound in an ocean of silence. He despised the seamy talk of his associates. Eschewing obscenity his startled chagrin expressed itself in a warm flush of blood to his cheeks. At such moments he would become alarmingly red, his nose a beacon. There seemed little doubt that he would remain a private. Promotion conferences tended to view his lack of a dynamic with less depreciation than his inarticulateness. But he was a reasonable soldier, inoffensive, moderately clean, moderately efficient. To me, it appeared that he had already established his destiny. I was wrong.

From Iraq we moved to Bihar and then through Lower Bengal into the Arakan where the Yomas humped their spines towards the clouds and dipped their feet in the paddy fields and where the Japanese waited deep in the secret shafts of the hills.

There was a wistful, harmlessly engaging quality about our early campaigning. The techniques of destruction (so we imagined) were at our fingertips. We were hard and fit and a high proportion even had a restrained degree of enthusiasm, but somehow, success evaded our cautious, tentative, amateur gropings. The truth is we were frightened. The staff were frightened of repeating an advance that would end as calamitously as the last; Supply were frightened by the perilously slender resources and a hazardously long and overburdened line of communication; and we were frightened simply of the Japanese. A soldier's courage in battle is usually in proportion to his contempt of the enemy. And what had we to be contemptuous about? Of losing Malaya? Of the evacuation of Burma? Of the recent destruction of 14 Div.? Of the Japanese 4" Mortar? To say nothing of the Japanese soldier! Contempt is engendered in the spilling of blood and fostered by the sight of enemy corpses rotting in the paddy. It crystalizes into a destructive agency only when personal battle risks become secondary to enemy battle casualties, the wounded, dead and dying that you may walk among without fear, secretly scorn without contradiction, mock without retribution. We were some way from such a state of mind, the Generals, the Staff, us — all of us.

The Arakanese advance to contact provided Ford with the same opportunities of hope and fear as the rest of us. We, and he too, had yet to see a Japanese soldier. Odd shouts of enemy patrol commanders in small scattered clashes, our wounded and dead, were the only evidences that we were not engaged with phantoms. One day he came across a Jap corpse, a wretched private who had blown his own guts out behind a paddy bund rather than be a wounded prisoner. Here was something to sing about. We all made a great effort to see him. He was somehow curiously reassuring. Ford emerged from this phase with no perceptible degree of self expression. Behind the barrier of his taciturnity he remained inscrutable and negative.

It was some weeks later after we had been flown north to reinforce the Manipur Garrison that Ford was discovered to possess a military talent. When I rejoined the Battalion in the hills overlooking the easterly road to Ukrul, having been divorced from them for two weeks bringing the transport over the road route, I was surprised to learn that Ford had been promoted to Lance-Corporal, and that he had done some excellent patrol work with the Scout Platoon. Especially was he preferred for the small long distance reconnaissance which he did with startling rapidity and great accuracy. His reputation grew, his self-confidence increased. This was encouraging. When I returned to operational duties he had become a full Corporal and had been awarded the MM for outstanding patrol leadership.

I took over the Scout Platoon the day after Teddy Haydon was ambushed in the Iril Valley, but not before he himself had warned to the theme of Ford's usefulness.

"You know," he said to me as I sat beside him the evening he was getting ready for the patrol, "I'm damned glad I've got Ford with me."

"Just how good is he?" I asked.

Teddy slipped his compass into its pouch on his belt and tapped his nose with a long slender finger in the dusk. I remember I could just see the smile crowfeet the corners of his eyes and crinkle the corners of his handsome mouth.

"He smells 'em" he said. "He smells 'em, and he's always right." We were both silent. I was thinking how good it was not to be going out, and he was busy checking a bearing before the light failed. Then he rose, folded the map into a pocket.

"Well cock, see you soon," he said, and bringing his open palm smartly down on top of my head, he strode off into the dusk towards the bivouacs of his platoon.

"Teddy!" I had sudden urge, a fierce, excited impulsive urge to call. He stopped and turned.

"Good Luck!" I held up my hand and waved. I could not quite see his face in the gathering darkness. I had seen it for the last time. He was brought in three days later. When I lifted the blanket I saw that death had not altered the fineness of his features. Rigid they were, but a ghost of a smile compressed the firm curve of his cold

and bloodless lips, as if they held forever an odd, faintly amusing secret.

It was decided to clear the Iril Valley. Elephants had been heard from the reverse slopes of the hills flanking the north, and photo-reconnaissance revealed a small enemy supply point with animal standings.

The Scout Platoon was detailed to precede two companies into the valley, establish a base, and generally look around before the attack was mounted. The chaung at the valley's narrow entrance was in spate when we crossed in, the brown water spilling and chilling our arm pits. There were eleven of us and I moved with the leading section behind two scouts. One of the latter was Ford. We were cautious, very slow and by midday had passed the place where Teddy had been ambushed. I began to hope and then believe that the Japs had pulled out. Only the steady beat of the rain and our occasional slitherings through the head-high grass disturbed the heavy, oppressive silence. At a halt, halfway across and well under the trees of the easterly slope, we had a moment to jettison the leeches. They had done well on us and were too surfeited to resist. I watched Ford regarding with friendly detachment a bloated, glistening slug on his calf. It was the largest of three, the size of a small door-knob and the overload of blood had crimsoned his sock. After this pause we moved on faster, our pace increasing with confidence. Obviously they had pulled out and the valley was empty but for eleven wet men. I began to look about for a decent position for the night and to think about the order of the guard. We arrived at a clearing collected ourselves for a quick, covered crossing. I gave the signal and the leading scout picked up his rifle and rose from his knees. Ford made no move. I waved at him irritably. He was crouched behind a clump of thorn and seemed to be listening.

"What's up?" I hissed in his ear.

"They're out there!" he answered. I followed his eyes down the slope, across the thick grass by the stream and up the parallel hillside. Nothing moved. We might have been overlooking undiscovered country, so still was everything, so timeless the untouched, changeless scenery misted by rain. The drippings off the trees above my felt hat and the drumming of my heart, were the only sounds I heard.

"Where?" I said impatiently. "Where, d'you see them?"

He shook his head. My question seemed pointless in the face of his certainty. The other scout had dropped to his knees again on the fringe of the cover. I snaked over to him.

"See anything?" I was self-conscious enough to catch the hint of frenzy, the edge of a snarl in my voice.

"Nowt sir" he said, "but I'd tak' 'is word any ol' time."

He jerked his head at Ford and raindrops splashed coolly on my cheeks. I turned again to Ford. He might have been praying, so still he crouched, his wet, flushed face, bulging nose and damp, bushy eyebrows were suddenly combined incongruously. I wanted to laugh; to tell him how funny he looked. The remainder of the patrol were ringed defensively, fidgety, but restlessly alert. I checked our position, quietened them and returned to the scouts. We waited as the evening settled in minute by minute, peering into the dusk as it began to crawl across the floor of the valley. The rain steadily steeped the fading landscape and only the crest and skylines seemed awake and familiar. Nothing stirred save the water in the stream a long distance away. I edged over to Ford.

"O K, we'll move," I said confidently.

"They're still there," he answered, his eyes on an invisible horizon. "It's like when I told Mr. Haydon t'other day," he murmured almost absently as if expecting disbelief. "We got shot up jus' the same." Our eyes met. At that moment there was so much between us. My authority, my responsibility had shattered in fragments against the brick of his obstinacy. I was shockingly aware of my leadership leaking away. A floating image of Teddy Haydon's secret, hinted and delicately rounded on those set lips, crossed my mind amidst a welter of thoughts. I forced myself to speak.

"How d'you know? We've all seen nothing, heard nothing. How the hell d'you know?" My voice became harsher. "C'mon," I snapped, "we're moving!"

I felt a great relief. He shrugged and rising to his feet pulled back the safety catch of his rifle. I watched his dirty, stubby finger

curl around the trigger. His black, long fingernail revolted me. "You dirty, stupid lout," I thought looking at his face, ugly and grotesquely shaped in the twilight. I hated him for his dim, inarticulate, sweaty ugliness. I loathed him for long sickening seconds.

"Ssssst," I signalled back. They stirred sluggishly in the soaking undergrowth. For a moment I was the target for their chilly fury. A wave of mute hate rippled around me, oddly comforting and neutralizing my own anger and fear. We were ready. The leading scout stepped into the clearing, advanced slowly, then Ford, then I. And then the shooting began. As I smashed down the grass and wriggled to cover, I remember identifying the gun from the queer double explosion of the three long bursts. The wet hills gobbled up the sound, digested it, and from behind the gathering darkness, frowned venomously at our plight. After a little while, we withdrew among the trees. They seemed wonderfully friendly. As night ensnared the visible peaks and importunate mosquitoes added their tiny, shrilling scream to the sound of the indifferent rain, we heard from a long way off, yet strangely near, the trumpeting of an elephant. I felt lonely among the saturated and silent men, and the one who had been wiser than me, but I couldn't have been more lonely than the body down there in the rich, wet grass, losing its warmth in the descending chill of the long night.

After this I was only too ready to defer my judgement to Ford's. He was inevitably right. Thank heaven, he never crowed and never, as far as I know, paraded or boasted his rare power. It seems odd, now, looking back, that I never troubled to examine his extraordinary perception which he continued to exercise with modesty and complete success. I grew to rely on him. His uncanny infallibility I accepted with as much complacency as if it were my own. Not long after the Iril Valley was cleared, he was promoted to Lance-Sergeant and commanded a section of his own. He went on as before, untidily, unobtrusively, reliably. He had come a long way since that miserable day of his arrival on the desert. Not many of that reinforcement survived, but those who had were now a part of us and Ford certainly one.

Just before the pursuit commenced, I took over the Intelligence Section and my own hopes of survival soared. There was no end now to my enthusiasm for operations or of the zest and efficiency with which I made so much of so little. I wondered who else I deceived?

Two weeks later the assault on Point 3042, although carried by a tired and diminished company, was successful. Air strikes had been wonderfully effective. The capture of this dominant feature opened the road into the Chin Hills and a flank of the Kabaw Valley. I had a very special reason for climbing the hill. I wanted to see Ford. It was his reconnaissance that had preceded the attack. As I looked for him, I heard the sounds of men digging, the strike of a pick on stone, the wedge of a shovel in soft brown soil and everywhere the hushed monotonous cursing. The pungent stink of cordite contrasted sharply with the cloying scent of the shattered pines. Under the foliage a little from the crest I found him. He lay on his back. His beaked nose, almost jaunty, jutted upwards. A burst of .290 had ripped this chest. From the arch of his sodden eyebrows and the gaping incredulity of his mouth, I think it must have been hurt surprise rather than pain he felt, when he fell. Like a child severely reprimanded for going a little too far. I watched two large exploratory flies scramble from the edge of his blue lips into the cavern of his mouth. And as to a child, toward him, I felt suddenly tender, there on the hillside.

Fission and Fusion

— Scientific Progress up a Long Flight of Steps —

by

J. K. ROBERTSON

Recent official announcements, particularly from British scientists, indicate a new stage has been reached in the application of atomic energy to peace-time purposes. An eminent physicist, in describing the successive stages in this evolution, tells us how energy is released from matter, how chain reactions are maintained and what progress has been made in controlling the release of such vast energy from these new sources.

This so-called atomic age is sometimes said to have begun in 1945, the year in which the first atomic bomb fell on Hiroshima. This is regrettable because it associates the wonders of modern physics with a diabolical application. It is also incorrect. If a date has to be given to the beginning of the modern atomic era it is the mid-nineties of the last century. In 1895 Roentgen announced the discovery of X-rays. A year or two later Becquerel discovered the phenomenon of radioactivity and in 1898 the Curies isolated the element radium. In 1897, Dr. (later Sir) J. J. Thomson published evidence that the atom was not indivisible, but contained sub-atomic particles, later to be called electrons. Actually it is not possible to ascribe any exact date to the beginning of investigations in atomic physics which led to applications as varied as talking films, electronic computers and power reactors.

Thomson's work was the direct outcome of many researches carried out in the second half of the nineteenth century on the nature of the conduction of electricity through a rarified gas. Progress in physics (and in other branches of science) is a gradual process, one scientist building on the work of another. An excellent example of this is provided by the successive steps which led ultimately to the

building of nuclear power plants. There were many flights of steps which led to this final goal. It is worth while looking at a few of them.

★ ★ ★

Thomson's work on the electron was related closely to investigations which provided a new means of weighing atoms. We are familiar with the basic substances called elements such as tin, iron, copper, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, out of which matter of all kinds is composed. Each element is ultimately granular in nature, the individual grains being called atoms. An atom consists of a central core or nucleus, surrounded by an outer structure of electrons, the tiny sub-atomic particles to which reference has already been made. Each electron has a negative charge of electricity, but the atom as a whole is electrically uncharged because the nucleus has a positive charge which is normally counterbalanced by the negative on the electrons. The nucleus, it should be stated, is a very complex entity which, however, for many purposes may be thought of as a single particle accounting for almost the whole mass of the atom.

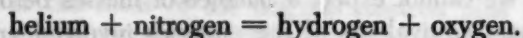
It is possible to detach one or more electrons from an atom. It is then left with an excess of positive electricity and is called a positive ion. When, because of the application of a high voltage across the ends of a tube containing a gas, a current passes through it, many of the atoms lose electrons or the gas is ionized. In fact, the current consists in part of a stream of positive ions moving towards the negative end of the tube. If then a fine hole or a narrow tunnel is made in the electrical terminal at this end, many of the positive ions will pass through this hole. On emerging from the tiny opening, by suitable electrical and magnetic means the ions may be deflected out of their original paths. Since heavier atoms are deflected less readily than light, it is possible to sort them out if there is more than one kind in the original beam. In one form of the mass spectrometer, the instrument used for this purpose, a permanent record can be made on a photographic plate. This consists of a series of lines, a so-called mass spectrum, each line corresponding to a different atom. By measuring the positions of these lines on the plate, an evalua-

tion can be made of the relative atomic weights of the atoms. In refined forms of mass spectrometers, high accuracy is possible. Here are a few examples:

Hydrogen	1.00812	Lithium	7.01822
Deuterium	2.01471	Carbon	12.00382
Helium	4.00390	Nitrogen	14.00751
Lithium	6.01697	Oxygen	16.00000

It will be noted that the atomic weights are nearly but not quite whole numbers.

The significance of the slight departure from whole numbers will appear presently. To understand its importance it is necessary to make a brief reference to what is popularly and not inaccurately described as atom-smashing. The first outstanding experiment in this field was carried out by Rutherford in 1919. In it, nuclei of helium atoms called alpha particles, which are spontaneously ejected at high speed from radium, were shot through the gas nitrogen. Artificial transmutation of matter took place because the gas hydrogen was produced. A few of the alpha particles came sufficiently close to the nuclei of the nitrogen atoms to coalesce with them, thus forming unstable compound atoms. Almost immediately after the union each of these compounds broke up or disintegrated into an atom of hydrogen and, as it was shown some years later, an atom of oxygen. The result of the experiment may be briefly described by the relation



It should be realized that this is not a chemical reaction, which involves only a re-arrangement of atoms, but a genuine transmutation of matter. Two kinds of atoms disappear, two new atoms are born.

A logical step in the development of atom-smashing was the use of bombarding particles accelerated to high speed artificially by the use of supervoltage machines. Thousands of experiments were carried out using as projectiles hydrogen, helium and other atoms. Probably the most famous of these, certainly the most important in our present story, was carried out in 1932 in the Cavendish Labor-

atory, Cambridge, by Cockcroft and Walton. This experiment may be described briefly as

$$\begin{aligned} 1 \text{ atom of hydrogen} + 1 \text{ atom of lithium} &= 2 \text{ atoms of helium} \\ 1.0081 + 7.0182 &= 4.0039 + 4.0039. \end{aligned}$$

The numbers giving the atomic weights indicate a remarkable result. As to be expected when a mass of 1 is added to a mass of 7, the total is 4 + 4 or 8. We have the balance we expect. But, if we use the accurate atomic weights provided by the mass spectrometer, the balance is not exact. By simple addition we obtain

$$\begin{aligned} 1.0081 + 7.0182 &= 8.0263 \\ 4.0039 + 4.0039 &= 8.0078 \\ \text{discrepancy} &= .0185 \end{aligned}$$

In the transaction a small amount of mass has disappeared. There is an apparent loss of 0.0185 unit. How can this be explained? Certainly it is not due to experimental error. These atomic weights are much too accurate for that. What then?

The answer was provided by Einstein who is responsible for another of the flight of steps which led to the peaceful application of atomic energy. One of the consequences of his early work in relativity is a law which states that every form of energy has an equivalent mass. Inert matter has mass, but so has energy. It follows from Einstein's law that in any transaction where both matter and energy are involved we cannot expect a balance of masses before and after, unless the mass equivalents of the energies involved are taken into consideration. In the above transmutation experiment, therefore, to be accurate we must compare

mass of hydrogen atom + mass of lithium atom + mass equivalent of the energy of the bombarding hydrogen atom

with

masses of two helium atoms + the mass equivalent of the energy of motion which they possess after the transmutation.

When this simple calculation is made, an exact balance is obtained.

The discrepancy disappears. *By the disappearance of a small amount of matter, energy has been created.* It takes the form of the energy of motion of the helium atoms, but ultimately goes into heat after these atoms have been brought to rest.

Although transmutations have been brought about by a number of different bombarding particles, in the story of atomic energy we are concerned primarily with neutron bombardment. A neutron is a particle whose mass is nearly the same as that of the nucleus of hydrogen atom, but, unlike it, has no electrical charge.¹ Because it has no electrical charge, the neutron when used in bombarding experiments penetrates and coalesces with the nuclei of atoms more readily than do charged particles. After its discovery in 1932 it was used with important results in many transmutation experiments. Of these, the most notable was the splitting of uranium atoms. In 1939 the word *fission* was introduced into the vocabulary of physicists to describe a phenomenon which was new and at first puzzling. Evidence was provided that, when a neutron penetrates the nucleus of an uranium 235 atom,² the resulting product, which is unstable, breaks up into two fairly heavy atoms and two or three neutrons. This form of disintegration is called fission.

Fission of uranium 235 led to atomic bombs and, of far greater importance for mankind, to a new source of energy. There are two reasons for this. The first is given by Einstein's law. Since the sum of the masses of the atoms and neutrons released by fission is less than the sum of the mass of the original neutron plus that of the uranium atom, energy is created. This is just another example of the disappearance of a small amount of matter with the resulting creation of an equivalent amount of energy. In this case the two heavy

¹All nuclei of atoms, with one exception, contain both neutrons and protons. The exception is ordinary hydrogen, its nucleus being a single proton. Here it is noted that there are two much rarer forms of hydrogen atoms: deuterium of atomic weight 2 whose nucleus consists of 1 neutron and 1 proton, and tritium of atomic weight 3 with a nucleus of 2 neutrons and 1 proton. Because the nucleus of each has 1 proton and because each nucleus is surrounded by a single electron, all three atoms are still hydrogen. They are called isotopes of hydrogen.

²Uranium which occurs in nature has three kinds of atoms (three isotopes), of atomic weights 234, 235 and 238. The 234 variety occurs in negligibly small amounts. Uranium 235, which is by far the most important because it undergoes fission readily, accounts for less than one per cent of the total. Over 99 per cent is uranium 238.

atoms are liberated at high speed and so possess energy of motion. Eventually they are slowed down and heat is developed.

The second reason that fission led to atomic power plants is due to the two or three neutrons which are liberated in addition to the heavy atoms. Note the significance of this. Neutrons cause fission, neutrons are liberated by fission. This suggests the possibility of a chain reaction, that is, that once the fission process has started, the liberated neutrons may cause more fission, with the creation of energy going on indefinitely, or at least until all the fissionable material has been used up. In the years following 1939 nuclear scientists made a concerted effort to see under what conditions, if any, a chain reaction could be brought about. The problem was far from simple. Although more neutrons are liberated in fission than the number causing their release, under ordinary conditions there are not enough available to maintain a continuous reaction. Many escape from the mass of uranium and many are "gobbled up" by impurities. Moreover, it is chiefly uranium 235 which undergoes fission, and this kind represents less than one per cent of the total in uranium ore. Much research work by many brilliant scientists was necessary before it was shown that a chain reaction could be maintained. This was first done by an international team in Chicago on Dec. 2, 1942, a date which will always be a landmark in the field of atomic energy. At that time this was classified as hush-hush work of high priority known only to a select few. It was not until August 1945 that the dropping of an atomic bomb over Hiroshima announced to the world in dramatic and diabolic fashion that scientists had been successful in finding out the conditions necessary to obtain a chain reaction.

The bomb is an example of the uncontrolled release of atomic energy by fission. Once initiated, the reaction takes place with explosive rapidity and cannot be stopped. The research work which culminated in the bomb, however, also led to the controlled release of energy in the building of the first atomic pile (or reactor) in Chicago in the years preceding Dec. 2, 1942. When in operation this reactor developed an extremely small amount of power, but it was the direct forerunner of the first nuclear power station in the world to develop

electricity for national distribution. This is at Calder Hall in England, where the practical achievement of industrial power from atoms was celebrated on October 17, 1956, in a ceremony attended by Queen Elizabeth. The power plant at Calder Hall is the first step in a program for power production under way in Great Britain. In 1965 it is planned to have in operation a sufficient number of atomic reactors to supply electrical power the equivalent of 10,000,000 tons of coal per year. Reactors are also being designed suitable for export to underdeveloped and other countries and work is actively under way to develop types suitable for use in merchant ships. Important work is also being done in other countries, notably the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., but it is to Britain's credit that she leads the world in the peaceful applications of atomic energy.

* * *

All the power reactors in use at the present time or to be constructed within the next few years use or will use the phenomenon of fission. There is, however, a second method of releasing vast amounts of atomic energy, a method as yet utilized only in uncontrolled fashion in the hydrogen bomb. In this the source of energy is basically the same as in fission because in each case, as a result of a nuclear reaction, matter disappears with the release of an equivalent amount of energy. In fission, as we have seen, when very heavy atoms like uranium break up into atoms of intermediate atomic weights a small amount of matter is lost. In the second method called *fusion*, when atoms of very low atomic weights coalesce or fuse, giving birth to new atoms, at least one of which is of greater atomic weight, there is also a disappearance of matter. If, for example, four atoms of ordinary hydrogen (atomic weight approximately 1) are used in the formation of the gas helium (atomic weight approximately 4), in the process matter is lost and energy gained. This was known long before the days of the hydrogen bomb and indeed provided a solution of an important problem in astrophysics. Every second the sun pours into space 100 million million million kilowatt-hours of energy, (if you are a householder, your monthly bill is possibly of the order of 300 or 400 kilowatt-hours) and this has been going on for millions

of years. Where does the energy come from? The answer is almost certainly found in a series of nuclear transmutations whose net result is the formation of helium and the loss of hydrogen, one atom of helium for every four of hydrogen. Some years ago Sir James Jeans pointed out that on a conservative estimate there is enough hydrogen present in the sun to allow this process to go on for 2,000 million years.

To return to the controlled release of energy by fusion. It has been known for a number of years that certain isotopes of hydrogen can be made to fuse with release of energy. An important example is the union of deuterium or hydrogen of atomic weight 2 and tritium, hydrogen of atomic weight 3, to form helium of atomic weight 4 and neutrons, atomic weight 1. Another example is the fusion of two deuterium atoms to give an atom of helium³ of atomic weight 3 plus a neutron.

It is easy enough to obtain a mixture of hydrogen isotopes, but to bring about fusion is a very different matter. Fusion does not take place readily unless the temperature of the gases is of the order of 100,000,000 Centigrade, a temperature which exceeds that of the sun. For that reason fusion is sometimes described as a thermonuclear reaction. A major problem, therefore, in bringing about a fusion reaction, either controlled or uncontrolled, is that of developing such an enormous temperature. Details of the construction of a hydrogen bomb have not been published, but it is reasonable to assume that this is accomplished and the explosion initiated, by the use of a subsidiary bomb of the fission type.

In controlled thermonuclear reactions it is most unlikely that atomic bombs, even baby ones, are used. According to brief information given by the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority in their annual report for 1956-57, a method used with some success to develop the necessary high temperature is to pass a very large electric current through the mixture of gases at low pressure. This develops localized heat as well as intense ionization, that is, the creation of a high concentration of electrified atoms. Heating the gases to high

³Helium normally has an atomic weight of 4, but it also has an isotope of atomic weight 3.

temperature is not the only major problem. The gas which is heated must be isolated from the walls of the container and, to be of any use practically, the high temperature must be maintained "long enough for the heat energy released in fusion to exceed that needed to heat the fuel."

On January 23, 1958, official announcements were made in London and Washington that American and British scientists had obtained a 'measure of success' in initiating and controlling a hydrogen fusion reaction. To many physicists this was no surprise because in Britain for a number of weeks it had been more or less an open secret that successful experiments had been carried out at Harwell with a machine called Zeta. In each country essentially the same method is being used. Pulses of an electric current of magnitude 200,000 amperes (in Zeta) are passed through deuterium at low pressure. By means of associated magnetic fields the hot path of the electric current is confined to a narrow streak down the centre of the tube (a circular torus in Zeta) and so kept well away from the walls. In the U.S. a temperature of 6,000,000 degrees has been maintained for a few millionths of a second, with evidence*, not yet absolutely conclusive, that fusion on a small scale has taken place. At Harwell the gas has been maintained at 5,000,000 degrees (or higher) for several thousandths of a second and the pulses causing it can be repeated every ten seconds for long intervals.

Although British scientists have been cautious in their claims, a statement issued by Sir John Cockroft, Director of Harwell, leaves little doubt that a first stage has been reached in bringing about a controlled thermonuclear reaction. This conclusion is confirmed by a London despatch, dated January 28, which states that already modifications in the design of Zeta are under way. It is expected that a temperature of 25,000,000 degrees will be reached this year. Marked progress will also be made by American scientists.

Fusion power stations are a long way off, possibly 20 years, possibly more. There is little doubt, however, that in the not-too-

*The evidence is a sudden release of neutrons born as a result of the fusion reaction. But there can be other causes for the neutrons.

distant future, thermonuclear power stations will be a reality. The importance of this to mankind can scarcely be over-estimated. In fission reactors, supplies of fuel such as uranium are limited in amount, but the supply of hydrogen is almost inexhaustible. Hydrogen is a constituent of water, with oceans as potential reservoirs.

In a discussion on this subject which took place in Dublin last September in the physics section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science an exciting problem was raised. This was the possibility that in time electricity could be led off directly from a fusion reactor into a power circuit. In fission reactors the energy released is first converted into heat. The heat is then used, as in a conventional power plant using coal, to produce steam and operate turbines for the generation of electricity. In the release of energy by a controlled fusion process, as we have seen, one method leads to the production of intense ionization in the gases. This suggests the possibility of leading off electricity directly with the elimination of the intermediate heat process. There is no likelihood of this method being realized in the immediate future, but it is by no means impracticable. Certainly it is a problem deserving the attention of engineers far more than projected flights to the moon.

Evelyn Waugh's War Novels

— A Toast to Lost Causes —

by

RICHARD J. VOORHEES

As a great satirist Waugh has remained a romantic individualist nostalgically defending the discipline of tradition. Professor Voorhees contends that Waugh, for all his flippant farce, has always been a responsible writer. Have his most recent novels suffered from his more open advocacy of lost causes?

Arthur Waugh, the father of Evelyn, once wrote that Evelyn had "always shown a deeply religious temperament"; but some readers of the earlier novels, both those published before and those published after his conversion to Catholicism in 1930, never even suspected it. Perhaps *Edmund Campion* (1935), Waugh's biography of the English Jesuit martyr of the sixteenth century, should have prompted critics to re-examine the novels for hints of religious meanings. But the hints, to be sure, were not so broad as a church door, and *Brideshead Revisited* (1945) took some of Waugh's greatest admirers by surprise. After *Brideshead* came two short novels, *Scott-King's Modern Europe* (1947) and *The Loved One* (1948). *The Loved One* deals with religious questions (as *Scott-King's Modern Europe* does with political ones), but obliquely enough not to annoy the kind of reader who objected to *Brideshead*. *Helena* (1950), however, like *Edmund Campion*, is a book about a religious figure, the saint who was the mother of Constantine and, according to tradition, the finder of the True Cross. But the natural progression from *Brideshead* appears in *Men at Arms* (1952) and *Officers and Gentlemen* (1955). (Although Waugh originally planned a trilogy, and may still follow the careers of some of the characters in later novels, these two books constitute, he says, a unit.)

Charles Ryder, the narrator of *Brideshead*, is a sceptical observer of the old Catholic family for the greater part of the novel, but at the end he is kneeling in the chapel on the Brideshead estate. Guy Crouchback, the hero of *Men at Arms* and *Officers and Gentlemen*, is a lifelong Catholic, and is seen from the beginning of the book in chapel and cathedral, in the confessional and at the altar rail, practicing the religion which has been Waugh's for the last twenty-five years. Religion is as pervasive as it is in Graham Greene. When, for example, Guy wishes that he, instead of his young nephew, were going to France to fight the Germans, he feels that he finds his answer in the "Domine, non sum dignus" of the Mass. Sometimes Waugh dates the action of the novel by allusions to religious feast or fast days: "On the morning of Ash Wednesday . . ." "The climax came in Holy Week . . ." "On Holy Thursday . . ." Graham Greene's preoccupation with religion has occasionally led him to the incongruity of religious images superimposed upon scenes of Alfred Hitchcock melodrama. Waugh's has led him to the greater incongruity of using the religious calendar as a reference point for episodes of farce.

But if the world of Waugh's fiction is now one in which religion occupies a more prominent position, it is otherwise pretty much the same old world, one in which there is admiration for most things inside the circle of English aristocracy and contempt for most things outside the circle. In *Brideshead* Waugh sneered at "the more sophisticated sergeants" who had a smattering of French, and in *Men at Arms* he sneers at "a sophisticated village where half the cottages were equipped with baths." But there is a double snobbery of rank and nationality; if race does not save the English villagers from being blackballed, riches do not save the Egyptian millionairesses. Even the Welsh take the same beating in the most recent novel that they took in the very first, *Decline and Fall* (1928).

If, however, the upper classes no longer have a monopoly of bath tubs and languages, they still have a monopoly of such patrician virtues as magnanimity and patriotism. Guy Crouchback generously loans money to fellow officers who were formerly clerks, but one of them is not scrupulous about paying it back, and none is particularly grateful. Instead, they resent Guy's superior class and wealth, and

they attack him at his vulnerable points as soon as they have found them out. Lacking Guy's dedication and sense of responsibility, they constantly complain about the way the Army overworks and underpays them. One of their wives expresses the women's view of the war when she says: "It's different in the R.A.F. My brother's a wing commander on the catering side and he says it's just like any ordinary job only easier."

One upper-class wife in *Men at Arms* behaves badly: Guy's own wife, Virginia, who resembles Brenda Last in *A Handful of Dust* (1934), as Guy himself resembles Tony Last. Guy is the same sad sort of hero that Tony was, and partly for the same reason: his wife has been unfaithful to him, and they have been divorced. Like Brenda, Virginia is guilty of infidelity not only to her husband but also to her class, since she takes at least one common lover, Trimmer, the former hairdresser on the *Aquitania*. Moreover, Virginia has broken the taboo of nationality as well as that of class, since at the moment that Trimmer is her lover she is married to a rich American. Yet although Virginia has betrayed husbands, country, and class, something of her class still clings to her. Morally she is no better than Trimmer, but they have not become equals by going to bed together. Virginia has bestowed her favors upon Trimmer as the capricious goddesses of Greek mythology bestowed theirs upon mortal men. In a vagrant mood she may choose to frolic briefly with Trimmer, but despite their technical intimacy she is above and beyond him simply because she is his social superior. Trimmer is not very bright, but he is bright enough to sense that it would be presumptuous of him to declare the genuine love which he has come to feel for Virginia, and so he tears into bits the farewell letter that he has written her.

Thus the obvious snobbery of the earlier novels remains, along with the explicit religiousness of *Brideshead*. Waugh has made the best of both worlds; his central character has become Catholic without ceasing to be aristocratic. In fact, he has become more aristocratic than ever. The very first page of *Men at Arms*, which describes the Italian honeymoon of Guy's grandparents, indicates how Waugh has combined piety with pomp and circumstance:

Gervase and Hermione were welcomed in a score of frescoed palaces. Pope Pius received them in private audience and gave his special blessing to the union of two English families which had suffered for their Faith and yet retained a round share of material greatness. The chapel at Broome had never lacked a priest through all the penal years and the lands of Broome stretched undiminished and unencumbered from the Quantocks to the Blackdown Hills.

Guy's brother-in-law provides the foil for all this, being both a Protestant and an upstart. As the Crouchbacks are the successors of the Bridesheads, Box-Bender is the successor of Rex Mottram, the Canadian who married into the old Catholic family of the Bridesheads. Both men are newly rich, shrewd, and opportunistic. Mottram's comedy proceeded from the fact that he so entirely lacked religious sense that he was willing to profess anything so long as it would enable him to marry Julia Brideshead. Box-Bender, however, is sufficiently interested in Catholicism to be baffled by it, and the joke consists in his failure to understand certain Catholic attitudes.

Thus *Men at Arms* and *Officers and Gentlemen* are, like *Brideshead*, a tribute to Catholicism and aristocracy. They are also a tribute to the British Army. A remarkably brave man himself, Waugh admires the Army because it fosters bravery. But he also admires it because it provides one example of hierarchy in an equalitarian age. "Regular soldiers were survivals of a happy civilization where differences of rank were exactly defined and frankly accepted." The temporary officers, products of the modern world, are uncomfortable in such a society, but the old ones know just how to behave both with their superiors and with their inferiors, and it is not they but the new officers who give offence to the lower ranks.

At least Waugh is just enough to give rank not only its privileges but also its responsibilities and even its proper enthusiasms. Before Crete Guy and his captain dine on quail, but "Not for all the quail in Egypt" would they prefer to go on eating good dinners instead of fighting Germans. In peace and plenty the good officer eats better fare than his men, but in the scarcity of battle he sees that his men eat first. Major Hound, not (as his name indicates) one of the good officers, loses the last shred of his honour by failing

to resist hunger. *Officers and Gentlemen* is not horrible in the way that many war novels are; but the scene in which Hound trades some of his cigarettes for a piece of an enlisted man's bully beef and goes off to eat it, alone and in shame, is a dreadful picture of a man horribly maimed, not physically but morally. The old Greek general in the Crete section of *Officers and Gentlemen* (unquestionably a gentleman as well as an officer, and familiar with English society), taking both luxury and privation in his stride, is one of Waugh's examples of the chivalrous paradox of the good officer: superior to his men in more ways than rank, he will sacrifice himself for them. (One of his routine duties is simply to go ahead and get shot at first.) Ivor Claire, on the contrary, has only the external marks of chivalry. His surname, in French, means bright, light, pure; and the activity in which he excels is the origin, through French, of the very word chivalry: he is a superb horseman. But when ordered to help cover the retreat from Crete, Ivor gives himself away in one speech: "It doesn't make any sense, leaving the fighting troops behind and taking off the rabble." Shortly afterwards he deserts his troops and sneaks into one of the evacuation boats.

Readers of war novels are used to heroes who respond to war with self-pity, fear, and disgust. In Waugh's novels the hero is conspicuous for responding with exhilaration. The word and its equivalents recur again and again. "Most exhilarating," Guy says, while the bombs are falling all around him in London. As he lands on the beach at Dakar, he is "filled by the most exhilarating sensation of his life; his first foothold on enemy soil." The fact that in his dedication of *Officers and Gentlemen* to Major-General Sir Robert Laycock Waugh refers to "those exhilarating days" is significant. Not only has his sympathy with his subject become clearer; his identity with his hero has become closer. According to the dust jacket on *Men at Arms*, "Guy Crouchback . . . has nothing in common with the author beyond their common faith and age . . ." But this disclaimer need be taken no more seriously than Waugh's assertion in an article he wrote for *Life* (April 8, 1946) that he is personally dull, lazy, and commonplace. Naturally, the identity between author and hero is not absolute, and it is more a matter of point of view than

of personality. Whereas Crouchback was diffident and melancholy until he went into the Army, Waugh has always been confident and caustic. If he ever crouched back, it was probably to spring more vigorously. He seems to have in him not only something of Guy Crouchback but also something of Basil Seal, who, both as London playboy and as soldier of fortune, was a pretty tough baby in *Black Mischief* (1932) and *Put Out More Flags* (1942). It is worth noticing that Basil goes into the Commandos at the end of *Put Out More Flags*; that Guy gets into the Army early in *Men at Arms* and into the Commandos early in *Officers and Gentlemen*; and that Waugh himself joined the Royal Marines right after the outbreak of war in 1939, and fought with one of the first Commando groups. During his six years in the Service Waugh apparently showed as much contempt for caution as for the lower classes, and by now his courage is a legend. There is, for example, the occasion on which Randolph Churchill, his commanding officer at the time, had to reprimand him for not taking cover from hostile aircraft.

In *Men at Arms* there is a character whose love of danger is so extreme that it earns him reprimands as well as decorations, Brigadier-General Ritchie-Hook, whose first appearance at Guy's training camp causes such an understandable commotion. On the rifle range, "The sound of flying bullets exhilarated him to heights of levity." He puts his hat on his stick and races up and down the trench, promising a sovereign to the man who hits it. When all miss, he is furious, raises his head over the parapet and rushes back and forth, ordering the men to shoot him. "He did this for some time, running, laughing, ducking, jumping, until he was exhausted though unwounded." But Ritchie-Hook is happiest when actually fighting. So at Dakar he sneaks into a boat going to the beach (as at Crete Ivor Claire sneaks into one going the other way), and returns badly wounded but content: he has hacked off the head of a French colonial infantryman and brought it back with him.

Ritchie-Hook's prowess is, of course, too much of a good thing. Moreover, he is maimed in more than the loss of his eye and two fingers of his right hand. In the arts of war he is a master, but in

those of peace, an idiot. His idea of the humorous is a trick glass that dribbles down the drinker's chin; his notion of the beautiful is the picture on a calendar. Waugh is as aware of the deficiencies of the bloodthirsty soldier Ritchie-Hook as he is of those of the bumbling soldier Apthorpe; although he does not kill him at the end of the first volume, as he does Apthorpe, he drops him. "When I gadded," said Waugh in the *Life* article, "among savages and people of fashion and politicians and crazy generals, it was because I enjoyed them. I settled down because I ceased to enjoy them and because I have found a more abiding interest — the English language." Despite this interest, Waugh has not turned himself into an English Flaubert. Actually, he has had from the beginning one of the best prose styles of his time; but he writes with extraordinary rapidity (*Scott-King's Modern Europe* took only one month), and sometimes it almost seems that he writes his books in the intervals of other activities. Before the War he travelled widely. Between 1939 and 1945 he was in one branch or another of the Armed Forces, yet during the War years he produced two novels. He wrote *Put Out More Flags* on a troopship and corrected the proofs of *Brideshead* in a cave on Crete.

Waugh, then, is a highly gifted writer who realizes that there are other important things in the world besides writing, and in public utterances he refuses to take literature altogether seriously. In an interview with Harvey Breit (*New York Times*, March 13, 1949) his remarks ranged from considered judgments of Graham Greene (for) and D. H. Lawrence (against) to the leg-pulling claim that Erle Stanley Gardner is a great novelist. In his books he likes to sideswipe the "progressive" writer and the earnest artist in general: "These veterans were designed to be the stiffening of a force otherwise composed of anti-fascists cellists and dealers in abstract painting" In short, Waugh sings of the soldier, not the artist. To his enthusiasms for aristocratic and religious tradition he has added an enthusiasm for military tradition.

But all of these enthusiasms involve discipline; and how can a romantic individualist like Waugh submit himself to the discipline of any tradition — much less to a triple discipline? Because Waugh

is a traditionalist as the Jacobites were. (Indeed, Guy Crouchback's father still acknowledges no king since James II.) Like Jacobitism, Waugh's position satisfies both the romantic and the conservative instincts. Waugh champions a profession which is unpopular in the modern world, a church which is heterodox in his country, and a class which is vanishing. "Club" is as much a key word in Waugh as "pub" is in George Orwell. But something has happened to the club. For two hundred years Bellamy's has been first a rendezvous and then a refuge for the better sort of people. Now men like Box-Bender and Air Marshal Beech are getting into it. Private properties suffer greater invasions than fashionable clubs. The Crouchback estates have been "held in uninterrupted male succession since the reign of Henry I." Now Guy's father is living in a provincial hotel. He has come down like the Grand-Duchess Elena of Russia, the honorary Colonel-in-Chief of Guy's regiment, who is still toasted in the Halberdiers' mess, but lives in a bed-sitting room in Nice.

Men at Arms and Officers and Gentlemen are themselves toasts to last ditches and lost causes. In one mood Guy Crouchback feels that no cause is so fine as a lost one. "Sometimes he imagined himself serving the last Mass for the last Pope in a catacomb at the end of the world." If Guy does not serve the last Mass for the last Pope, at least he is one of the last group of Halberdiers to be admitted by direct entry and trained in some semblance of the old way. But even the Army is not quite what it used to be. As whippersnappers infiltrate it, it loses the atmosphere of a good club; as psychiatrists, dietetic experts, and pseudo-scientific gym instructors invade it, it loses its ancient simplicity and wisdom, and takes on the complexity and slick nonsense of the modern world. Guy is an enthusiastic soldier, but he regards the characteristically modern equipment of war with distaste. Putting on his gas mask for a drill, he glances in the mirror which had earlier reflected "a face full of hope and courage. He looked at the gross snout." It is also significant that Waugh does not romanticize the branch of the Services that has existed only since the twentieth century, the Air Force. The characters in *Men at Arms* and *Officers and Gentlemen* would suggest that the British Air Force is composed mostly of caterers, public relations officers, and plain

damned fools. When Waugh did not take cover from the strafing of the enemy plane in Yugoslavia, Randolph Churchill is said to have reminded him that he was not at Agincourt. Perhaps that is exactly where Waugh would have liked to be.

To be in Guy Crouchback's regiment is not to be at Agincourt, but it is to be as close as it is possible to get in the twentieth century. The Halberdiers go back, if not to Henry V, at least to Elizabeth, having been originally raised by the Earl of Essex for service in the Low Countries. Hence they have a rich history, and they have developed elaborate ceremonies to go with it. In fact, the passages on the customs, rituals, and background of the Halberdiers smack rather of researches into regimental history, heraldry, and genealogy. This documentary flavor is a fairly new thing in Waugh. In his books up to *Brideshead* he had drawn with a few bold strokes pictures of a world which, however caricatured it might seem by comparison with the world of "realistic" fiction, was vivid and convincing. Now, however, some of the lines are no longer fantastic at all, and much of the space between them is filled in. Waugh's technique has ceased to be one of implication.

By switching from an indirect to a direct defence of the upper classes Waugh gains something, but he loses something, too. When it appeared to superficial readers that he was attacking tradition and aristocracy, he was actually doing an excellent job of defending them by means of satires on the modern world. Since the modern world has produced at least its share of both silly and wicked things, and since Waugh is an immensely talented satirical writer, the novels made the modern world look hilariously absurd as well as hopelessly wrong. Now, turning from an implied to an explicit nostalgia, Waugh has taken upon himself a new task: he has assumed the burden of the proof. In the effort to demonstrate that the old world was one of decency and good sense, the satirist has been partly displaced by the advocate. Consequently, there is less sheer entertainment in the recent novels than there was in the early ones. But it is unreasonable of critics to complain of new developments, as such, in a writer whose earlier work has pleased them. They may see weaknesses in a particular book, but they can hardly demand that a

novelist go on writing the same kind of novel all his life. Critics may prefer Basil Seal to Guy Crouchback, but Waugh is probably wiser than his critics. Perhaps he had done as much as he could in Basil's vein.

Even without Basil *Men at Arms* and *Officers and Gentlemen* contain plenty of first-rate comic writing. In these novels Waugh treats an historical period more seriously than he did in most of his earlier work, but his text does not lack farcical footnotes. "For those who followed events and thought about the future, the world's foundations seemed shaken. For the Halberdiers it was one damned thing after another." The main plot of the war novels is Guy Crouchback's crusade, but there is a profusion of comic subplots involving Guy closely or remotely. *Men at Arms* has two of Waugh's richest grotesques, the fierce Ritchie-Hook and the fumbling Apthorpe. *Officers and Gentlemen* has a Scotch laird with a passion for blowing things up. Taking Guy on a tour of his dwindling store of explosives as though on a tour of a depleted wine cellar, he casually throws Guy a stick of dynamite, which Guy, in the candlelight, misses. As Guy gulps, "Butterfingers," says the laird. "Throw it back, that's a good fellow." By juxtaposing significant historical events with the events of his comic plots, Waugh gets some of his best ironical effects. On the day that Winston Churchill is appointed Prime Minister, Apthorpe is promoted to captain. While Guy is reading about military strategy on the Continent, Apthorpe is contriving a plan to hide his "thunderbox" from the Brigadier. Waugh is also a master of the ironical quotation. "He nothing common did or mean," he writes of Apthorpe, "on the morning of their departure." Later that morning Apthorpe sets off the booby trap which the Brigadier has attached to his "thunderbox." When the cowardly Trimmer, in nominal command of a raiding party on what is supposed to be an enemy-held channel island, is trembling on the beach, his companion quotes, substituting Trimmer's name, Latimer's last words to Ridley: "Be of good comfort, Master Trimmer, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out."

Waugh is still as good as ever at naming his characters. His use of the name as label has naturally caused him to be compared with Dickens, as the clarity of his style has caused him to be compared with Addison. But if we require such parallels, we ought to go back further than the nineteenth or the eighteenth century — to the period of the Restoration. Syringe, Lady Wishfort, and Miss Hoyden are the earlier equivalents of Waugh's Trimmer, Box-Bender, and Major Hound. Moreover, Waugh's prose style, still (except for the passages in which it is reflective and nostalgic) as dexterous, succinct, and witty as it ever was, is closer to that of Restoration comedy than the style of any contemporary comic dramatist. Waugh is, in fact, a sort of modern Congreve. In his world there is the same mixture of sophistication and farce, refinement and brutality, arrogance and *noblesse oblige*. Both worlds are "artificial" and full of caricature; nonetheless, they are recognizable reflections of a real world. Furthermore, in neither case is the writer's attitude to the way of the real world quite what it may seem at first sight. Careful readers of Congreve found a morality in the supposedly immoral dramatist. Careful readers of even the early Waugh found a responsibility in the supposedly irresponsible novelist. There is even a resemblance in the personalities of the two men outside their writing: the pose of being a country gentleman rather than a writer. But whether Waugh resembles Dickens or Addison or Congreve is not of primary importance. The big question about any writer is not who "influenced" him, but how well he writes. Today Waugh writes at least as well as he did twenty-seven years ago, which is to say very well indeed.

Moscow's Drive For Common Tongue With Asia

— Cultural Penetration —

by

ALBERT PARRY

An authority on Russia exposes an unusual and little-published aspect of Soviet penetration of its Asian neighbours. The long run impact of this venture will surely have more serious consequences for the West than the launching of any number of Sputniks.

Speaking at Delhi on December 13, 1955, that tireless voyager Nikita Khrushchev told his cheering Indian audience that it was too bad "a third language" — meaning English — had to be used between the Indian hosts and the Russian guests. To know each other better, he said, Russians should learn Hindi and other tongues of India, while Indians would do well to study Russian. Right then and there Khrushchev promised to do his part: he would open special Hindi-language schools in the U.S.S.R.; he would send to their classrooms some of Russia's most talented youths.

Thus did Moscow's drive to displace the English language as a source of Western influence in Asia receive its most prominent, dramatic manifesto. The drive, determined and long-range, has much more than India as its area. It includes all of Asia. And it attacks the French language, too, wherever (as in the Near East and Indochina) it still is an important means of communication. Nor does Moscow overlook the last vestiges of the Dutch tongue as a medium in Indonesia.

After some delay, Nikita's vow found its first elementary-level application in Russian Central Asia. In January 1957 instruction in the Hindi, Chinese, and Arabic languages was inaugurated in several schools of Tashkent, Soviet Uzbekistan, for children aged 8 to 10. The Uzbek ministry of education prepared special textbooks and,

as teachers, detailed several graduates of the Oriental Department of Tashkent's Central Asian University. These combined the language teaching with their lectures on the nature and life of India, China, and Arabic lands. On September 1, 1957, a half-dozen more Tashkent schools were brought into the program, and the study of the Urdu and the Persian (or the Farsi, as the Russians now call Iran's literary language) was added.

The main effort, however, is still — as in the pre-Khrushchev times — maintained on a higher-school level. In Arabic studies, for instance, at least 12 major university programs exist in the Soviet Union. The first of them, in Leningrad (then St. Petersburg), was founded more than a century ago; for a long time it was remote from immediate problems of the day, but was devoted to themes of ancient Eastern history and obscure philology. The Soviets brought such Russian scholars of the Arabic from their rarefied heights down to the mundane tasks of training Red diplomats, propagandists, and spies. A convincing enough example of the efficacy of this change-over is reported from Cairo where the majority of the Soviet embassy staff have been observed to have an excellent command of Arabic.

The Russian study of Hindi likewise shows a lofty tradition but a most practical current sequence. The very first Russian scholar to interest himself in things Indian was Gerasim Lebedev, a self-taught linguist and musician of the late eighteenth century. He lived in India twelve years (1785-97), learned Sanskrit and Bengali there, and wrote one of the early European grammars of Hindi. On returning home he organized Russia's first printing establishment boasting Indian type. This later became the base of numerous Russian studies and publications in Sanskrit. But in Soviet times such specialists as Academician Alexis Barannikov have contributed to the organization of Russian training in modern India's languages: Hindi, Urdu, Mahratti, and Punjabi. These are used to prepare Soviet agitators and other agents far more than to enhance any pure Indian scholarship in Russia.

The very latest Soviet practice is, however, to teach Eastern tongues to any bright student even if he seems to be intrigued by the Orient's hoary past more than by its present political vortex.

Moscow's logical assumption is that in wartime, or on the government's order at any time, emergency or not, an Orientalist of no matter what pure specialty can easily be turned into an intelligence expert or at least into an embassy's interpreter.

The Department of Foreign Languages of the Soviet Academy of Sciences trains numerous able candidates (*aspiranty*) for higher degrees. The 25 languages of its instruction include Japanese, Hindi, Vietnamese, and other Eastern tongues. A new method, evolved by the Department's staff, is claimed to give its users a perfect command of any language in a shorter time than ever before. Thus, whereas the Department's course in Chinese used to require 2,000 hours, now only 500 hours are needed for a student to learn a fluent translation from Chinese into Russian.

There is not an Asian language left for which the Soviet scholars have not already issued or are not now preparing their dictionaries from and into Russian, as well as grammars and all sorts of monographs and manuals.

Eastern scholars are constantly imported to aid in this work. Chinese specialists are brought to Russia in a particularly full and steady stream, but other countries and their languages are also represented. The Indonesian language at the Leningrad University is being taught by Usman Effendi, a visiting folklorist from Jakarta. Also on invitation from the Soviet government, an Afghan scholar has become a visiting professor at Tashkent's Central Asian University. He is Paimda Muhammad Zahir, a professor of the University of Kabul. In Tashkent he is teaching classical Afghan literature to fourth-year students of the Afghan Section of the Oriental Department, and is guiding a group of Soviet students in Pushtu conversation. In addition, he is delivering a series of lectures to the Tashkent university's instructors of Iran-Afghan philology.

Other Easterners are engaged to man native programs broadcast by Radio Moscow to Asia. One of the latest additions is Mohini Rao, a lady from Delhi, brought expressly to write and deliver the daily Soviet program in Hindi. Such broadcasters are often used also to aid in the training of Russian-born personnel needed for the fast expanding Oriental services of the Soviets.

The increasing frequency of loan-words exchanged between the Russian and Eastern tongues is an interesting testimonial to the success of the drive. The Indonesian word *merdeka* (freedom) is, for instance, quite widely understood in today's Russia. The Russian word for "matches" is now part of the Korean language as spoken north of the 38th Parallel. Russian words for "pastry" and "cracknels" are current in the Afghan language — thanks to the huge bakery the Soviets have recently built at Kabul.

Russian classics no less than Marxist books and brochures enjoy tremendous distribution in many of the Orient's countries, in the original Russian but more in translations. Even the native screen and stage have been affected. Local versions of Nicholas Gogol's *The Inspector General* have, for instance, been done as an Egyptian film and a Pakistani play.

The Soviet effort to know the East is as intense as the Moscow attempt to influence Asia.

Between 1917 and 1954 the Soviets published translations of 96 books by India's writers into 11 of the languages used in the U.S.S.R. By late 1955 "artistic" titles alone, that is, fiction, poetry and plays, translated by the Soviets from India's languages, were sold or otherwise distributed in more than two million copies. In the mid-1950s a new eight-volume collection of Rabindranath Tagore's writings was issued by Moscow in an enormous edition. By 1957 Tagore's works achieved some fifty Soviet editions.

From the inception of the Soviet regime to the fall of 1956 the Soviets published, in translation into 31 languages, some 350 books by 56 Chinese authors in 16,128,000 copies. Particularly active in this field is Goslitizdat, the State Literature Publishing House. Besides the Chinese and Indian books, it is issuing many translations from mediaeval Korean writers, old Japanese poets, and Afghan classics.

Still, the order from the Kremlin to its publishers and translators is constantly for a greater and better output. Goslitizdat's translations from the poets of Burma and Vietnam are officially criticized as "lazy ones": they are done not from the Eastern originals but from their Western translations. The method of selection is

found wanting, too. A Soviet expert on Iranian literature complains that among all the translations into Russian a good collection of modern Iranian poetry is still lacking, while the 1955 translation of Iranian short stories is rather inadequate in the kind and calibre of the authors chosen.

On a visit to India, the well-known Soviet writer Ilya Ehrenburg made the jolting discovery that "we do too little of the needed translating from the new Indian writers." He met several such authors on his trip. Their thoughts on literature, on writers' duty to society, seemed profound to Ehrenburg. "Indian readers said to me, 'Haven't you read their books?' I had to confess my ignorance. To myself I said sullenly, 'When oh when will our publishers realize that the world is great and varied?'"

He saw a novelette of his own in a Telegu translation. "Shame covered me: I do not know a single artistic work written in Telegu, yet it is a language spoken by 30 million Indians." No part of the East is to be overlooked by the Russians. "There are no nation-teachers and nation-students," he sermonized in the summer of 1957 at the Moscow Youth Festival. "Everyone can learn something, and from everyone something can be learned . . . Is it a sin to learn from the Chinese and the Indians, the world's oldest peoples, the qualities which they have fostered through thousands of years: their great inner culture, their spiritual nicety, their modesty?"

Incessantly, mistakes in the training of translators are noted and decried in the Kremlin's directives. Thus it was recently discovered how much had been lost by the discontinuance of preparation of Russian specialists in the Chinese and Japanese languages as once done in Vladivostok by Professor A. Rudakov, head of the Oriental Department of the Far Eastern State University. Maintaining this training so close to China and Japan — next door, so to say — had given this work its special meaning and much of its success. The high point of this success was reached way back in the 1920's, but somehow in the thirties certain local Soviet administrators decided that such linguistic training should be done in Moscow only, and so came the end of the Vladivostok program. It is only now, a quarter-century later, that the costly error is uncovered and its perpetrators are chided.

"Ideological" deficiencies are not the least among the Kremlin's targets as it strives to expand its linguistic drive. In February 1956 at the 20th Congress of the Communist Party in Moscow, the leaders castigated Russia's Orientalists for doing too little work on the modern East, for paying too much attention to ancient times and nonpolitical themes. In June 1957, in Tashkent, at the All-Union Conference of Orientalists, the charge was echoed by some of the Soviet scholars attacking, on the Party's orders, their "lagging" colleagues. Several learned institutes, also a few philosophical, historical and literary journals of the U.S.S.R., were singled out for this censure. Responding to the whip, the Institute of Orientology of the Soviet Academy of Sciences in August 1957 launched a new monthly, *Contemporary Orient*, not alone in Russian, but also in Arabic, Indonesian, Hindi, and other Eastern languages. The contents of the magazine dwell on the Eastern present, not past, and the contributors appear much more as politicians than professors.

Significantly, as part of the U.S.S.R.'s effort to foster its tie with Asia in up-to-date, machine-age terms, a delegation of Soviet scholars arrived in Burma in March 1957 to deliver, in a solemn ceremony, a most practical gift from the University of Moscow to the University of Rangoon: two physics laboratories, one chemical and one biological laboratory, a herbarium, various mounts and other equipment in botany and zoology, and more than 200 scientific volumes. The preferred study for many Asians eager to learn Moscow's tongue is scientific Russian rather than the literary version of that language. To train India's own engineering and mechanical personnel for the steel-mill the Soviets are now building in that country, more than 500 young Indians were to be sent to Russian schools and steel-mills in 1957, in the wake of the advanced groups of such trainees who in 1956 were reported to be making progress in both their specialty and their study of the "engineering" Russian language.

But the main work of learning Russian, scientific and general, is done by Indians at home, not in Russia. The most extensive work of this type is done at the University of Delhi, by the Department of Russian founded in 1946. Ten years later the number of the Department's students was nearly 800. A Soviet visitor wrote how

"pleasant and joyous it was to see those swarthy young men with their burning black eyes, dressed in their national Indian costumes, but speaking our language so many thousands of kilometers from Moscow." Another Soviet observer wrote: "These Indian students have shown great progress. They spoke to us in Russian quite fluently; they knew much about the life of our country; they were interested in the news of Soviet literature and art." Yet another Russian noted that older men as well as youths came to the Department's classrooms, and that most of these old and young "want to acquire Russian in order to read about our achievements in the fields of technology, medicine, chemistry, physics, and the like."

The propaganda motif is ever present. Maia Pliassetskaya, a Russian actress, was overjoyed when at Delhi she was greeted in halting Russian by Chandraleika, an Indian dancer who had resolved to learn Russian "after the Soviet Union had so selflessly sent bread to the starving people of India."

So dedicated are some of these new friends of Russia and of her language that one Indian teacher of Russian, not satisfied with his success in training his adult students, has coached his own 11-year-old son to speak and write in an almost flawless Russian.

Moscow indeed has every reason to be happy with the result of its drive, at least in India.

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But the greatest success so far has been achieved in the Sino-Russian linguistic tie. To date it is surely the Red world's best model, after which the other would-be areas of Soviet conquest or influence are expected by Moscow to pattern their efforts.

The study of Russian is a strict requirement in all the higher schools of China. A number of middle and technical schools also teach Russian, for which a sufficient supply of instructors is now reported. Special Departments of Russian exist at four universities and one teachers college. In addition, separate Institutes of the Russian Language have been established in Peking, Shanghai, Chungking, and Harbin. The Peking Institute alone boasts of nearly 6,000 students.

Much study of Russian is done also through evening courses and in the so-called "circles". Thus, branches of the Sino-Soviet Friendship Association maintain in various cities and villages of China more than 80 evening schools of Russian, with an enrollment of almost 15,000. The Association has also aided many factories and offices to organize such courses of Russian on their own. More than 7,000 persons study Russian in 159 such courses. Several large cities broadcast Russian lessons by radio.

In the spring of 1957 it was estimated that more than 70 per cent of China's older technical personnel can and do read Russian literature in their special fields. Nearly all of the 250 staff members of the Shanghai Institute of Plant Physiology can read Russian. Its director, Professor Lo Tsun-lo, has translated several Soviet textbooks in his field into Chinese.

Whereas in 1950 some 200 Russian magazines and newspapers came regularly into China, by the spring of 1957 the number rose to 500. Private Chinese subscribers to these Soviet periodicals now number 170,000. Between 1951 and 1957, some 19 million copies of Russian books and more than 1,500,000 Russian phonograph records were imported into China. For 1957 the importation of 4,000,000 Russian books was planned.

A magazine *Russky Yazyk* (The Russian Language) is being published in Peking to aid Chinese teachers and students of Russian. A Russian-language periodical *Druzhba* (Friendship) is now being expanded in Peking. Its editor Lin Lan was an honoured guest in Moscow in the summer of 1957, on special invitation from the Soviet State Committee for Cultural Ties with Foreign Countries.

Soviet films, in addition to records and air-programs, help Chinese to learn not only Russian speech but also Russian songs. Soviet visitors report the thrill of being greeted by Russian songs emanating from Chinese throats. In many Chinese hotels and restaurants there are Russian as well as Chinese signs over some of the rooms, dining halls, and (particularly) lavatories. Russian visitors are also touched when Chinese interpreters attached to Soviet engineers, sportsmen, and other guests from Russia give themselves Russian names. In one such team Shan Tsi-hun became Aleksander, Fan

Sian-lin introduced himself as Fedya, while Van En-tsi was now Vanya, and Wei Jen-dun made his bow as Volodya.

The most fluent Russian-speaking Chinese are of course those who have had their training in Russia. How steadily the number of such Chinese increases is shown by the following: in the late summer of 1955 more than 1,500 Chinese students were sent by the Peking government to enroll at the universities and technical institutes of Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Kharkov and many other Soviet cities. In November of that year, together with earlier arrivals, Chinese students in Russia were counted in many thousands; Moscow alone had more than 2,500 of them. Practically every Moscow college had its quota of Chinese students. In July 1957 it was revealed that the University of Moscow had 500 Chinese students.

Kiev has established a special evening school to teach Russian to Chinese students and workers being trained in that Ukrainian city. Russian teachers are quoted in the Soviet press as saying that "these Chinese acquire their Russian grammar and speech with an astonishing speed." *Izvestia* reports that in Moscow an advanced degree in technology was won by a certain Chen Huan-wen after he had defended his dissertation before a learned Russian committee "in pure Russian". In Kharkov, young Russian girls volunteered to teach Russian to young Chinese men studying tractor-building at a local plant. Elsewhere, men fellow-students or fellow-workers instruct such Chinese guests in their first Russian.

At Zaporozhie, the Ukrainian steel centre, the numerous Chinese trainees learn Russian at their machines from their fellow-workers, also in the evening in their dormitories and in special classes. The theory of steel technology is taught to them in Russian. The Soviet lecturers speak to them slowly, repeating each sentence several times. The Chinese try to understand and write down these lectures with no aid from interpreters. Only a few of them take notes in Chinese, while most write in Russian.

Some of these Chinese are shy about speaking Russian. When they do converse, their speech is embarrassed, slow, and much accented. But — their Russian friends observe — these Chinese write Russian "remarkably correctly and even with a literary style." The

Chinese pay for this, the Russians say, with "the price of incredible persistence, of sleepless nights spent in dictating Russian texts to one another, in poring over the Russo-Chinese dictionaries, Russian newspapers, magazines, and books." For practice they often read Mao Tse-tung's works in Russian translation as well as books by Lenin, Tolstoy, Gogol and Gorky in the originals.

The Russian study of the Chinese language is, on the whole, rather less wide-spread. However, 55 young Russians have recently gone to China for specialized study in chemistry, technology, and agriculture. Unlike their compatriots journeying to China as engineering and military advisors, these youths will be unable to get along with the aid of interpreters alone. They will have to know the Chinese language. These Russian students are few indeed compared with the thousands of Chinese being trained in the U.S.S.R. But the very fact of their going to China is momentous; in time their number may well grow.

The recent simplification of the study of the Chinese language evolved by the Soviet Academy's Department of Foreign Languages has no doubt helped these and other Russians now learning Chinese. Books in the original Chinese are on sale in the Moscow store at 15 Gorky Street boasting the sign, "Books from Countries of People's Democracy." A sizable proportion of the Russian bookbuyers here are young people, apparently students who by now know Chinese well enough to read it.

More than one brand of Chinese is taught and explored by the Moscow scholars. A special section of Languages of China's Peoples is one of the eight subdivisions of the Institute of Sinology recently founded by the Soviet Academy of Sciences. The other seven sections concern themselves with the study of history, economics, political institutions, literature and art, and other features of China's past and present. The Institute is meant by its planners to be an important Soviet publishing centre of translations and original works on China. Its manuscripts are usually sent to Peking for critical comment by Chinese politicians and professors before publication in Moscow.

Goslitzdat's specialty is translating and publishing ancient Chinese classics. This house makes a point of artistic bindings and

of reproducing old prints as its book illustrations. Despite the large printings, its books on China are swiftly sold out and almost at once become bibliographical rarities. A staff of young translators is employed by Goslitizdat's Department of Oriental Literatures (established in 1952). The Chinese poetry they translate word for word is then rendered into exquisite Russian verse by some of the Soviet Union's outstanding poets. These have on occasion included Anna Akhmatova, one of Russia's foremost poets, so often out of favour with the Soviet government and at times even forbidden to write.

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Not that all is velvety smooth in this exchange of tongues.

As early as November 1952 an angry statement by Chien Tsun-jui, secretary of the Sino-Soviet Friendship Association in Peking, admitted that all too many Chinese drop out of their Russian-language study midway in the course, some out of rank laziness, others in "the erroneous idea that Russian is difficult to master." Certain Chinese leaders were charged with failing "to understand the importance of Russian", with refusing to realize "that the study of Russian is not a mere technical problem of knowing a foreign language but an important political task" of cementing the Sino-Russian partnership.

Chien's statement did not of course mention the hidden antipathy to the Russian intruder and the yet more "subversive" aversion to Communism that may lurk behind this sabotage of Russian study in China.

To lessen this sabotage or at least reluctance, a Peking edict of the early 1950s promised a 30 per cent salary increase to all office holders who could prove their mastery of the Russian language. In both Chinese and Russian journals a propaganda point was made of the advantage derived from knowing Russian as the Red domains' common tongue. The Moscow *Slaviane* related the instructive case of Chinese and Poles being able to converse at a meeting thanks to their knowledge of Russian.

Still, Western tongues continue as media of communication in some unavoidable situations behind the Curtain. In September 1956

Vietnamese students in Moscow, while conversing with Russians, were heard using French more than their newly acquired, clumsy Russian phrases. In August 1957 on his visit to Moscow the Indonesian writer Riyono Pratikto confessed that he had been translating Anton Chekhov's stories not from their original Russian but from the English and Dutch translations of that author.

English persists as the chief competitor and stumbling block on the Red path in Asia. Indian delegates coming to Russia as yet have to depend on their knowledge of English to be understood and to understand. One such visitor said how glad as well as surprised he was to find that "each fifth person of those I met in Moscow could speak English quite well." In June 1956 three Mexican journalists, crossing Siberia en route to China, found their chance interpreter and guide in a Soviet Russian geologist who, to their joy, spoke English "quite decently". At the Moscow Youth Festival in July and August 1957 several of the Chinese delegates used English in their group's get-together with the British delegation. In one case only, Russian was used. This was when Norman Thayer, a student from Birmingham, and Chen Yan-sin, a Chinese guest, discovered that both knew a little Russian to augment their sign language.

Quite easily English still holds its long-won position as the international language of modern science. The number and range of scientific and engineering books and journals in English still imported by both Russia and China are eloquent proof. Even some of the Sino-Russian communication in technology continues to be in English. When recently Ye. Kazovsky, a prominent Soviet engineer specializing in electric power, found himself on a mission to China he, by his own admission, had to lecture to some of his Chinese audiences neither in Russian (which his listeners apparently did not understand) nor in Chinese (evidently unknown to him) but in English.

Yet the fight to banish English and other Western tongues from Asia goes on. The skill and persistence with which the fight is now being waged suggest that in a decade or two, in some of that continent's areas at least, the Moscow-Peking axis will have won this battle for a common tongue.

When World Was Wheelbarrow

by

MIRIAM WADDINGTON

When we were the crocus under the snow
the sunspoked rail, the hammerblow,
when world was wheelbarrow overturned,
then were we young and blatant burned.

We flamed the cities where we went,
what we intended was what we meant,
we were the man who reads the sky,
and we were its cloudless prophecy.

We were the wind that blew the doors
open to the airy light,
we were the unclogged ink that pours
into the inkwells, blue on white.

We were the lunch hour, the relief,
the noisy office room grown deaf,
the hardly cold abandoned chairs,
the scuffed linoleum on the stairs;

Oh we were all, the pulse, the beating
of common life in group and meeting,
we were the modern, forerunners all
of changing times, prompt, personal.

Now buried bulbs beneath the snow
we cannot hear the hammerblow,
and from the wheelbarrow overturned
have not as much as insects learned;

They in their world must be aware
they breathe a dark encompassed air,
they know their long captivity:
but pressed in cold-frames, what do we?

The Cave

by

ELIZABETH BREWSTER

I remember, when I was a child, there was a cave
Not far from the house. I often played
Beside its grassy mouth, and, gazing
Into its black depths wondered where it led.
There might be some old pirate's treasure hidden,
A chest of rubies in an inner room;
Or perhaps it was a home for skulls and ghosts,
Or a passage leading by intricate paths and byways
To the grim fastnesses of Giant Despair.
Should I go in? All fairyland might greet me,
My godmother mounted on a pumpkin coach
To lead me to the throne room of the Prince,
Strewing my path with primroses and diamonds.
But what if the godmother were a wicked witch?
I might be frozen to an icicle,
Hung mesmerized from the ceiling of the cave,
Like a foolish, dangling, suicidal corpse.
I stood and stared and wavered, wondering,
But feared too much to step inside the door.

So I stand still before the cave of the soul
Fearing some deep well, some devouring quicksand,
Some treachery in the dark and winding paths,
The violence of the Furies who inhabit
The murky depths and cry aloud for vengeance.
I need some password or some secret sign
To guide me through these chambers where strange figures
Stare at me dimly from the carven walls;
Some magic food to eat
Until I reach that safe, interior room
Where the Prince sits in serene majesty,
Waiting to greet me with his golden ring
And lead me to his solemn banquet table.

Parapsychology

— A science for psychical research? —

by

G. L. MANGAN

For years, telepathy, clairvoyance and awareness of future events have provided material for tales of poltergeists, table-tipping seances and the like. Do such extrasensory perceptions really exist and is a genuinely scientific study of them possible?

Parapsychology, a term originally suggested by William McDougall and adopted by J. B. Rhine, covers investigation of that range of phenomena 'in which it appears that knowledge can be obtained, or an element of human behaviour can be determined by some circumstance or event not accessible to the individual concerned by means of normal sensory perception'. It is roughly equivalent to what in the past has been called "psychical research".

The original interest in the subject undoubtedly developed from the large number of spontaneous cases reported of apparently parapsychological nature. Such cases are familiar enough in everyday life to dispense with lengthy illustration; one of the most common, for example, is that of a mother who receives an impression that her child is in danger, an impression strong enough to impel her to act on the strength of it despite opposition and ridicule.

Such anecdotal material generally has little value as evidence. Too often case details are inexact, or incompletely verified, and there is no efficient method of assessing the chance factors involved. In addition, it is usually impossible to determine how many times previously the subject has experienced a similar type of impression without the related event occurring. There are on record, however, numbers of cases where exact and detailed correspondences between

¹ R. H. Thouless. "Thought transference and related phenomena." Discourse to the Royal Institution. London, 1950.

impression and event are reliably vouched for, and there seems little reason to doubt that they actually occurred. To attribute such happenings to coincidence appears to be an inadequate explanation of the facts. Though no exact assessment of the chance probability of such occurrences is possible, the evidence is sufficiently strong to indicate the operation, under certain circumstances, of an ability which transcends the limits of normal sensory perception.

The basic problem has been that of introducing into the laboratory a situation in which an event and the telepathic *impression* of it can be closely observed, and the chances of accidental agreement exactly assessed. Over the last 80 years, certain basic techniques have been developed to test this ability, which research workers today claim to identify in the forms of telepathy, or thought transference, clairvoyance, or the awareness of events occurring at a distance, and pre-cognition, or awareness of future events. These are all classed under the general heading of ESP, extrasensory perception, and the study of ESP and related phenomena is the field of parapsychology.

* * *

The period of active experimentation with ESP predates the founding of the Society for Psychical Research in England in 1882 by nearly a hundred years. During this time the problems of parapsychology were bound up with those of psychiatry.

Earliest descriptions of ESP phenomena were associated with the practice of mesmerism. The association was so close that they were considered to be incidental features of the trance and, for a time, the dominant aspects of it. This assumption followed particularly the findings of the Puysegur brothers who reported what appeared to be clairvoyant awareness of the illnesses of fellow patients by some subjects. As a result, entranced persons were used to diagnose disease, presumably by clairvoyance. This practice lasted to a degree for at least a century.

Mesmerism, however, was largely discredited by 1840, and it was not until it reappeared under the more respectable guise of hypnotism in the latter part of the century that a more experimental

approach to the related ESP phenomena was developed. About this time, a number of psychiatrists of the French school reported evidence of telepathy and clairvoyance from hysteria patients who were undergoing hypnotic therapy. Azam, for example, reported that some of his patients were able to distinguish the tastes of various substances which he placed in his own mouth. Liebeault found that some of his patients were able to perceive visual images that were being experienced by the hypnotist. Janet reported experiments in which pain sensations were reputedly transferred from the hypnotist to the hypnotised subject. The hypnotist was pinched on various parts of his body; the subject was apparently able to feel the pain and localise it accurately, even though the hypnotist was in another room, and out of visual range. One of his most dramatic experiments was that in which 'travelling clairvoyance' was demonstrated by a patient, Leonie. Janet suggested to Leonie, while she was in a hypnotic state in Le Havre, that she would mentally visit a collaborator, Richet, in his laboratory in Paris, and bring back an account of what he was doing. This she did, according to Richet, with considerable accuracy.

In this period of experimentation, it was naturally supposed, as had been the case with mesmerism, that telepathy and clairvoyance were features of the hypnotic trance itself. When experiments were conducted without the use of hypnotism, however, it soon became apparent that the two were not necessarily related, and that similar results could be achieved with subjects in normal states. In addition, the use of hypnosis as a therapeutic tool declined and demonstrations of ESP by hypnotised subjects became relatively infrequent. Telepathy ceased to be associated solely with abnormality or trance.

This was a considerable advance, but the intellectual tide of the late 19th Century was strongly set against any acceptance of telepathy. The Society for Psychical Research sponsored some experimentation with telepathy and allied phenomena, but it was much more concerned with collecting and collating the vast amount of case material. Its members were more interested in psychic phenomena operating in the free and uninhibited state, as in poltergeist and ghost hauntings and so on, matters more relevant to the question of whether

the personality, or any part of it, survives bodily death. However, a few individual scientists encouraged experimental studies — James, McDougall, Barrett, Jung — and gradually a considerable body of experimental data was accumulated.

Some of the researches reported were individual efforts. For example, the American author Upton Sinclair and his wife Mary carried out a series of highly successful telepathy experiments in which Sinclair, the sender, concentrated on an object or a drawing of an object, which his wife, who in some cases was miles away, reproduced by drawing or by verbal description. Others were large scale researches. The Zenith broadcasting station in Chicago in 1923, and a little later the B.B.C., conducted mass telepathy experiments. But by far the most important were the less spectacular, but the more rigidly controlled experiments conducted in the various university psychology laboratories.

One of the first of these was carried out in the University of Groningen, Holland. The subject, Van Dam, was seated, blindfolded, in a dark cage in the psychology laboratory. He attempted to receive telepathic impressions from the experimenters who were seated in a darkened room just above him. They selected randomly one square at a time from a 48 square chequerboard; the subject indicated the selected square on his own board. Van Dam's performances were highly successful.

One of the first card-guessing experiments, at Harvard University, produced encouraging results. The method used proved to be a most suitable one from the standpoint of time and ease in evaluating results, and it was subsequently expanded and developed into a basic technique for testing ESP.

Beginning in 1930, the most extensive series of card tests was carried out at the Parapsychology Laboratory, Duke University, by Dr. J. B. Rhine and his co-workers. In his tests, Rhine used a deck of 25 cards, of five different types, each marked with a different symbol — circle, square, star, cross, waves. In the usual telepathy experiment, the experimenter looked at each card and made a deliberate attempt to send the symbol to the subject, who noted down

his choice. The subject was usually in another room, and indicated by flashing a light when he was ready for each card. In the clairvoyance experiments, the order of the cards was guessed by the subjects without any intervention on the part of the experimenter. In one technique, the 'down through', a pack of shuffled cards was enclosed in a box and placed before the subject, who was asked to call down through the deck.

For over a generation now, these and similar types of experiments have been carried out in various research units. Some individual scores have been outstanding — one subject averaged 18 hits out of 25, 74 consecutive times, in an experiment in which the experimenter was actually attempting to disprove the existence of telepathy. Another subject correctly called 25 cards out of 25 — so did a girl of 12. What is more important, however, is that the average scores of a very large group of subjects indicated quite conclusively the existence of telepathy and clairvoyance.

One rather extraordinary finding that emerged from this research was that the *distance* between the sender and the receiver appeared to have no effect on scoring level. If the physical world is a time-space world, and if the operation of these psychic phenomena is in fact independent of space limitations, it should be similarly independent of the time factors involved, i.e., awareness of an event *before* it occurs is a logical possibility.

Certainly from the anecdotal material there are many examples of *precognition*. In approximately half of the large collection of spontaneous cases, the event has not actually taken place at the time of the experience. The main difficulty, as in the case of the other phenomena, was how to test precognition in the laboratory. The card technique used in the telepathy and clairvoyance experiments seemed the most promising. But whereas in the latter, the subject called through a deck of cards already in a fixed predetermined order, in the experimenter's hand or in a box, in the precognition tests he was asked to call through a pack in the order the cards would be in after shuffling at some future date — an hour, a day, a month ahead. The critical factor was the method of shuffling the decks of

cards; this has been subject to a great deal of discussion and deliberation, but the point has now been reached where the method appears to be above criticism. Research at the present time, however, is not sufficiently advanced for any but suggestive results to have been obtained.

Another quite distinct psychic phenomenon is *psychokinesis* or PK. In the past some mediums have claimed, usually unjustifiably, the ability to directly influence matter by some mental force. In the spontaneous cases again, there are some well-attested cases reported of a physical effect occurring without apparent physical cause.

Experimentally, the dice-throwing technique has much to commend it, and it was by the use of this method that the first experimental work in psychokinesis was begun at Duke University in the mid-1940's. The basic technique is essentially a very simple one. Using a mechanical release a subject throws in rotation for the six die faces, i.e. on the first release, the target is 1's, on the second 2's, and so on. Chance will give a number of hits, calculated as one-sixth of the total number of dice released; for example, when the target is 3's and 12 dice are released, two 3's will occur by chance. Any excess over chance in a long series, evaluated by ordinary statistical methods, can be attributed to PK. Twelve years of experimentation have produced some evidence of an above-chance effect in this type of experiment. What kind of energy is involved, how it can be controlled, however, remain unanswered questions.

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Over the past 10 or 15 years parapsychological research has been concentrated largely in three areas — the establishing of precognition and psychokinesis, investigation of the relationship between success in ESP tests and personality characteristics of subjects, and the origin and basis of the ESP function.

Although some successful experiments have been reported in precognition and psychokinesis, in neither case is there evidence of anywhere near the same order as that existing in the best telepathy and clairvoyance experiments. Precognition particularly has proved extremely elusive. Some of the very early experiments, though ad-

equate at the time, are faulty, judged on present day standards of procedure, and the majority of the more recent experiments, where standards have been acceptable, have been unsuccessful, or do not allow unequivocal interpretation. Certain effects, which are probably precognitive, have been noted in some experimental work, but these have been incidental to the main predicted effect.

Small extra-chance effects in psychokinesis experiments, usually with dice, have been demonstrated under rigid experimental conditions. Mechanical release devices have eliminated the possibility of skilled throwing of the dice, and methodological improvements seem to avert the possibilities of gross errors. However, the effect noted is either a minimal one, with the good subject scoring 2-4% above chance as compared with the 10-15% above chance of the good ESP subject, or it displays itself indirectly. Direct and high-order evidence of psychokinesis and precognition, particularly the latter, remains to be demonstrated under the strictest experimental conditions. This is one of the most urgent objectives in parapsychology.

The second area of investigation has been the personality correlates of ESP. The initial question of some importance is whether ESP abilities are normal ones, or whether they are isolated abnormal abilities encountered in odd individuals. Perhaps this latter impression, which is quite prevalent, is due to the fact that a common symptom of paranoia is the delusion of the patient that some person is trying to influence him by telepathy. From a number of experimental studies in mental hospitals, however, thus far no association is suggested between psychopathology as such and ESP abilities: the amount of ESP shown by hospitalised patients differs little from that found in a sample of the normal population.

From personality studies made on 'normal' subjects participating in ESP tests, a number of relationships have been established. The first of these is that subjects who show good personal adjustment perform better in ESP tests while those whose adjustment is poor generally score about chance.

The second is that the attitude of the subject to ESP has some bearing on scoring level. A long series of experiments has shown

conclusively that subjects who accept the theoretical possibility of ESP tend to score above chance. Complementary to this is the tentative finding that subjects who show high theoretical orientation, i.e. who are characterised by a dominant interest in the discovery of truth and by an empirical, critical, rational 'intellectual approach', when rated on the Allport-Vernon Scale of Values, tend to score higher than those whose values are economic or social.

The third finding is that the inter-personal relationship between the subject and the experimenter affects success in ESP tests. When *rapport* is good, where the subject likes the experimenter, better results are usually achieved, in clairvoyance as well as in telepathy tests, although in the former the experimenter takes no active part in the test operation. There is some evidence that the mood and health, interest and confidence of the subject in the test situation are important factors in success, but little evidence that intelligence is involved. It also appears likely that extraverts do better in clairvoyance tests, introverts in telepathy tests.

A third area of investigation is that of the biological background, origin and basis of the ESP process. From the spontaneous cases, there are indications that the ESP function is not exclusively a human one; it may be involved, for example, in bird navigation, both migratory and homing, or in the many reported cases of long-range direction finding or homing behaviour of dogs and cats.

Even allowing for the fallacies of human testimony, some of these cases seem worth taking seriously. As in the human case, however, anecdotal material, no matter how extensive, has little evidential value, and there is not as yet a great deal of experimental evidence of the occurrence of animal ESP. Only a few isolated experiments have been reported in the past. Bechterev concluded tentatively that the dogs he tested showed evidence of telepathy; Herrick's homing experiments with cats and Schmid's with dogs gave results for which they could find no sensory explanation, and which lend themselves to a possible ESP interpretation. Osiris, more recently, has reported evidence of ESP from cats in his experiments where all the known sensory factors are controlled.

The greatest amount of concentrated experimental work however, has been in the problem area of homing in pigeons. It has been shown that although the pigeon, by the use of some physiological mechanism, may be able to navigate to the home position by the sun without previous training in that direction, it is highly improbable that the immediate home orientation shown by birds, on release, without previous exposure to the sun, can be accomplished in this way. Simple sensory hypotheses have been eliminated, and many researchers, both biological and parapsychological, agree that the ESP factor may be involved in this immediate determination of the correct course.

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The current major problem of parapsychology is that of repeatability and control. Although some experimenters have been able to duplicate results, to get the same sort of effect with different subjects under apparently similar conditions, this is the exception rather than the rule. Few experimenters would care to guarantee results even under the most favourable conditions. Repeatability, one of the basic requirements in ordinary scientific experimentation, is not easily achieved in ESP research.

The reason advanced for this is that ESP is elusive and intermittent, and no effective control over it can be exercised. Despite the considerable amount of experimental work, the phenomena remain unsusceptible to conscious control. Even the very highscoring subjects have shown little knowledge of their success or failure. Success in ESP experiments has always depended on the irregular occurrence of the phenomena, and all attempts to regulate and make voluntary this occurrence have failed. Since effective application and more successful demonstration of ESP is dependent on the degree of control exercised, this limitation is a very serious drawback to the progress of ESP research and its acceptance by the scientific world.

Big Buck

— A Short Story —

by

NEWTON MINER

He came quick-footing over the pine trail as far as the alders. After a pause he came on, picking across the clearing to leap our gray worm fence, neat and soft as a whisper. Then he reached with that long brown head to take his fill of our Jonathan apples, while I stood there tight against a tree trunk and near enough to hear him breathe, with my .22 on my arm.

It wasn't the first time I had seen him like this. But sometimes he knew I was waiting for him and I wouldn't get to see, though I'd have the feeling he was standing somewhere, still and brown as a tree, with his eyes upon me.

I had watched him grow to prime. Every year I had seen him down by the stream in Hollingsbrook's Forest, or here at the orchard where he came for apples. And during those three years a thought had grown in me until it was part of my flesh. I had never known a thought could mean so much until this one took possession of my life.

Not that I was thinking it as I stood against the tree trunk that morning. It rarely came in words. But at night it often came as I recalled what had happened during the day. *Life can grow only through the death of something else*: that was the thought.

I had waited for hours to watch Big Buck kneel at his watering pool or go stepping along his trail. And it was while waiting for him that I got this idea in my head, for I couldn't help but see what went on around me. I saw the towhee scratching in the underbrush and the screech owl falling like a feather in the dark. I learned to listen for husks dropping — that was a squirrel — and to wait for a small head leaning around a limb. And often I took a rabbit or a squirrel back to Mom.

But this morning had something the other times hadn't had. I was a spy this time. And I had found out what I came for. Big

Buck was back again. That was the news I had for Billy Cameron and his dad.

I stepped out to see him jump and then go leaping across the clearing. When he reached the alder fringe he stopped to look back at me. Then he disappeared into the pines on trails both of us knew.

Whenever I told the kids at school about Big Buck they always started talking about hunts they had been on and how their dads went out on deer parties. I guess I know as much about hunting as they do, but it got so I didn't want to hear about it because I sounded like a baby for not taking a shot when I had the chance.

As long as I just had my .22 I told them that was why. I'm keen on hunting rabbits and squirrels, but that's not hunting deer — especially a deer like Big Buck who moved like an act of God, quick and quiet and strong, whenever he came.

Then on my sixteenth birthday my uncle gave me a .32 Special. That was like handing me a court subpoena, because if there is one thing a .32 Special is for it is hunting deer.

Everybody knows I'm crazy for guns. I love a gun the way some men love cars. And this .32 Special is a lovely piece. At night I used to disassemble and polish and oil it just to have it in my hands. I practiced with it too, as much as I could. But whenever Big Buck crossed my mind I wished my uncle had given me something else because I couldn't think of him any more kneeling to get a drink or arcing the fence in surprise without catching that soft spot at the shoulder in my sights. It was like I had a bead on him at fifty yards and couldn't miss.

At school when they found out I had a .32 Special it seemed like that was all they could talk about. You'd think I had been made sheriff or something and that I was supposed to go right out and shoot Big Buck.

Not that I didn't want to go deer hunting. But Big Buck and I had got used to each other. We had mapped Hollingsbrook's Forest together, and I suspect he knew my trails better than I knew his.

As deer season came on Billy was after me every day to let him go along. Every time he opened his mouth I knew I was going to hear either about how we were going to get Big Buck or how he was going to get a job in the mill under his dad when school let out in the spring. That was the other thing Billy always talked about. "The only way you learn is through experience," he told me about five hundred times; and every time he said it I could hear his dad talking. He had told his dad about Big Buck too, and even his dad wanted to come along. What could I do?

We decided to go the first Saturday in the season. I would have to show them where to stand because I had already said how much I knew about his ways.

Friday after school I went out to look things over. Billy's dad said it would be great if we could get him when he came for apples, so we had left some apples on the trees right by the fence.

In bed that night the thought came back to me: *Life is what it is, and no matter what you do it grows only by feeding on something else; if one thing lives and grows another thing has to die — that's the way it is.* I lay awake a while, holding on to that thought, hoping for once with all my heart that it *was* true and not just an excuse I had thought up to let me kill Big Buck the way everybody wanted me to. I could hear the rain whipping softly on the roof as I lay there. That was the sound I wanted to hear in the morning when I woke up too. But after the rain snow fell, and by dawn there was an inch of fresh snow everywhere.

Billy came later than I expected. It was nearly dawn when we left the house. The sky was clearing and most of the stars were gone. Even Orion, down by the horizon, seemed ready to call it a night.

"Where's your dad?" I asked.

"He's going over to Mack's," Billy said. "He's got some business over there."

"What business?" I asked, "if it's any of mine?"

"He's letting old Mack go."

"You mean he's firing him?"

"They told him to. Mack hasn't got the stuff he used to have. Young blood is what they want." There was Billy's dad talking again.

"I thought old Mack was good," I said.

"He used to be."

"Of all the dirty crums."

"It's not Dad's fault. They're laying off all over, and when you're foreman you do what they say."

"I'd quit before I did their dirty work."

"I bet. You should see my dad. It made him sick."

"What a dirty crum."

"Who's a dirty crum?"

"I didn't mean your dad. Why didn't you bring his gun?"

"You know the way he is about that gun."

"Now it's up to me. I wish he had come."

"Let me take a shot."

"Use your .22." But when I had said that I felt sick and tired inside the way I did whenever I lied to Mom who always seemed to believe me no matter what I said.

"Lot of good I can do with a .22."

"Then use your hunting knife," I snapped. I felt a little better after that one.

There was no wind and our shoes made crunching sounds against the snow. Then we were in the orchard and it was so late I was afraid Big Buck would beat us there.

We were coming up along the fence when I spotted him. He had come back all right. He had seen us too.

I raised my rifle, but I was too late. He had already turned away with one long leap over the fence. Then he was bouncing across the clearing like a big jackrabbit. He was beautiful too. His neck was huge with the season and from nose to toe he was one strong line of speed.

Billy yelled "Shoot!" and I heard the .22 crack. But I knew what Big Buck would do, and in spite of everything I guess I am born to be a hunter because I stood ready to do what I knew I should.

Big Buck rocketed over the clearing to the alder fringe. There he paused for just a moment to turn that slim head backward for a view. I caught his shoulder in my sights and pressed the trigger. It was about a hundred yards and I didn't miss. He gave one leap and headed into Hollingsbrook's Forest.

We ran to the thicket. There was no blood there, but I knew he would leave it in the snow wherever he ran.

"You winged him all right," Billy whispered. "You winged him, Jack."

"Come on," I said. "We can trail him easy enough."

He wasn't hard to track. Besides hoofprints there was bright blood all the way. But it took some time to find him. He had started on a run and he ran at least a mile before settling down under the stress of his wound.

The blood made me mad.

"I don't see why your dad didn't come," I said. "It was his idea."

"I told you he had that job to do. He was feeling crabby too."

"He could have done that yesterday. He saw Mack yesterday, didn't he?"

"He wanted to break it easy, I guess."

"Well he might have left you his gun."

"What's eating you, anyway? You shot Big Buck, didn't you?"

"Shut up."

"Cripes, what a day. First my old man. Now you."

It was a long time before we found him, as I said. But we found him all right. He was lying in the snow, and he raised up that head of his to see who it was had come.

I finished him myself. And we managed to pack him home, though he must have weighed in at over two hundred pounds.

But cripes, if that's the way it's going to be, to hell with everything is what I say.

A Break With Tradition?

— Political and Cultural Evolution in Quebec —

by

PIERRE VADEBONCOEUR

The traditional doctrine of 'survival' is bankrupt, argues Mr. Vadeboncoeur, and sacrifices have been needlessly imposed in the name of French Canadian Nationalism. What new forces are stirring in Quebec and what is to be the new orientation of thought in the Province?

The idea of "survival" has always, and on several levels, conditioned French-Canadian thought and action. But it has influenced a culture which a growing number of individuals reject as inadequate and doomed to failure. It is needless to set forth here the details of the charge these critics bring against this culture. It is enough to say that the trial has begun, and that a necessary corollary of the positions the critics have taken is that we must, starting from that point, propose new choices, a new orientation. In other words, those who, like me, have experienced the bankruptcy of what is called our "national doctrine" must seek a new direction. They do not believe that the Nationalist orientation can ever produce a living culture, a living politics, living men. Quite the reverse: they believe that this famous doctrine, and the framework and the ideal it continues to set before us, lead invariably to an impasse, to an anachronism, to negativism, and to a culture, by its own will deprived of a normal conditioning.¹ They do not believe they should protect, by a reactionary and provincialist philosophy, a situation already made submarginal by history. They want a living man and seek for those forces which may renew him. But whither shall they lead him?

¹ "But this sentiment which builds their resistance has frozen their activity, and it is because of it that they have remained motionless in the midst of a progressive world which surrounds them and damns them. This sentiment they have erected around them like a fort but it imprisons them." Alfred de Vigny, *The French of Canada*, quoted in *Le Devoir*, Feb. 11, 1956.

These preoccupations have led me to make the following observations which may perhaps be sufficient to point the direction that must be taken.

When we speak of looking for possible factors of renewal for our culture we are implying a sceptical approach to our Nationalist future. The political myth common to our "patriots" seems to rest on insecure foundations, and the bottled culture which they claim to be safeguarding seems to us similarly compromised. The problem, in 1850, rested almost entirely on the political datum and was therefore relatively simple. An appropriate political direction was enough to keep general control of the situation and to cope satisfactorily with the difficulties. The contemporary situation is another matter. We are now involved in "total" history, in the sense in which one speaks of total war. It is inevitable that we should experience the intensive action of forces which history has now let loose upon us on a continental and world scale. Command over these forces is almost completely beyond us. It is even, in large measure, beyond our continent and our world. What is certain, however, is that they are intrusive and revolutionary, and that, unleashed by technological developments, they are carrying the world infinitely farther than the councils of states and our little "patriotic" committees of reflection can foresee.

More and more, highways of all kinds are opening our borders to unifying and levelling exchanges. History is opening up, many of its conditioning factors are being torn to shreds, are yielding to interactions of gigantic and as yet unknown scope. All our political ideas which corresponded to naturally limited geographical spheres of influence are already undergoing the implacable assault of the modern world. If we want to have some chance of predicting correctly our political and cultural future, we must have recourse to nothing less than the Marxist theory of superstructures. Our traditional political ideas were strictly conditioned by the state of technology, particularly the technology of communications. In what touches our real frontiers, and consequently the ideas of nation, language and culture, it becomes clearer and clearer that the technical foundations of our ideas are in process of collapsing. These facts

are leading to a revolution in our way of conceiving our problems. It will henceforth be less useful to approach them by way of considerations of our political "will", our "determination" to remain ourselves, etc., which amounted to taking hold of them at the wrong end. In short, if we want to think about politics and culture with even a minimum of depth, we are going to have to submit our philosophy of history to a critique which will be precisely the opposite of our traditional one.

If, then, our old culture is more than threatened; if economic and technological developments are going to overthrow and explode, among other things, one of the principles of our historic continuity, our real frontiers; if our principles of attachment to the past are going to undergo the extreme uprooting of a revolutionary transformation of conditions of life and exchange; if the political conditions of our "patriotic" faith, which were nothing but products, are themselves to be subjected to the immense hazards of a history whose objective conditions are no longer the same, and perhaps even to the blows which may be foreseen from the development of American and world history; then we shall have to assume a completely new perspective in order to conceive of a living culture. In fact, it is in a kind of assent to such great historical currents of the world, considered foreign and hostile to our "patriotic" pretensions and fatal to them, that some humanists want to undertake to rebuild. Breaking profoundly with the classic hopes of the Nationalists they have set out in quest of a new orientation.

If I were asked to formulate in a few words the new tendency which is coming to light, I should do so in the following terms: since we are doomed to lose, sooner or later, our "national" entity; since that which used to exist as a political and economic sovereignty, an ancient culture, a geographical isolation, is destined to deteriorate so as to leave only forms, more and more tenuous, more and more purely verbal, less and less necessary, *we should sacrifice nothing of importance for the maintenance at all costs of the idealistic pattern proposed to us by those we used to call our masters.* It seems to me useless and too costly to sacrifice real possibilities and values henceforth accessible, to the defensive necessities we all know.

Let me now give some examples of the sacrifices which Nationalism has forced, or tried to force upon us. One scarcely need recall the restrictive choices which the will to autonomy has forced us to make for some years past: refusing Dominion aid to the universities, for example.

In another sphere, many Labour leaders feel, confusedly but correctly, similar contradictions between our ideology and the direction history is taking. If they think of Socialism, they soon discern that we have, for twenty years, refused the constitutional conditions of an eventual Socialism for the sake of being enclosed on a "reservation" where Socialism appears improbable.

There are plenty of other examples. Have we not already heard people thunder against family allowances and unemployment insurance, because these measures favour the growth and prestige of the central power? Isn't this what is still brought forward against health insurance? Analogous arguments were employed against national radio, the National Film Board, against everything. The Provincial Government has already, within a few years, refused about \$50,000,000 from the Dominion Government, in order to protest against the limitation of our fiscal autonomy to "5 per cent". The Provincial Government has again refused to cooperate in the operation of the National Housing Act, though all the other provinces, if I am not mistaken, have agreed: a refusal which every year translates itself into a huge housing deficit.

The Provincial Government is not alone in having taken up such ridiculous and reactionary attitudes, the list of which could be easily lengthened. They reflect, in fact, if not the ideas, at least the feelings, of a large number. For example, in a country where the knowledge of English is so necessary, the teaching of this language has been fettered and sabotaged, and the concessions made in this respect have always been made with ill grace, so that, especially in Montreal, we are probably 30 or 40 years behind our needs in the knowledge of this language.² Such knowledge of it as we have,

² Long after writing these lines, I came upon the "Programme of Studies for Primary Elementary Education, approved in 1953 by the Catholic Committee of the Council of Public Instruction: Religion, 173 pages; French, 126 pages; English, 2½ pages . . ."!

so imperfect that it will not even do for practical exchanges, certainly cannot serve for the perfecting of the intellectual culture of a multitude of people, for the communication of experiences between the other provinces and ours, between the United States and our country, and for the external contacts of which a provincial culture has such need. We are isolated by our own language and our ignorance of that of the continent.

During our youth, the classical colleges put us in contact with France by teaching her history and literature while neglecting that of the United States and of "Upper Canada". They had to train "French minds" and protect our "cultural heritage". The result is that we are rather ignorant of what is going on elsewhere. Because of our immobility and our lack of contacts with external influences, we resemble children of inbreeding: we pile up the defects of our parents!

Or again, we have seen Mr. André Laurendeau, a very estimable man, recommend, at the 1952 provincial elections, the re-election of the Duplessis Government. What was there to say? The choice was grotesque, for the endorsement on Nationalist grounds — a new reason of State — implied support of social reaction, of the worst capitalism, of contempt of democratic laws, of a straitjacket for trade unions, of corruption of the magistracy, of debasement of the civil service, of clericalist sycophancy, of the relegation of educational problems to the limbo, of parish pump politics, etc.

To make the idea of "survival" the master-idea of our historical thought and of our culture is to focus upon a false idea which, in turn, forces us to make choices whose only justification is that they will retard what I contend is a more fruitful historical evolution. I should not have wished, for love of a mirage, to assist in hampering, for example, the results of the inquiry by the Royal Commission on the Arts, Letters and Sciences, or to be among those who, by making a Nationalist distinction, want to prevent working-class solidarity from developing in Canada. To interpose an artificial and illusory historical objection into the unfolding of history; to allow the pursuit of this objection to take precedence of all the rest; to prefer in every

case a mental image to the real, and the preservation of an idyllic myth to the gradual and realistic acquisition of developing values; to turn one's back on tasks which are possible in order to go on obstinately in a direction which has fundamentally no excuse for itself but an invalidated philosophy of history; it is this which, in my opinion, constitutes a historical aberration and involves a profound disorientation of minds. It is time we became realists, even if 300 years of history are at stake.

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When Pierre Elliott Trudeau says that Nationalism is essentially conservative, I agree, for I think of the inevitable choices it brings in its train. Hence, it is necessary first to prove that the Nationalist dream is what it is, that is to say, illusory. Then it may be possible to set in motion a normal evolution of things, where other choices will be accessible, which will of course accelerate the evolution which the Nationalists dislike, but in a positive and profitable direction.⁸

We come thus to our first conclusion. If we want to revivify our culture, the first thing to do is to orient ourselves to live in the contemporary, total, historical context, in order to profit by all the valuable suggestions we shall meet there, without embarrassing ourselves by artificial limitations to which a protectionism without a future has accustomed us. But I insist that we must take a view of the whole problem centered upon the demands of the immediate reality; it is not so much a matter of making immense predictions and announcing with hue and cry a sort of revolution, as of indicating the advantages to be found, in the diverse circumstances which history presents to us, in less exclusive choices, *choices guided by the value proper to each historic occasion, each experience, rather than by the agreement of our decisions with a priori objectives and the Groulx-type synthesis.* Nationalist opinions on the direction of national history

⁸ Has not the choice of a unionism foreign in its origin and spirit long been indispensable to us, and has it not gone far to teach us a great many things we should certainly not have invented, a spirit we should never have found for ourselves? It was the workers — people a lot less in the clouds than the little intellectual platoon leaders — who took this side openly when the need arose. Note that this choice, made wholeheartedly by men who never professed to be "thinkers" and who enjoyed no pulpit or official rostrum, led to an extraordinary historical progress, the most important we have really known since the beginning of the century. But it was highly unorthodox.

appear like an anti-dialectic of history, and their programme destined to defend our traditional culture and to establish "French-Canadian civilization" appears as based on an anti-dialectic of culture. It is under the sign of open-mindedness and the desire to communicate, to exchange, to acquire, to bathe in a wider civilization and to attract to ourselves the external and the foreign that we shall revivify our culture.

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We have attempted so far to examine the political and cultural choices attributed to an attitude strongly determined by the idea of "survival". We have also tried to indicate by contrast the advantages of a more adventurous general attitude, less tied to our classic myth. We concluded that a happy evolution could take place by bending our historic line in a more liberal direction. Our observations, however, were on the collective level. They would tend to constitute a response to the directives of Canon Groulx and his school. But it is clear that a critique of culture could not confine itself to this aspect.

Leaving aside the political aspect of the problem and questions more or less directly related to the notions of collective "assimilation" or "resistance", let us content ourselves for the moment with glancing at only one other aspect of the realities related to our subject, and let us try to see how the behaviour of the intellectuals, or rather a part of that group, has changed in the last 30 years. If we find that their attitudes have really changed, perhaps this change will induce French Canadians to seek more consciously to follow in their footsteps.

A phenomenon which has not been sufficiently noticed, or whose meaning has hardly been emphasized, has been taking place among us in the last twenty years. Interest has grown in research of all kinds, amid a mounting indifference towards many things to which our conservative "patriots" still attach great importance. The taste for the universal, the multiplied contacts with foreign cultures and the motives which animate them, an apprenticeship in civilization, pursued elsewhere, the perception of the immensely powerful creative movement of non-reactionary societies, and the example of the

boldest experiments in every domain, have prepared, among us, a type of mind open to the unknown, less and less hostile to foreign forms of culture, but rather detesting the closed container, the cultural condition of a narrow and easily chauvinistic society. At the same time that this transformation by external influence was going on, a number of the most gifted individuals were experiencing a new creativity, derived from a personal freedom to produce a work absolutely original, and foreign, by its very principle, to the received ideas. Science, for example, led one to the United States, where he lived for the development of his thought, in a total indifference to our little world. Another, a great painter, was banned and had to go to another country to pursue his brilliant work. A novelist, without the traditional political ideas or excessive respect for the surrounding culture, was writing without sparing us his irony. Groups formed here and there which started with a clean slate. In many quarters people became bold, revolutionary, or, more properly, independent. All these people were exploring, experimenting, working. I think *Cité Libre*, has expressed this new tendency, in a most natural, and therefore revealing manner. Here there is no Nationalism but there is independence of ideas, a phenomenon unique in our traditional groups — the old political parties, for example, or the middle class. It has borne witness to a new mental disposition, implicit in a certain number of works, implicit equally in the attitude of a growing number of intellectuals.

If one recalls the epoch of Olivar Asselin or Jules Fournier, one notes a great evolution in this respect. All those who wielded a pen, 30 years ago, except a few artists influenced by the Parnassians or the symbolists, remained, from this point of view, in the tradition of our first authors: Crémazie, Fréchette, the historian Garneau; and the intellectual tradition was manifestly dominated by the primacy of "patriotism", by the old historical myth, taken up again, as might be expected, with such eloquence by Bourassa, then with ardent sincerity by the Abbé Groulx, following a continuity and a community of intentions which have been among the deepest historical phenomena of our society. It is notable that even the most sarcastic

intellects, even the rebels of the period, were Nationalists, a good example being the non-conformist Jules Fournier.

Now to-day, this continuity is broken. We are witnessing an astonishing differentiation of opinions. The "patriotic" preoccupation has decreased enormously, even disappeared, among those, more and more numerous, whom new preoccupations have mobilized. The "synthesis" so dear to conservative intellectuals of the type of Richard Arès, and so frequent, so natural in Asselin's time, no longer happens. The catalyst no longer produces its effect, and the current which formerly reached everyone, traversing completely the whole society to make it confess its fidelity to "history", no longer possesses this power. In plenty of people, the common denominator of traditionalism and "patriotism", which everyone used to accept, is set aside. Many of our contemporaries, neither rebels nor poseurs, but people who reflect calmly and sincerely, have often confessed to me that the "patriotic" ideal is no longer one which can inspire their lives. This tendency, moreover, is such that it strikes cruelly at a man like Canon Groulx, who has been complaining of it in his recent speeches.

So what many intellectuals are now building is a bridge with reality, the whole reality, whatever it may be, and they are performing on their own that leap into the unknown which "directed" history hesitates, or rather, refuses to make. They have forgotten the lesson of 1910, but that is a sign of the times. There is certainly a break in our history since that period, and however marked the direction imparted then by Bourassa, who did no more than prolong the trend of the preceding century, history now tends to escape from our former prophets. The forgetting of the men of 1910 and of their disciples who have survived, the indifference of the intellectuals of which M. Groulx complains, the forgetting of what I would call our little holy history by a whole category of people, constitute a sort of assent to historical laws which threatens the centuries-old ancestral will. Many of them no longer raise questions about a good number of subjects which still interest M. Laurendeau. They are doing, on the plane of personal thought, what others refuse to do on the various political planes and on that of the collective doctrine.

But this difference of aspirations which differentiates the intellectuals of two generations, though undoubtedly significant of a very different historical approach, suggests another lesson. In reality, it represents a revolution in our manner of thinking. The mind which formerly sought only to confirm classic and official position is opening to-day upon the unknown.⁴

I think that the new autonomy of thought will be immensely valuable to us. We needed, our society needed, innovations. We needed not to know everything beforehand, in order to know more. The modern intellectuals have come to break our great certitude about everything by giving us the disquieting sense of what is in process of becoming. Their singular independence in respect to the given constitutes one of the most complete breaks, one of the most

⁴ Am I wrong in thinking that in this it resembles the intellectual approach of the liberals of the time of the Rebellion, thus rediscovering a freedom, a movement, a curiosity, an independence, which a century of more conformist thought had almost made us forget? One would then be inclined to suspect that the patriotism of Papineau, which was capable of a great expression because it was so appropriate to the historical conjuncture which then served as its natural *point d'appui*, could not as such pass on to the post-1910 generations, since that conjuncture had markedly changed; and hence the idea of the "patrie" could be received and transmitted only by second-rate minds; it could no longer be carried by the movement of history, but only by a shabby orthodoxy, coining ridiculous slogans, from which have come, for example, the comic campaigns for re-Frenchification and "back to the land". With traditionalism began the era of history upside down, history reactionary in the proper sense of the word, the chase to recapture the past, the effort to direct history according to a sort of design. This development has become increasingly clear since, let us say, 1920: Groulx, Minville, Barbeau, Filion, Laurendeau (the latter, however, rather uneasy about the turn of events, so it seems). This pleiades of "patriots" makes one think of tenors who sing with their heads. I heard Bourassa, about 1938, make fun as he well knew how to do, of those who thought they would move heaven and earth to get the Dominion Government to print bilingual stamps. This really great man nevertheless did not realize that Nationalism, at this time, was beginning to show signs of a decadence written in the laws of history, in view of the new conjuncture. He did not yet know — was he ever to learn? — that the patriotism of Papineau and the historical philosophy of the last century were going to become in our time, untranslatable, or almost so, and that Nationalism was accordingly doomed to become in fact an increasingly artificial position, more and more based on a reactionary idealism, which would soon be able to maintain itself only by the cult of "the past, our master" at any price, and a systematic organization of fidelity. Unless the contrary can be shown, and proved to me, I shall not believe that there was one atom of traditionalism in the thought of Papineau.

The powerful personality of Bourassa was the cause of an illusion. He had so strongly cemented in himself a number of historical trends, aspirations, wills; he had to such a degree imprinted his own strong unity on the problems of his time, that most of his contemporaries could not, for 30 years, free themselves from the doctrine he had made his own. Bourassa still prolongs, from beyond the grave, what has become a substitute for a valid historical effort, and his lengthened shadow now covers plenty of realities which are contrary to his message and which have become more important than that message. He has remained a symbol, and for that very reason he is an unreliable guide for our contemporary society. Nowadays, people believe in certain things because in 1910, Bourassa stated and established that belief in striking terms. But the infrastructures are transforming themselves faster than the state of beliefs.

decisive steps, one of the most unexpected morrows which our history has witnessed. Canon Groulx has ample reason to fear these people; how could such a man fail to scent what they are proclaiming? How could this liberty, this critical spirit, this creative disposition, this independence, be compatible with the rule of "integrist fidelity"? How could those who create and question go in the same direction as those who repeat and conform? The fact must be recognized that the inner autonomy of the intellectuals which Canon Groulx has discerned with anguish constitutes an absolute departure in our history. Their independence is the forerunner of an emancipation. Must the objectives of the Nationalists be served, or not? Many intellectuals reply that the question hardly interests them, that they see nothing necessary about it; and the disquieting thing is that the same emancipation which has led them to take full charge of their personal thinking has led them to an attitude of doubt, indifference and even hatred not only towards the Nationalist integristism but even towards less marked forms of fidelity to our past. The worst thing is that they have reached this position because of the demands of their beliefs which would indicate to them a quite different path from the one which had been prescribed for them.

Since we were asking where to find the springs of a renewal of culture, my opinion is that they are partly there, in the works of those whom Nationalist politics no longer interest, and who have turned their backs forever on the preoccupations which had Quebec for their frame of reference and Canon Groulx for their spokesman. The springs of a living participation in culture? Of our human, political, social, intellectual, moral inspiration? Of our strength? The inspiration of our love? What we want to be to live? The new school points the way: it turns its back on the prison. It declares, in effect: 'I do not want to live as Quebecois are taught to live. I learn nothing here: I want to act with the frenzy of a New Yorker, to love like the French; I want to talk to the people who surround us, learn everything they are doing. I want to assimilate their science, I want to be penetrated by their methods of research, I want to introduce here the great political projects of our time. My school shall be the whole world and especially America. Even religion I shall learn elsewhere.'

This remoteness, this release, this emancipation, somewhat unexpected but so real and certainly very deep, already is forming a climate. Do the Nationalists of *Le Devoir* realize how much the new climate rejects them? An André Laurendeau, the most acceptable of all, is reduced, it seems to me, to testing constantly the solidity of the ground beneath his feet, going over within himself, one by one, the reasons for the positions he supports and maintains. But the kind of emancipation which in the last fifteen years has won the adherence of so many whom the Groulxist theories have ceased to interest is not merely a negative sign, as M. Groulx would like to think. True, our culture runs the risk of finding itself revived by those who — to use a favourite expression of the Canon — have “gone slack”. But this change is inevitable, for it obeys freedom, obeys the desire to possess. If our National integrity cannot stand this great game — and I think it cannot — that is just one more sign that it is not viable, since it is unable without grave damage, to suffer within itself the action of real life. But here is another reason to turn our backs on the Integrist: we reject structures which are not equal to running risks befitting the stature of man himself.

The examination of the new attitudes of the intellectuals, which formed the second point of this article, has revealed that the spontaneity of mind has taken the very line I should have wished to see imprinted on the conscious direction of history, with which I was concerned in the first part. The closed container is in process of being broken in the one case, but not yet in the other. But this break is the condition of a living culture, of a human fullness far more important than sentimentalism for the past. Canon Groulx and his followers will never, from this point of view, require more than their nostalgia, for they are romantics.

On the Appreciation of Paintings

— Hints to the Layman —

by

K. W. MAURER

To do justice to a painted canvas, says Professor Maurer, is not an easy task but takes time and requires thought and feeling as well as close analysis and prolonged attention. Here is a stimulating and reflective commentary on the art of appreciating art.

"That which is real, we must not fail to note, is the result of the brush-strokes, the stickiness of the canvas, its grain, the polish spread over the colours. But all this does not constitute the object of aesthetic appreciation. What is 'beautiful' is something which cannot be experienced as a perception and which, by its very nature, is out of the world."

JEAN PAUL SARTRE — "The Psychology of Imagination".

We must be willing to accept the fact that no good picture is produced, or understood, without effort. In most other intellectual activities people are ready to admit the difficulty, the need for study, the value of expert opinion. That this is not so with regard to pictures must be due to the prevailing confusion of ideas as to the real aim and intention and nature of a picture and the very prevalent belief that a painter's business is to imitate natural appearances, and that therefore it must be easy for anyone to judge of his success or failure; but even if that were all, judgment would not be so simple as is commonly supposed, for very few people are accurately observant.

This confusion is further confounded by the fact that many of the greatest painters, such as Titian, Raphael, Dürer, Rembrandt, have produced pictures whose appeal is so wide, and whose vitality is so great, that almost everyone is moved by them, and many believe that such artists have reproduced the normal appearance of natural objects, and, incidentally, that this is their great merit. This is not so. If it were, why should a portrait by Titian differ in manner from one by

Raphael, or Rembrandt? We are accustomed to accept the reproductions of these men without question, without analysis, and perhaps it would surprise us to be told that their works are not faithful copies of nature.

In the 19th century two mistaken ideas flourished. One was that a painter's job was to imitate nature as closely and mechanically as possible; this was very generally accepted, even among the majority of painters. The other was the idea that what was called "the subject" of a picture mattered very much. Pictures became to a great extent illustrations — they became something much more literary than pictorial. Goethe said that when the arts began to overlap into each other's provinces it was a sure sign of decadence, and I doubt whether there ever has been a period of greater decadence in painting than the 19th century.

Now there is nothing wrong with a picture having what may be called a literary subject, provided this is secondary to the pictorial theme. Consider, for instance, the great number of pictures of the Madonna and Child; it would not have been worth painting so many versions of one subject if each artist had not had a different pictorial idea.

What is important to remember is that a painter does not express his idea, his message, his theme, in a visible form; only his idea, or his message exists in a visible form. If he has any idea at all, he sees it in his mind's eye, and there is only one arrangement of shapes, of lines, of colours, which can ever be the true form of that idea. If he sees it clearly and can retain it in his mind, he can put it down clearly, and others, whether few or many, will be able to understand it. If he does not see it clearly in his mind's eye, or if he sees it at first clearly but cannot retain it, he may try to put it down, but it will be blurred or confused, or clear in parts but full of passages that really mean little or nothing.

In the second half of the 19th century a few painters realized that there was something wrong with the art of painting as it was then practiced. Some of them thought the trouble was that artists, although they put a great deal of fine detail into their pictures which

made them pass for "realistic", were in fact not observing nature at all, and these men, the Impressionists, started a school of painting which was almost scientific in its accuracy of observation and representation of appearances in nature, particularly of accidental and transitory effects of colour and light. Their pictures are more like an open window than anything else. They were a great improvement on what had gone before, and a vivifying influence, but this sheer "truth to nature" was also found wanting.

If we see a man seeming to copy something which exists physically in front of him, he may actually be doing so — that is, he may be making a record as exact as possible of the appearance of the fragment of the visible world before him, in which case his work is not what artists mean by "a picture", and it has no value except as a document giving information; but if a portion of the scene before him produces in his mind's eye an image which excites and pleases him because of certain visible qualities — relations of colours or shapes, rhythm of lines, and so on — and he tries to put down that image, he is really trying to make a picture.

After the Impressionists, a group of men set themselves to analyse the whole business of making pictures, and when they got down to rockbottom they discovered that the fundamental idea in a picture was a visual idea — an idea consisting of an arrangement of shapes, of lines, of colours, which were, strictly speaking an "abstract", that is something drawn out of, and set down separately from, appearances in nature, — a selection of certain essentials. Experiments were made with the object of discovering whether a picture was not indeed so entirely concerned with these visual elements that it was immaterial whether or not they represented anything in nature, and these experiments are called "abstract" pictures; strictly speaking, they should be called "non-representational". The value of these non-representational pictures, as works of art, is still very much a matter of controversy, but they have certainly been a very wholesome and stimulating exercise.

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There cannot, therefore, be any doubt that a good picture is not a slavish imitation of appearances in nature. The materials with

which pictures are produced do unfortunately lend themselves very temptingly to the production of these superficial copies of natural appearances, and this has led to much confusion. When speaking of one art, it is not, in general a sound principle to draw instances from another; but it is safe to say that in music we do not expect a series of sounds strung together at random and imitating familiar everyday noises such as a dog barking, a motor hooting, the rattle of cart-wheels, a child laughing, and so on; we expect an ordered arrangement of notes. And we will find that in any other art we expect an ordered arrangement of whatever element the works of that particular art are composed.

From the material or physical point of view, a picture is a surface composed of flat areas of tone, or colour, or both — but usually one of these predominates — and sometimes divided up by lines, which may or may not correspond to the division by tone or colour. Whatever other aims a good painter of pictures may have, his principal object, of which he must never lose sight, is the division of the surface on which he is working into a satisfying arrangement of shapes, whether defined by colour, or tone, or line.

An arrangement of shapes is satisfying, or otherwise, to the human eye, because of certain elementary natural laws. The most essential of these is the law of balance. It is impossible for us to separate entirely our vision of an object from what we know about it, though some painters think we should. If it were possible, we might be able to look with pleasure and no second thought at a high tower leaning far out of the perpendicular, but as things are, we cannot look upon such a sight without feeling seriously disturbed, because we know that such an unequal arrangement of weight is very dangerous, and the tower will probably fall. Therefore the feeling which the contemplation of a well-balanced arrangement produces in us is one of security, of stability, of repose, and peace, and our eye instinctively demands this architectural quality of balance in the distribution of the masses in a picture.

A picture also demands harmony. By what means we have come to understand the quality of harmony it is difficult to say. It is a

quality which we might also call unity, and we mean by it that the parts of which anything is composed have something in common which relates them all to one another and enables them together to form a whole. This is not such an elementary or simple principle as that of balance. Perhaps it gives us the sense of each part having grown out of another — of all the parts belonging to the same family, as if we were looking at a plant, an animal, or a formation of rock; for a natural, organic arrangement of forms is always harmonious. Harmony satisfies the desire for a logical sequence of things, and is a recognition of the natural law of cause and effect. It is from the habitual contemplation of natural forms that the sense of harmony, the ability to recognize its presence or absence, is developed. In general, primitive people who live in close contact with nature are less liable to make blunders in the matter of harmony than sophisticated people surrounded and confused as they are by a multitude of man-made objects — unless they are fortunate enough to live in the midst of a very good tradition, a sort of Golden Age of the plastic arts, which is a very rare occurrence.

In speaking of the harmony, or unity, of a picture, we mean that all the shapes have a family likeness which enables them as it were to live happily together and form a single whole. The likeness may be very subtle indeed. It may be nothing more than a particular artist's individual and characteristic way of expressing any form whatever.

The colours, too, must be related harmoniously. It is possible for a painter to imitate fairly closely the colours of a scene before him and yet to miss entirely that very relationship between them which makes them form a whole that can only be compared with music. No colour by itself is beautiful. A colour becomes beautiful when it plays its part in a colour harmony. The colour of a picture may be what we call "*true to nature*", or it may be entirely arbitrary; all that matters is that it should be a harmony.

Thus we have balance and harmony as necessities in a picture. We must also have variety and subtlety. We very soon tire of staring at a wall of exactly similar bricks; a floor divided into black and

white squares is, by comparison, a relief. The human eye, confronted with a surface of any size, instinctively craves for decoration. If the squares of the floor are not merely alternately black and white, like a checkerboard, but arranged in a pattern, our eye wanders over it with more pleasure; the greater the complexity of the pattern, the longer it holds us, and we enjoy tracing out and analysing the construction and elaboration of the design. In the same way a picture, if it is to hold our attention and please us for long, must have variety of its component parts and subtlety of relationships.

The design of a picture, which includes these qualities of balance, harmony, and variety, is its basis and essential skeleton. Design, in speaking of a flat surface, whether of a picture or a floor decoration, is the planning of areas of tone, or colour, or both, in a balanced, harmonious, and varied arrangement.

So far we have not discovered any difference between the laws governing the making of a picture and those governing the making of a floor decoration. We must not hastily answer that the difference lies in the fact that a picture must represent natural objects. There are very beautiful Persian carpets in which trees, little flowering plants, animals, and even people form part of the design. We might then say that a picture must represent natural objects in the relations in which we are accustomed to seeing them; but what of Byzantine or early Italian pictures where the figures are isolated against gold backgrounds?

It is very doubtful whether this question of the difference between a picture and, say, a Persian carpet will ever be settled or defined. If it exists, it is perhaps a difference of degree and not of kind. Perhaps a greater degree of variety, of subtlety, combined with execution in the appropriate materials, would transform the carpet into a picture; but it is the degree of vitality which is the deciding factor, — which, for instance, raises the Roman and Byzantine church mosaics from the level of uninspired decoration to that of magnificent works of art.

This quality of vitality is not essential in a design, but it is essential in a good design. When it is present in a work we have

the sense of being in contact with life. We now come upon difficult and delicate ground, for it seems that the quality of vitality may exist in a work and some people may be aware of it and others not. We cannot say in what it consists, any more than we can explain the mystery of life itself. But in nature we know the difference between life and death. In the presence of death it is as if a door were shut in our faces, a blank wall presented to us; we are in communion with nothing. But our normal experience is of being surrounded with life, and we all feel that through any manifestation of life we are in contact with the life force of the universe. If we say that a work of art is alive, we mean it gives us this sense of being in contact with the living universe, and, more particularly, that the man who made the work of art has in some way put some of his own life into it, so that this work is a link between us, the spectators, and the man who made it.

In the degree that a work has life it has originality, because that which a man borrows from someone else, as far as possible exactly as it stands, putting it into his own work without first digesting and assimilating it, dies by being transplanted. A man can only give his own life, and as no two beings are identical there will be, in every work into which a man has put something of his living self, something which is absolutely peculiar to that self, something authentic, straight from the source — in a word, original.

Why are we upon difficult ground with the question of vitality? It is because whatever qualities exist in a picture or decoration must present themselves to the brain through the medium of the eye. The qualities of which we have spoken, — balance, harmony or unity, and variety, — can exist in visible forms; but the quality of life itself, if it is to be conveyed through a picture, must manifest itself by means of appearances; it is so mysterious, so subtle, so elusive, that there is no formula by which an artist can be taught to express it. There is no touchstone by which the spectator may be sure of its presence or absence in every work he sees.

Just as, in our social relations, we are drawn to some people whom we say we understand, whilst there are others of whom we

say that we feel we can never know them, so we react to certain works of art and are aware of their vitality, while others are like a door closed in our faces.

There are some artists whose vitality is so great, whose message is of such wide appeal, that though we may not understand it completely, nevertheless nearly all of us are conscious of it. There are a few whose individuality is of so odd a cast that relatively few spectators can ever make contact with them. But to the majority of us, the majority of pictures, that is of good pictures, are at first closed doors which, if we persevere, we can open. I do not believe that anyone can fully respond to, or understand, any or every picture he sees; but we can learn to understand a great many, by constant practice in looking at pictures, and by coming to them, not with a preconceived idea of what we want and expect, but humbly, in a receptive spirit, prepared to take what the artist has to give.

* * *

The laws of design are general laws and apply to pictures of any school.

Drawing, as we understand it, is the representation of solid forms on a flat surface. The result may be achieved by line alone, or by line in conjunction with shadows; but whatever is used, the intention always is to express the solid form, and not to copy the mere appearance of light and shade, — which will in any case change continually, while the form remains always the same.

Whatever one is drawing, it is necessary thoroughly to understand the construction of it, whether it is a tree, a hill, a boat, a house, an animal, or a human figure; it is the skeleton, or what corresponds to a skeleton, which is the most important thing, and which, in the appropriate perspective, is the foundation of the drawing. A masterly draughtsman with a few strokes can indicate more than an ignorant, timid, fumbling one who may put in all the superficial details but who misses the underlying construction.

There is another point; certain ancient civilizations, the Greek for instance, notably in their treatment of the human figure, carried their insistence on essentials to the point of ignoring, to a great extent,

individual variations, and evolving a series of types which are undeniably very beautiful; but European civilization as a whole, for the last thousand years or so, has been interested in the individual rather than the type, and most of our best artists have been inclined to seize on whatever is characteristic rather than to generalize. The reproach most often made against them concerns their subject-matter — why have they chosen to represent something ugly; should not a picture be something pleasant and beautiful to look on? Those who thus complain forget that the generalizations of the Greeks were not more, but rather less, true to nature than most comparatively modern art, and that those ancient artists did not see their ideals materially before them and copy them, but struggled and wrestled as it were with nature, and won something out of it. But that is done and finished with. That battle has been fought. No good can come of an easy imitation of an idea that another man has given his life's energy to hammering out; and no good art is produced unless the artist looks at nature with his own eyes, and himself digs in the quarry.

So there are two main points about the European tradition of drawing — that it seeks to represent solid form on a single surface, and that it is largely concerned with character and individuality.

In a drawing, the achievement of the end by the greatest possible economy of means gives us the most pleasure; the directness of attack gives a sense of the artist's mastery, of his grasp of construction, of the truth. Very often an artist, by his clear understanding of the form he is drawing, can present it in such a way that his presentation gives a greater sense of solidity than the thing itself in nature, because our eyes are not used to analysing the complex appearances of things, but he, by selecting from a great mass of facts a few essential ones, simplifies the thing and so shows it to us much more forcibly. For instance, although a figure in nature is modelled by the light falling on it, in a full range of tones of light and shadow, if it can be so broadly understood as to be well modelled in only two planes, that is, one tone for light and one for shadow, the simplification gives a much greater sense of solidity than modelling in several tones. Although the fuller range of tones is superficially truer to nature, the

simplified treatment gives a deeper truth. At this point we may ask: why should this give us so much pleasure? I can only answer: we are so made that we love truth. The passion of the artist is akin to that of the scientist and the philosopher, and really a great part of the pleasure we get from good drawing is the pleasure of having some truth, which was not obvious, revealed to us. The more accustomed we are to looking at drawings and paintings the further our ideas of beauty move from the superficial prettiness where they probably started. Keats said:

'Beauty is truth, truth beauty'; that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

And the more profound and the less superficial and obvious the truth presented, the greater the vitality of the work, and the more closely we come into contact with the central forces of life.

* * *

Now as to painting: the European conception of painting is based on drawing.

In the Italian Renaissance there were many schools. One of them, the Sienese, paid little or no attention to solidity, recession, construction, and all those qualities we have just mentioned as characteristic of the European style of drawing. The Sienese artists were more akin to certain Asiatic schools, their figures were rather flat, drawn with very flowing lines, which have almost the quality of music, and by their command of line these artists expressed emotions, such as grief, or joy, or reverence, very powerfully, and produced some exceedingly lovely pictures. Some critics have said that it was a mere chance that European art did not develop from this school, but it was less chance than choice, indicative of the true temper of the European mind, that made it take its lead from the Florentine school, which had the most robust, searching, and scientific attitude towards drawing.

The Florentine artists really concentrated their attention so much on drawing that their pictures are not, in our modern sense of the word, paintings at all, but drawings, coloured arbitrarily. The modern school of painting was born with the Venetians.

The Florentines used what we call "local colour". That is to say, if they were painting a man in a red cloak, they would first complete the drawing of him, and then colour him, making the cloak light red in the light parts and dark red in the shadows, and all very sharply divided from the flesh tints of the hands and face. But the Venetians observed how the colour of a thing changes according to whether it is in light or shadow, that shadows are always cool compared with the lights, that things receive a certain amount of colour by reflection from whatever is round them, and that there is such a thing as atmospheric perspective, that is, the greater the quantity of air interposed between our eye and the object, the less pure the colour appears, being tinged with grey or grey-blue by the intervening atmosphere and also dimmed in tone, and how, in consequence of all these things, there is not in actual appearances so much difference between the colours of the various objects composing a scene as we, knowing one to be blue, another red, and so on, are accustomed to think; that, in fact, there is scarcely such a thing as "local colour".

Now, although we might think that the Florentine method of using comparatively pure colours sharply defined by the boundaries of the objects would produce more brilliant and satisfying harmonies, it is a fact that the more subtle Venetian method has produced far finer results. The Venetians are the great colourists and supreme decorators of the world.

It must be noted that with all their observation of the subtleties of colour, they never allowed themselves to be carried away, as did some later painters — the Impressionists — by accidental effects, but reduced their observations to formulae, always making them subordinate to the primary task of picturemaking.

The whole modern school of European painting — that is, speaking broadly, for there are always exceptions — is descended from the Venetians, whose conception of painting was really as an extension of drawing. Their figures were not drawn first and coloured afterwards, but drawn in the process of painting, modelled by light and shadow, not only by the degree or tone, but also by the changes in colour. They used colour, not as a purely decorative addition to the drawing, but as a part of it; they drew with colour and tone.

It is very difficult for an artist to be equally interested in tone and colour. The more he is interested in colour the more restricted becomes his range of tone, and the more he is concerned with tone the more restrictive is his range of colour. Strong effects of light and shade destroy colour. Anyone can see that the colours of grass, of buildings, of people's clothes, glow with a much greater intensity on a grey day in a general, diffused light than on a sunny day, when the strength of the colours is lost, and the most noticeable thing is the contrast of light and shadow.

Because an artist chooses to emphasize one set of facts, it must not be thought that he has failed to observe the others. Leonardo da Vinci noticed a whole set of facts about things changing their colour in the open air according to circumstances, — which the Impressionists later re-discovered, and pursued further; but he made no use of them, except of atmospheric perspective; he was so interested in the fullest possible modelling of the form by light and shadow that his colour became almost monochromic. Tintoretto was interested in another aspect of light and shadow — in the patterns made by strong light falling across a group of figures, illustrating some parts brightly and leaving the rest plunged in shade, and incidentally explaining forms by falling across them in bands. Tintoretto built up his pictures on this basis of planning the masses lit up and those left in darkness, which is known as "chiaroscuro", and is particularly suited to an artist, such as he was, of a very dramatic temperament. Beautiful though his colouring is, it becomes more and more subordinate to the play of light and shade in his pictures. Rembrandt sacrificed colour still more to his interest in light — some of his paintings are even more nearly monochromatic than Leonardo's. Titian, who started painting when the Venetian school was young, and lived to a great age, was at first more interested in local colour, but as he grew older he became more and more absorbed in the study of colour as affected by light, and of tone. Whereas Leonardo's "almost monochrome" probably grew from a comparative disregard for colour and an intense preoccupation with design and with drawing and modelling, Titian in his old age arrived at a scale of colouring nearly as sober through observing how colour is changed and almost

dissolved by light and the enveloping atmosphere, and the subtlety of colour in his later works is almost miraculous. There is (or was) in the Mond room in the National Gallery, London, a little Mother and Child by him which is the epitome of painting as we understand it.

* * *

In such a short space it is not possible to pursue our analysis much further, but the problem under discussion takes us, in conclusion, back once more to the primary importance of construction and design. It is with writing as it is with painting, but it is much easier to see and to appreciate in pictorial art, that if the artist has his design clearly and steadfastly in his mind, everything in the work, down to the smallest detail, helps to express the main design, and nothing is there for its own sake only. When an inferior artist loves details for themselves, if he ever had a design, it springs to the eye how he destroys it; the emphasis of the parts is false and there is no reason for more or less finish of execution; but for the genuine artist the work is finished when he has brought the *whole* as near as he can to his original conception. For him there is no question of 'finishing' in the commonly understood, mechanical sense; when each part is in its right place and expressed with the just degree of emphasis, of strength or delicacy, to contribute rightly to the whole, the work is finished. Beauty and felicity of execution, so often admired for themselves, and indeed they are to be admired, are yet secondary attributes, and follow from the natural fineness and innate peculiarities of the artist's mind and from long practice of his art.

It should at least be clear that a painted canvas is a self-existent entity, an individual *whole*, and thereby its own advocate. To do justice to it is not an easy task but takes time and requires thought and feeling as well as close analysis and prolonged attention. Its quality, as a work of art, is never on the surface, and least of all its enduring excellence and concordant elements. Above all we must refrain from demanding of a picture what it does not contain, and be mindful that it is the wilful and arbitrary introduction of personal views, the borrowed jargon and superimposed doctrines from the

dim and troubled regions of art criticism which block our view, cloud our insight and judgment, and prevent us from ever coming face to face with a living work of art. It is only after such obstacles have been removed that one comes upon a painting with the delight of a fresh discovery, and only then that it remains in the mind's eye with a powerful and unforgettable impression of singleness and unity.

Among the Whisperings

by

E. F. Guy

Among the whisperings the curved beach bears
To flat acceptance, lipping at the shore
Where debris and destiny alike are cast
To wait another tide to take them at the full;
Here among the waves wash and old wishes
Eared from a broken sea shell as the air's
Sudden movement brushes up the attendant trees,
Moves the low clouds to solemn witness;

Here is joy's old and grief's new espousal
To a driftwood groom whose genuflection
Bends the rubbery knees of boned remembrance,
Bends before the nimble movements in the water
Where your passions lie, put on by seaweed
Sinuous as a maiden in a ritual dance.

Review Article

Freud and Literature

By

FREDERICK J. BEHARRIELL

Was Sigmund Freud, as his followers like to claim, a "new Copernicus," or was he, as Bernard Shaw said, only "an extraordinarily indelicate adventurer"? The interesting question of Freud's importance and influence is the major theme in the recently published last volume of Dr. Ernest Jones's biography, *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud*. With his sense of humour and freedom from hero-worship, Jones is probably of all psychoanalysts the one who inspires most confidence in non-Freudians. His scholarly book on Hamlet won the praise even of critics who did not accept his thesis, and the first two volumes of this official biography of his teacher and friend received laudatory reviews in 1953 and 1955¹.

The last volume, after completing Freud's life story, devotes eleven chapters to the changes wrought by psychoanalytic ideas, not only in psychiatry and psychology, but in such fields as anthropology, education, sociology, religion, biology, philosophy, and art. Jones's judgments, which seem modest and well substantiated, can of course be assessed only by specialists in each field. It is regrettable that he fails to discuss in any detail the question which might have been of widest interest: Freud's impact on literature. The omission is understandable in view of Jones's belief that a massive Freudian influence on serious literature is an established and universally acknowledged fact. Here, surely, Jones is in error. His assumption is based on a relatively small number of studies, most of them by psychoanalysts or declared Freudians. But there is much evidence on the other side: many literary reference works and histories of modern literature make no reference or only cursory reference to Freud; critics and scholars who proclaim their ignorance of his ideas are by no means rare; studies of clearly Freudian poets often fail to discuss this element. Critics and academics, it will be recalled, first formed their attitude to psychoanalysis when the early analysts published Freudian studies of poets and literature. These studies applied their new method to works written long before Freud's day, and usually sought to explain away the work of art in terms of a few basic neuroses—the "nothing-but fallacy." Antipathy resulted. The small number of critics, like Empson and Trilling, who later used psychoanalytic concepts more moderately, ran the risk of being lumped together with the

¹Ernest Jones, *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud*. 3 vols., Basic Books, New York, 1953-1957.

extremists. A vogue of psychoanalytic "peeping Tom" biographies created little good-will among the unconvinced, and a spate of second and third-rate "case-history" literature in the twenties and thirties completed the unhappy picture. The result has been widespread antipathy or indifference to psychoanalysis, and a lack of enthusiasm for an essential task, the study of the Freudian element in those authors who deliberately use the symbols and adopt the assumptions of psychoanalysis, and who therefore cannot be fully understood without recognition of those symbols and assumptions. What is the relative importance of this current in twentieth century literature? It is in order to establish, from a neutral view-point, whether Jones's belief in Freud's importance is justified, that a rapid survey is here attempted, a kind of poll of significant writers' attitudes to and use of psychoanalysis. It is of course a question quite independent of the objective truth and practical usefulness of Freud's theories, about which there is, notoriously, no unanimity among those professionally qualified to judge.

* * *

Thinking first of literature in English, one is immediately struck by the fact that the three writers widely considered most influential and important for the future, D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, and T. S. Eliot, have all been significantly affected by Freud's ideas. Their great combined prestige has hastened the spread of those ideas, ideas without which, in turn, none of these authors can be intelligently read. Much of Joyce and Eliot, indeed, is quite incomprehensible without the Freudian key. And if this select group be enlarged by the addition of Faulkner and of the period's most influential play-wright, Eugene O'Neill, we have added two writers more Freudian than the first three. In Ernest Hemingway, on the other hand, psychoanalytic elements, while present, are a good deal less obtrusive and less central.

Looking first at the field of fiction, we find that Lawrence re-wrote the rejected first version of *Sons and Lovers*, his initial success, under the influence of Frieda's proselytizing enthusiasm for her new discovery, psychoanalysis. The result was the frankly Freudian published version. Still the classic treatment of the Oedipus complex, it shows how psychoanalysis had sharpened Lawrence's perception of his autobiographical theme. Lawrence then continued his study of Freud and Jung, reading and discussing the subject with experts: J. M. Murry speaks of Lawrence's "Freudian entourage." And in spite of his subsequent very typical attacks on the theory — he devoted two essays to the question — in fundamentals he remained an orthodox Freudian to the end. While Joyce was writing *Ulysses* in Zurich during World War I, psychoanalysis was flourishing there under Jung, and the free-association principle and the dream psychology underlie the book's technique. Joyce's thorough knowledge of the theory is seen even more clearly in *Finnegans Wake*, a novel consisting

entirely of a Freudian dream. In both stories psychoanalytic meanings are frequently injected through the use of *double-entendre*, slips of the tongue, and word-play ("yung and easily freudened"). The racial memory in Earwicker, to take a random illustration, derives from the Freud-Jung concept of the racial unconscious.

Joyce's name inevitably suggests the stream-of-consciousness, and the connection between psychoanalysis and the stream-of-consciousness technique is as complex as it is intriguing. Not a product of psychoanalysis, the method was "discovered" by Dujardin in 1888; it lacked depth and meaning, however, it was a form without a content, until a content was supplied by depth psychology. And for this psychology, the stream-of-consciousness in turn proved a most effective literary vehicle. It is no coincidence that those writers who achieve good results with the method are so often those most sympathetic to psychoanalytic ideas: Schnitzler, Joyce, Eliot, Faulkner. Closely related to the stream-of-consciousness is a preoccupation with problems of time. Here, of course, the influence of Bergson and William James was great. Freud's role was, in an age obsessed with science, to bring the clinching authority of clinical experience and experimental science to the new ideas about time. Most important was his demonstration that the past lives on in the unconscious, determining the present and the future, and sometimes injecting itself unasked into present consciousness. Joyce and Eliot investigate this problem, and Faulkner, in *The Sound and the Fury*, combines Freudian subject matter with the boldest experiments in both chronology and stream-of-consciousness. It may be noted here parenthetically that both Virginia Woolf and Dorothy Richardson, whose independence of Freud is sometimes alleged, are now known to have been quite familiar with his ideas when they wrote.

Sampling other fiction, we find that Dreiser's apparent Freudianism is confirmed by his own statement that "every paragraph" in Freud had come as a revelation to him and had helped him. Henry Miller has discussed psychoanalysis at length and himself "turned analyst" to investigate the subject at first hand. The influential Sherwood Anderson's works might have been written by Freud, it is generally conceded, and Anderson is known to have been well informed on the topic and actually to have submitted to an amateur analysis.² The surrealist, free-association technique of Saroyan, who studied Freud, and the deliberate incoherence of Gertrude Stein, who was trained in psychology, assume an audience convinced of the importance of the unconscious. In England Maugham uses psychoanalysis effectively in *Rain*; Huxley frequently employs and discusses it; and H. G. Wells, a somewhat surprising convert and friend of Freud's, maintained that Freud is as important in the history of thought as Darwin.

²On Miller and Anderson see F. J. Hoffman, *Freudianism and the Literary Mind*, Baton Rouge, 1945.

Turning to poetry, we now feel it to have been inevitable that Freud's picture of the mind as a symbol-making machine should have a special appeal for poets. Eliot's difficult style, strongly influenced by Joyce, is filled with cryptic personal associations justified on psychoanalytic grounds. (The theme becomes explicit in *The Cocktail Party*.) His meanings are deciphered only through knowledge of both Freud and Jung. The same is true of Dylan Thomas, who also has proclaimed his debt and added, "poetry must drag further into the clean nakedness of light more even of the hidden causes than Freud could realize." Auden, not primarily a psychological poet, shows strong Freudian influence particularly in the plays written with Isherwood, and has written both an essay on Freud and art, and the poem, "In Memory of Sigmund Freud." The most powerful and depressing psychoanalysis is found in the poems of Robinson Jeffers.

But it was the theatre, especially the American theatre, that most willingly accepted the new psychology. David Sievers's exhaustive study of Freud's influence on the Broadway stage³ shows what a detailed investigation might reveal in the other areas of the present cursory survey. Sievers learned that a surprising number of play-wrights have undergone analysis, among them Eugene O'Neill, Clare Booth Luce, Lillian Hellman, Arthur Laurents, Moss Hart, William Inge, and George Axelrod. Eugene O'Neill, recipient of the Noble Prize and four Pulitzer Prizes, is the most consistently and openly Freudian. The leading American Expressionist, Elmer Rice, has announced his borrowings and called Freud, along with Darwin and Marx, "a great contributor to intellectual progress." Other markedly Freudian dramatists are Philip Barry (*The Philadelphia Story*) and Arthur Miller (*Death of a Salesman*). Thornton Wilder, another personal friend of Freud's, has said he consciously used psychoanalysis in *The Skin of Our Teeth*. Similarly acknowledging influence are Robert Sherwood, Moss Hart, Arthur Laurents (*Time of the Cuckoo*), William Inge (*Come Back, Little Sheba*), and George Axelrod (*The Seven Year Itch*). Tennessee Williams prefers to attribute the Freudianism of *Streetcar Named Desire*, for example, to his idol, D. H. Lawrence; and Clifford Odets (*The Country Girl*) says, "the best of Freud is already so deeply in creative writing" that he cannot distinguish what he has always known from what he has learned from Freud.

* * *

Of twentieth century writers in German the most renowned are without doubt Thomas Mann and Franz Kafka. Mann, better known and the keener thinker, freely discussed the strong psychoanalytic strain in his work and devoted two important essays to Freud. He saw in Freudianism man's hope for controlling the dark forces of the unconscious, sought out Freud's acquaint-

³W. David Sievers, *Freud on Broadway*, New York, 1955.

ance, and became a friend and frequent visitor. By his own statement the famous tetralogy based on the biblical Joseph story is a conscious embodiment of the theory of the racial unconscious, and his fine novella *Death in Venice*, to name only one other example, belies the idea, sometimes advanced, that deliberate use of Freud's theory is incompatible with artistic success. Psychoanalysis, in short, is the ubiquitous element in Mann's complicated, cerebral style. Even more centrally Freudian are the dream-tales of Franz Kafka. As was true of Lawrence and O'Neill, Kafka's childhood and his family life had made him highly receptive to Freud's thinking. Psychoanalysis gave Kafka, too, the means to master and objectify his tragic relationship with his parents, and provided him with the dream mechanism and the dream symbolism in which to express his unhappiness. It is not to deny the importance in Kafka of Kierkegaard or of the religious theme, for example, to note that the works remained to the end Freudian dreams, all describing, as Kafka said himself, "The Attempt to Escape from Father." Like several other authors here discussed, Kafka rightly protested against attempts to reduce his work to "nothing but" psychoanalysis; but the dream pattern is basic.

German drama in the twentieth century is dominated by Gerhart Hauptmann, whose work becomes increasingly "Freudian" in the most naive sense of the word: a veritable crescendo of abnormalities, hysterias, and panic orgies. While Hauptmann revealed little about his life or his work, a recent non-Freudian scholarly study of the psychology of his characters concluded that his use of psychoanalysis was conscious and deliberate. Rilke, modern Germany's foremost poet, shows only isolated instances in his work, although he took Freudianism very seriously and actually considered analysis for himself. Hermann Hesse, like Mann and Hauptmann a Nobel recipient, was treated by a pupil of Jung's in 1946 after having used psychoanalysis in his novels since around 1910. Of writers perhaps less known outside Germany, Arthur Schnitzler's psychological stories and plays caused him and Freud to call one another "doubles." Hugo von Hofmannsthal, a poet of the first rank in Germany though more famed as Richard Strauss's librettist, adopted psychoanalytic symbolism early, and in his tragedies *Electra* and *Oedipus and the Sphinx*, 1903 and 1906, brought these complexes to public attention. The influential German Expressionist drama—Werfel, Kaiser, Toller—is of course avowedly Freudian, deriving its method from the free-association technique and justifying its irrationality by appealing to the importance of the unconscious. Arnold and Stephan Zweig, good friends of Freud's, have devoted commendatory works to him, and Jakob Wassermann's popular novels took psychoanalysis to a huge audience.

* * *

Freud's direct impact on French culture seems to have been weaker than is the case in England, America, and Germany, although of course the prob-

ability of powerful indirect influence remains. French literary criticism as a whole speaks rarely and then usually condescendingly of psychoanalysis. Confessions of indebtedness to Freud like those already cited here are rarely made by French writers, and even when an author has documented such a debt, French critics commonly ignore him to speak instead of the influence of Pascal, Baudelaire, and Proust. Freud's name has been identified in France almost exclusively with a too-frank discussion of the importance of sex; it is not surprising, therefore, that he has been credited with no very new or important insight. "Racine," runs a typical comment, "treated this domain with *discretion*." While Freud himself could not and would not have wished to deny this aspect of his teaching, it is only fair to note that it is only one aspect, certainly not a specially valuable one for literature, and perhaps not as fundamental as Freud himself considered it. Adler, Jung, and most of the neo-Freudians have de-emphasized the libido. The unquestionably greater freedom of our century in handling such themes really reflects a change in the convention of taste, or of what is permissible, a change to which Freud certainly contributed some impetus, but which had clearly set in before his day, as—to illustrate from Germany—the pre-Freudian writings of Dehmel, Wedekind, Viebig, and the early Hauptmann show. One may speculate that the simpering prudery that called bulls "gentleman cows," and covered bare piano legs with chaste little garments caused Freud to place exaggerated emphasis on the dangers of hypocrisy and ignorance.

There was, of course, an open vogue for Freud in the hey-day of Surrealism. This movement, in France the most important school between Symbolism and Existentialism, and much more productive in French than in English letters, rests on the primacy of the unconscious and the dream. André Breton, the leader, was a Freudian in psychiatry before he turned to literature. He went to Vienna in 1921 to see Freud, to whom his poem "Les Vases Communicants" is dedicated. After Surrealism, French literary historians suggest, Freudianism was in effect packed up and deported as un-French. And yet subsequent French writing seems in many ways quite as "Freudian" in form and content as that of England, America, or Germany. There is the same fascination with mental process and motivation (Mauriac, Radiguet, Anouilh); the same tender analysis of the mind of the child and particularly the adolescent (Gide, Bernanos, Cocteau). There is the same flowering of studies in morbid psychology, of dream scenes and dream symbolism. Experimenting with the time concept is as popular as elsewhere. Conceivably the vogues in France of Joyce, Lawrence, Henry Miller, and Faulkner substituted in some cases for direct knowledge of Freud. In several major writers a direct influence is more than probable. Gide certainly read Freud and in 1921 requested permission to publish Freud's writings in *La Nouvelle Revue Française*; his study of Dostoevski is psychoanalytic. Romain Rolland wrote to Freud in 1923 that he had followed

the latter's work for twenty years, or almost from the beginning. And Jules Romains, practitioner of the psychological inner monologue, was a personal friend and joined in an eightieth birthday tribute. The strong Freudian strain which has been detected in Existentialism is confirmed by the fact that Sartre has studied Freud very carefully and has developed his own revision, "Existential Psychoanalysis," which he applies in his study of Baudelaire. A striking feature, finally, of twentieth century French drama has been the unusual number of re-workings of themes from classical legend. In addition to Gide's *Oedipe*, Giraudoux's *Electre* and *Amphitryon 38*, and Anouilh's *Antigone*, *Eurydice*, and *Médée*, Sartre's *Les Mouches* treats Orestes and Electra, and Cocteau's *La Machine Infernale* is the Oedipus myth in a Freudian version. These modernizations, all stressing the timeless relevance of ancient myth, reflect the importance given to myth and mythology by the theory of the collective unconscious.

The relationship between psychoanalysis and Proust, perhaps France's greatest writer of the period, is uncertain. No one can fail to note that his work reads like an intentional embodiment of psychoanalysis, and two commentators, at least, state (without documentation) that he was well versed in it. Most French critics, on the other hand, assume that the similarity is pure co-incidence. Everything in Proust's situation favoured his learning about Freud, from his own neurosis and interest in psychiatry to his habit of voracious reading. For the present the question seems to remain open. It might be noted however, that to assume Proust's independence is to play the Freudian game: Proust then becomes powerful corroborating evidence for the objective truth of Freud's ideas. The same is of course true of other writers — Joyce, Lawrence, Kafka, and O'Neill, for example — whose independence of Freud has sometimes been erroneously assumed.

★ ★ ★

It seems clear that some knowledge of psychoanalysis has become a necessary part of the equipment of the intelligent reader. Naturally the theory cannot or should not provide all, or even a major part of the content of any literary work. That way lies only repetition and monotony. Freud himself predicted that his ideas would find their proper place only when writers were no longer even conscious of employing them. Yet these ideas can never be unimportant: they shape the writer's concept of human nature, and human nature has always been literature's basic theme. It is true that psychoanalysis has not achieved anything approaching universal acceptance either from science or from the public. Yet it is equally true that it has no serious rival. There is, as Trilling has said, no other psychology subtle enough to compare with the mass of unorganized insights accumulated through the centuries by literature; no other psychology sophisticated enough to impress the twentieth

century writer. There is certainly no other psychology whose elements are sufficiently familiar to the reading public to function as a field of reference for the investigation of motivation and conduct.

While Freudianism is sometimes criticized as wild speculation with no basis in verifiable fact, another frequent charge is — confusingly enough — that all its “discoveries” were already common knowledge, long since anticipated by poets and philosophers. But isolated *aperçus*, cancelled out by conflicting *aperçus* and supported by no systematic picture of mental function, do not make a usable psychology. In spite of the insights of the Romanticists, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche; in spite of Pascal, Baudelaire, and Dostoevski, Freud's theories when he published them were almost unanimously rejected as absurd by the medical profession and the public. Before Freud, it has been said, man was convinced that he was fully conscious of all there was to him. The announcement that nine-tenths of the mind is unconscious, that acts and attitudes have unknown causes, did not come as stale news in 1900 to the man in the street, the doctors, or the literary world. It is precisely this new picture of the dynamic unconscious that has been Freud's contribution to writing. He seemed to offer not only proof of the power of the irrational, recognized by his predecessors, but a blueprint of its workings and a plan for understanding and controlling it. The study of these hidden forces — the term “motivationism” has been suggested — has become a main theme in twentieth century literature. In addition, psychoanalysis to-day confronts us (sometimes, it is true, in pathetically distorted form) in Rodgers and Hammerstein musical comedies, popular fiction, television drama, humour, and movies; it proliferates on the shelves of book stores. Right or wrong, it is apparently the operative psychology of our time.

Correspondence

Political events play hob with the publishing time-tables of a quarterly. It should be pointed out that Mr. Forsey's letter appearing below was written before the dissolution of parliament and for that reason the reader should transpose present to past tense. Professor Mallory's reply, on the other hand, deals with the actual fact of dissolution — a fact upon which Mr. Forsey could only speculate. Both letters, needless to say, pre-date the March 31st election which as we go to press is still an enigma wrapped in a mystery. Despite the time lag, we feel these supplementary comments by Messrs. Forsey and Mallory on the problem of dissolution amply justify their reproduction here.

The Editor,
Queen's Quarterly,
Queen's University,
Kingston, Ontario.

Sir,

Professor Mallory's article, "The Election and the Constitution", in your winter issue, is so nearly perfect that I hesitate either to record one (minor) dissent from the constitutional doctrine he propounds, or to add anything to it. But I feel I must.

Professor Mallory says (p. 447) that if Mr. Diefenbaker, after a short session, asks for a dissolution, "it would be Mr. Massey's duty to do as King George V did in 1924, and inquire whether [the Leader of the Opposition] wished to try to form a government." Surely this is overstating the case. Mr. Massey would certainly be entitled to make such an inquiry if he saw fit; but is he bound to do so? I think not.

The situation in Britain in 1924 was very different from the present situation here. The largest single party was in opposition. The third party, the Liberals, had about 150 members to Labour's 190 or so and the Conservatives' 290 or so. The Conservative leader, Mr. Baldwin, had thought well enough of his chances in January 1924 to meet the new Parliament and see whether it would support him; and the Liberal leader, Mr. Asquith, had publicly stated that he thought the King would be justified in refusing dissolution to a minority Government if he could find other Ministers prepared to give the existing House of Commons a trial. On the face of it, therefore, there were three possible alternative Governments: a Conservative minority Government, a Liberal minority Government, and a Conservative-Liberal Coalition. The only way the King could be sure that none of them was really possible was to ask.

The present situation here is about as different as could well be. The largest single party is not in opposition. The third party, the CCF, is very small, with only 25 members to the Conservatives' 113 and the Liberals' 106. There is a fourth party, nearly as large. Mr. St. Laurent in June thought so poorly of his chances that he did not try to meet the new Parliament; and none of the minority party leaders has said anything like what Mr. Asquith said. On the face of it, there is no possibility of a CCF Government, or a CCF-Social Credit Coalition in this Parliament; and the possibility of a Liberal Government or a Liberal-CCF-Social Credit Coalition is infinitely small. Mr. Pearson would need the support of both the CCF and Social Credit to survive, and throughout the session it has been abundantly clear that he would get neither. Any last lingering doubts on that subject were rudely dispelled in the debate on Mr. Pearson's want of confidence motion on January 20.

In these circumstances, if Mr. Diefenbaker were to ask Mr. Massey for a dissolution surely Mr. Massey could decide for himself, without asking Mr. Pearson, that a Liberal Government, or a Coalition, in this Parliament is impossible. To make the inquiry would

be simply a waste of time; and to say that the Governor-General is constitutionally bound to waste his time asking questions to which the answer is obvious and inescapable seems to me an affront to common sense (which, after all, plays, and should play, some part in constitutional theory).

I am not saying that Mr. Diefenbaker has a right to demand a dissolution whenever he chooses. If he is defeated in the House on a motion of want of confidence or an issue of substance, he is unquestionably entitled to ask and receive a dissolution, because no alternative Government is possible in this Parliament. So too if public business is persistently obstructed (as in Quebec in 1936) or if the Government is repeatedly sustained by only very narrow majorities. But none of this has happened yet. Until it does, a request for dissolution would, in my judgment, be most improper. But if Mr. Diefenbaker does make the request, properly or improperly, I do not see how Mr. Massey, in present circumstances, could refuse, because he simply could not find an alternative Government in the present Parliament.

There seems to be a widespread notion that a minority Government is entitled to a dissolution whenever it sees fit. This is not so. Elections are serious matters. They disrupt business. They interrupt the orderly conduct of foreign policy. They cost money: millions to the public treasury, millions more to the parties and candidates. A second election within a year can be justified only on grounds of public necessity. A clear majority for the Government over all other parties is a convenience for the Government. It is not a public necessity. Sixteen millions of Her Majesty's subjects should not be put to the tumult, turmoil and expense of a fresh election now simply for the ease and convenience of two dozen of Her Majesty's servants.

Yours truly,

EUGENE FORSEY

The Editor,
Queen's Quarterly,
Kingston, Ontario.

Sir:

I am grateful to Dr. Forsey for his kind words. Praise from him on such a subject is praise indeed.

I wrote the passage to which Dr. Forsey takes exception over two months before he read it in print. It was then still possible to take into account the possibility that Mr. Diefenbaker might seek a dissolution before he had laid any substantial part of his programme before Parliament. At that time another government might have been possible, though I agree with Dr. Forsey that the debate on Mr. Pearson's motion of non-confidence made it clear that in fact no other party could govern in the twenty-third parliament. Having said this much in my own defence, I am bound to agree with Dr. Forsey that the sentence he quotes is misleading. To say that it would have been Mr. Massey's duty "to inquire", before granting Mr. Diefenbaker his dissolution, whether Mr. Pearson was

in a position to form an alternative government is putting it much too strongly. What I should have said, as the earlier part of the paragraph in which the offending sentence occurs indicates, is that Mr. Massey would have to consider whether any other stable government could be formed which would avoid the necessity of a premature election.

I agree with Dr. Forsey that Mr. Diefenbaker's request for a dissolution was "improper". There was no reason to believe that the late Parliament would not have permitted him to translate his policies into legislation. His decision to appeal to the country was taken on tactical grounds alone — and on tactical grounds it may have been sound.

If the election does not break the present stalemate, Mr. Diefenbaker may be tempted to seek a further dissolution (and conceivably another and another) until the stalemate is broken. In that case the governor-general should be guided by Lord Balfour's dictum that the constitution cannot stand "a diet of dissolutions" and endeavour to find a government that can carry on without another immediate appeal to the country.

May I, at the same time, draw your attention to two errors which crept into my text. Near the bottom of page 471 I say "for it would have been as important for Mr. Diefenbaker to have made such a suggestion as for Mr. Massey to have entertained it." What I meant to say was "it would have been as improper for Mr. Diefenbaker to have suggested a dissolution without meeting parliament." On page 479 (last paragraph) "methods of limiting the time of date" should of course be "methods of limiting the time of debate".

Yours truly,

J. R. MALLORY,
Associate Professor of Political Science,
McGill University.

THE NEW BOOKS

New Strategies

NUCLEAR WEAPONS AND FOREIGN POLICY. By Henry A. Kissinger. Published for the Council on Foreign Relations by Harper & Brothers, New York. 1957. Pp. xx + 463. \$5.00.

There is no occupational disease with more dangerous consequences for mankind than the malady which might be called "strategists' cramp". Its symptoms are only too familiar—a creeping paralysis of the imagination, a hardening of the arteries of thought, when it comes to assessing the strategic and political consequences of changing military technology. The affliction is as old as warfare itself; it is still with us in the nuclear age. As yet no sure remedy is known. But Dr. Henry A. Kissinger's brilliant analysis of the impact of the new weapons upon foreign policy and military strategy can be recommended as the best innoculant available. With great skill he has taken the measure of the dilemma of nuclear power. "In the past," he observes, "an increase in a nation's strength resulted almost inevitably in a greater flexibility of its diplomacy. But in the nuclear period the growth in military strength tends to be accompanied by an increase in the inhibitions against its use." There thus emerges what is rightly described as "one of the most serious and at the same time novel" paradoxes of nuclear strategy: "the deterrent effect on its diplomacy of a power's own deterrent arsenal" (388).

It is striking evidence of the virulence of strategists' cramp that the makers of Western policy remained so long insensitive to the fact that "massive retaliation", so far from deterring Soviet aggression, was at least as likely to encourage it. Would any Western leader risk the lives of fifty million or more innocents, the maiming of countless others, to say nothing of unborn generations, to defend every point on the periphery between his allies and the communist world? Would any Soviet leader think he would? Might not the Soviet leadership, believing massive retaliation to be no more than a massive bluff, attempt to expose the emptiness of Western strategy by a series

of ambiguously contrived, conventional assaults upon the weaker parts of our defense perimeter? Unless we were to remain paralysed by the very awesomeness of our retaliatory power, it became essential to devise some new strategy, a strategy fitting punishment to the crime, providing proper proportions of force. From such reflections emerged the doctrine of "graduated deterrence" in which tactical atomic weapons played the crucial rôle, restoring the balance which the communists, by their greater resources of manpower and their more prodigal attitude to human life, had so dangerously tipped in their favour. "In any combat," President Eisenhower stated on March 16, 1955, "where these things can be used on strictly military targets and for strictly military purposes, I see no reason why they should not be used just exactly as you would use a bullet or anything else."

But these were highly inhibiting qualifications. There were at least two good reasons for supposing that "these things" could never be used "on strictly military targets". Operations "Sage Brush" and "Carte Blanche"—the first war manoeuvres in which tactical atomic weapons were presumed to be used—seemed to demonstrate that even the tactical use of such weapons wreaked such destruction that they could never be employed with any precision or finesse. Second, it was argued that even if they could be, the loser in a tactical atomic battle would be unable to resist increasing its scope and intensity by extending the list of targets and raising the destructiveness of weapons. What began as a limited atomic battle would thus end up as a world-wide thermonuclear holocaust. Even more telling was the doubt that any nuclear weapon could in any circumstances be used "for strictly military purposes". World public opinion persisted in placing all such weapons in a special category of iniquity. The first nation to make use of them, whatever the the provocation, would incur the moral obliquity ordinarily reserved for an aggressor. Thus, just as the West appeared to be devising a strategy which would deter the most probable forms of communist attack

(or, failing to deter them, would most effectively prevent their success) without leading to reciprocal annihilation or to a fatal appeasement, the objections to that strategy were represented as insuperable. The Soviet leadership did all in its considerable power to encourage such misgivings.

Of the many important themes in Dr. Kissinger's work, none is more important than his attempt to rescue Western diplomacy from its second major strategic *impasse* of the nuclear age. The rehabilitation of the strategy of graduated deterrence is seen by him as nothing less than a condition of our survival. It is with this purpose that he examines and finds wanting each of the three objections mentioned above. The evidence of Sage Brush and Carte Blanche he considers to be neither fair nor decisive. These operations were conducted with less flexible weapons than are now or will be available. They were conducted, moreover, with pre-atomic tactics. "A limited nuclear war would approach all-out war in destructiveness only if it should be conducted with the tactics of World War II, with fixed lines, massive attacks on communication centers and an attempt to wipe out the enemy industrial potential. . . . In the near future . . . the massive attack on opposing air installations will become strategically unproductive or unnecessary. With the advent of missiles and vertical take-off aircraft there will be no need to drop some three hundred atomic devices within forty-eight hours" (309). But, assuming the technical feasibility of fighting limited atomic war, would the communist leadership observe the Marquess of Queensbury rules? Dr. Kissinger thinks it would, not because it is happy to fight with tactics more advantageous to its enemy but because it does not welcome the alternative prospect of mutual extermination. It is, however, too much to expect the rules to be improvised in the chaos of actual battle, and Dr. Kissinger urges that, instead of wasting time on disarmament negotiations, we put to the Soviet leadership a number of proposals designed to limit the destructiveness of conflict. Strategic air bases, industrial and population centres should be placed beyond the zone of battle. Nuclear weapons beyond a designated

destructive force would be *hors de combat*. Those used would be constructed to keep fall-out to a minimum. It is not necessary to incorporate these proposals in a formal treaty. It is not even necessary that the Soviet Union adhere formally to them. Self-interest is the only impulse to their observance, and it is enough to make known to the Soviet leadership, forcefully, unambiguously, and in advance, our intention to observe them reciprocally.

With the third objection Dr. Kissinger has most difficulty. The strategy requires, he acknowledges, "a public opinion which has been educated to the realities of the atomic age". That is a tall order. It assumes that governments are so educated. It assumes that governments possessing the unpleasant facts of nuclear life and death will communicate them to their electorates. The reaction of the Eisenhower Administration to the Gaither Report suggests the magnitude of these assumptions. So does the attitude of the Canadian Government which, like France until a year or two ago, still contrives to escape from the dilemmas of nuclear strategy by refusing to equip our armed forces with nuclear weapons and devoting our resources to the peaceful uses of atomic energy. Dr. Kissinger believes that "one of the chief tasks of United States policy in NATO . . . is to overcome the trauma which attaches to the use of nuclear weapons and to decentralize the possession of nuclear weapons as rapidly as possible" (311). But even if governments are ready to face and divulge the facts, can their peoples be expected to sustain them in the strategy, let alone the conduct, of limited atomic war? It seems unlikely that they will. It seems equally essential that they do.

Dr. Kissinger has many valuable observations to make about NATO, about the West's attitude towards the uncommitted nations, about the communist world. He devotes two chapters to communist doctrine and strategy, and its changing response to the nuclear environment. In them, indeed throughout his work, he portrays the Sino-Soviet leadership as purposeful, ruthless, cunning—"ten feet tall", as the Americans say. He believes, for example, that Stalin was well aware of the implications of what President Truman told him at Potsdam of the United States' "new weapon of fearful

power", and that the Marshal's noncommittal, even bored, response to this news masked a knowledge of its nuclear capabilities antedating that of Mr. Truman himself (365). Again, the Chinese Communists' germ warfare propaganda, usually cited by Western observers as evidence of the crudity of the Sino-Soviet mind, is interpreted by Dr. Kissinger as a skilful device to keep the United Nations Command from using atomic weapons or from bombing Chinese territory. "Since an explicit reference to these dangers might have been construed as a confession of weakness, the Chinese accused us of bacteriological warfare which created an image of a United States ready to stoop to any baseness and thereby mobilized at least a part of Asian opinion against us. At the same time it increased our already powerful inhibitions against using weapons of mass destruction" (376). Whether or not these interpretations are correct, it is disquieting to find that even Dr. Kissinger, whose book was written before the fateful TASS announcement of August 26, 1957, thought it would not be until 1963 that the Soviet Union would equip itself with Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles.

JAMES EAYRS

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

The British Front

THESE ARE THE BRITISH. By *Drew Middleton*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. In Canada: McClelland & Stewart Ltd. 1957. Pp. 290. \$5.00.

This volume is the work of the *New York Times* veteran London correspondent; it is addressed to American readers and its publication was timed to coincide with the recent visit of Queen Elizabeth II to this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Middleton had, however, much more than golden commercial prospects in view when he wrote his book. His real purpose is to support and strengthen the Anglo-American alliance and the heart of this volume is to be found, therefore, in the chapter which deals specifically with that subject. Mr. Middleton thinks that "in the dangerous world of the mid-twentieth century [the alliance] is the best hope of survival for both nations"

and he finds it a tribute to the strength of this agreement that it has survived and grown without a single treaty or formal engagement and despite the flow of political oratory on both sides of the Atlantic. The hard facts of international life have created it; there remains only the problem of realizing its full potentialities. This book is a significant contribution to the latter task for Mr. Middleton is an experienced observer of the British scene and he writes of that country's developments and problems since the end of World War II with insight and without whitewash. He succeeds, indeed, in providing an excellent picture of modern Britain for Americans, "warts and all", and trans-Atlantic understanding can only be the better as a result.

It is, of course, a vital part of Mr. Middleton's argument that Britain is still worth having as an ally, and he is at pains to show Americans throughout his book how and why this is so. The British asset is not limited to the air-fields of the Eastern countries. The British are still a Great Power; they possess a fund of political and diplomatic experience that is unrivalled in the Western World; they have steady confidence in the toughest going and some of the best fighting resources, human and material, that are to be found anywhere. They are still a vital and growing society and still the most reliable of America's friends. Most important of all, these Atlantic Powers share a wide area of common interest and purpose: they are, therefore, in a very realistic sense natural allies.

Mr. Middleton finds there are, on the British side, three serious threats to the effectiveness of the Atlantic Alliance—three situations that may prevent it reaching its full potential. One of these is the complacent, irresponsible attitude of the now prosperous British working classes. The weight they pull or refuse to pull in both major political parties and in the country's economy makes their indifference to national and international problems and their unwillingness to sacrifice class interests for those of a larger nature a serious danger. Another lies in the reservations the British entertain about American leadership of the Free World. Doubts about the quality of Dulles's and Eisenhower's diplomacy and generalship are bound to be compounded

by some ranking against the dependent role in which the British themselves are now cast and by the well-established British assumption that they are the Free World's experts in the field of foreign policy. Finally, Middleton finds that the Alliance is affected, in a way little understood in Washington, by the British assumption that they deserve—and that they have—a special entrée in the American capitol and particularly in the State Department. The *London Times*, noted one shrewd observer, following the Suez Crisis resumed its accustomed position beside and slightly above the British cabinet. The British at large assume the same rôle in Washington. They take it for granted that they have an inside line, a privileged position, a right to American support or benevolent acquiescence. Even the bitter Suez experience which showed Washington treating them as just another nation and not in this case a good one, has failed to dispel this comfortable assumption and Middleton thinks it may continue to give trouble in the future.

These reflections on the Atlantic Alliance are the heart of this book but they are by no means the whole of it. Mr. Middleton hopes to contribute to the strengthening of the partnership by leading his countrymen to a better understanding of their friends. *These are the British* is therefore a panorama—a review of all the major departments of British life, of the leading personalities, and of the main lines of economic, political and social development since the end of the last War. Much of all this will be familiar to the casual reader of the press and especially to the reader of the *New York Times*, but the author's comments on the party situation and the Welfare State, the changing social structure rôle of the modern monarchy, on the and on a host of other matters are always interesting and often illuminating. Drew Middleton has in fact produced a good and timely book for the general reader.

H. W. MCCREADY

MCMASTER UNIVERSITY

The New Commonwealth

GHANA: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF KWAME NKRUMAH. By Kwame Nkrumah. Edinburgh and Toronto: Thomas

Nelson and Sons. 1957. Pp. xv + 310. \$4.75.

THE NATIVE POLICIES OF SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES IN JAVA AND SUMATRA; AN ECONOMIC INTERPRETATION. By John Bastin. Oxford: Clarendon Press. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1957. Pp. xx + 163. \$4.50.

Dr. Kwame Nkrumah is no Nehru and his autobiography does not measure up to the standards set by that other graduate of His Majesty's prisons who became a Commonwealth prime minister. The contents are not as reassuring to our western prejudices as were those of *An Asian Prime Minister's Story* by Ceylon's Sir John Kotelawala, but the possibility that non-westerners do not share our viewpoint is indicated by the fact that Sir John is no longer a prime minister while Dr. Nkrumah appears secure in his saddle.

No one need look for startling revelations in an autobiography of an ambitious politician who, at the age of forty-seven, can reasonably expect to have the larger portion of his public career ahead of him. The work must be regarded as an expanded campaign pamphlet within hard covers rather than as an *apologia pro vita sua*. Nevertheless, if the absence of any collaborator's name on the title page means that there was no ghost writer, a form of assistance which a former journalist might be expected to spurn, the work must be considered worthy of serious consideration. It is true that its date of publication indicates that it was brought out to capitalize on the public interest stimulated by the events surrounding the granting of full sovereignty to the Gold Coast and its transformation into the new Commonwealth member nation, Ghana, yet it does provide us with one of the rare opportunities to learn something about one of the leaders of the politically conscious minority of natives who are the successors to the abdicating colonial authorities in West Africa.

The author's views of the prerequisites for a successful nationalist movement are summarized in his observation: "A middle-class élite, without the battering-ram of the illiterate masses, can never hope to smash the forces of colonialism. Such a thing can be achieved only by a united people organized in a disciplined political party and led by that party." The major

portion of his autobiography is devoted to his account of how he put this theory into practice. By page 63 the first thirty-seven years of his life are behind him, including a decade in the United States and two-and-a-half years in England. He tells of his return to the Gold Coast to act as general secretary to the United Gold Coast Convention, the party of the middle class élite; of his attempts to convert its leaders to his views of the proper function of a nationalist party and of his first detention and examination by suspicious British officials. He then recounts his version of his break with the older politicians and the organization of the Convention People's Party, the launching of "Positive Action", his trial and imprisonment, his triumphant release upon the sweeping victory his party achieved at the polls in the first Gold Coast general election, and his leading rôle in hastening the constitutional transition from the qualified self-government of the Coussey Constitution to full independence. The climax of the story is his announcement of the date set for the transfer of authority. The more conservative African leaders, the chiefs from the Asantehene down, Sir Henley Coussey and his fellow commissioners, and Dr. J. B. Danquah, come out rather badly in this account. Those who desire a more balanced appraisal should consult Bankole Timothy's *Kwame Nkrumah: his rise to power*, published in 1955 when its journalist-author was still a qualified supporter of the man who was later to expel him from Ghana.

The man who admits that the independence of Ghana is but one step toward his wider goal of stimulating Pan-African nationalism has given us valuable hints of his own character. He appears unable to accept any externally imposed restrictions of his freedom of action be it the theological restraints of the Roman Catholicism of his youth, or the acceptance of any rôle other than that of undisputed leader in any organization. In view of this tendency his recently announced intention of placing his own likeness on the coins and stamps of Ghana becomes more disquieting. His charge that he could not expect justice from the courts under the colonial regime makes interesting reading in the light of the actions his government has taken to remove journalists and political

critics from the country, circumventing legal processes. His explanations of why he refused to recognize an official leader of the opposition in the first assembly and his reluctance to face the general election required by the British Government in 1954 are less convincing now than they were on publication day.

"Bribery and corruption, which had been part and parcel of the colonial set-up, must be stamped out," he wrote, making no attempt to substantiate his charge. Later he displayed far greater tolerance in discussing a case of bribe-taking in his own cabinet. "Things had moved fast, and the feeling of power was a new thing; the desire to possess cars, houses and other commodities that were regarded as necessities by the European population of the country, was not unnatural in people who were suddenly made to feel that they were being prepared to take over from those Europeans; and money, the wherewithall to obtain these luxuries, was tempting."

An awesome responsibility rests upon Prime Minister Nkrumah. Repercussions from the success or failure of his government will be felt throughout Africa, and throughout the world. He is a person whom we cannot afford to ignore, and the value of his autobiography is to be judged by his importance rather than by its intrinsic merit.

Dr. John Bastin's volume is possibly of less general interest. Nevertheless it is a work of considerable value to those concerned with the history of European colonial expansion. This is the first book published by this young Australian, now a Research Fellow at the Australian National University, Canberra, who is already well known to students of Australian and South-East Asian history through his periodical articles.

In two clearly written, well documented studies Dr. Bastin has set out Raffles' administration of Java, 1811-16, and of the West Coast of Sumatra, 1818-24. It was a time when the East India Company was being transformed from a trading corporation into an agency for administering the eastern portion of the British Empire and a time when the impact of the industrial revolution was altering British ideas of what was to be desired of a colony. In

discussing the economic foundations of Raffles' native policies the author rectifies some popular misconceptions concerning his claim to be regarded as an originator of the technique of indirect rule. He also shows how the empire builder strove to serve two masters but found that the profit-seeking Court of Directors was still dominant. With Java and Sumatra being returned to the Netherlands after Raffles' administrations English-speaking historians have tended to neglect this East Indies aspect of British Colonial expansion. This essay into relatively uncharted territory has, therefore, enriched our knowledge of Raffles and of a formative period of British colonial administration.

In the two books Dr. Bastin has provided a valuable supplement and corrective to C. E. Wurtzburg's *Raffles of the Eastern Isles*, the work which seems likely to become the standard biography of the founder of Singapore. By pointing out some of the hero's failures and shortcomings as an administrator we have represented the omega and the alpha of an era. It remains to be seen whether colonialism has prepared either the wards or the guardians for the new relationships into which they are now entering. Canadians cannot delude themselves with the belief that they can be detached observers of this transition.

K. A. MACKIRDY

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

The Curse of Bigness

THE BREAKDOWN OF NATIONS. By Leopold Kohr. London: Routledge and Kegan Paul. 1957. Pp. xii + 244. 30 shillings.

Professor Kohr's book comes as a whole-some corrective to much of the loose thinking about the conditions of peace which has abounded over the years. Ever since the First World War we have been told that safety lay in further organization, in building bigger and bigger political units, in the destruction of all differences within mankind, the inauguration of the reign of complete mathematical equality, in "union now". In this country it has hardly been

possible to talk to a group on international affairs without someone in the question period propounding the suggestion that it "would be better for Canada to omit the stage of nationalism and proceed straight to internationalism". My answer to that one always is that for us, the alternative to nationalism is not internationalism, whatever that may be, but Americanism. Whether we would be any happier as part of a collectivity of some 195,000,000 people than we are now is another matter.

Mr. Kohr asserts that the sources of our world troubles are bigness, not smallness, unity, not disunity, sameness, not difference. He makes a convincing case for his heretical thesis, especially in his examination of federations. All federations that fail, he says, come to grief because one or more of their members grows too big for the central government to coerce. He instances Prussia and Austria in the old Germanic Confederacy, Prussia in the German Empire and, of course, the League of Nations and the United Nations (though these latter can hardly be called federations). He glances at Canada with its two 'great powers' of Ontario and Quebec, thinks we are not too safe and approves an idea once thrown out by the reviewer which called for the division of our large provinces into smaller ones. He points approvingly to the United States and Switzerland, where all local units are easily mastered by the central authority and where divisive fundamentals such as language and religion are transcended by local particularism. He rightly claims that the United States would go to pieces overnight (as it did once) if the sections came to life as nations. He goes on to argue his case for reduction of great to small from every conceivable angle except one. From the geographical angle, Europe should be re-constituted on the lines of its original tribal and provincial divisions. So, presumably, should the Soviet Union, though of this he does not say anything. From the economic angle, to those who do not put man's economic good as the highest good, he is more or less convincing. From that of culture, he is more convincing still. From that of practicality, he is not convincing at all, for he does not deal with the major factor in our tight-strung world, the curse of communication and its basis in technical

accomplishment. But he steals a march on the critic by having the last word and frankly admitting that his notions have not the slightest likelihood of realization.

The Breakdown of Nations therefore belongs in the category of good ideas. I myself have had two good ideas during my life, which may be a fair batting average, the one I have alluded to, of dividing Canada up into smaller bits, and the other, equally practical, of blowing the Rocky Mountains out of the way to let in the warm Pacific airs and rain, and piling them across the northern edge of the country to keep the cold Arctic winds out. Good as they are, I have never felt like devoting much of my energy to attempting to realize them.

But note the consequence of the failure to break down the power aggregates, the great, uncoercible powers—uncoercible except, that is, through the ordeal of world war. It may be put in an analogy: this I cannot blame on Professor Kohr but he would hardly disagree with it. Some years ago, the Kingston neighbourhood was afflicted with a plague of tent caterpillars. I can imagine the tent caterpillars talking to each other and congratulating themselves on the marvellous progress that tent caterpillars were making, how their webs were becoming larger and glossier and their population increasing by leaps and bounds. They were advancing on every front, taking all their objectives and completely conquering the world of fruit trees! The future (for tent caterpillars) was boundless. Next year there were no tent caterpillars! Next year, or the year after it, despite our marvellous human 'progress' and 'growth', there may be no humans, either. And all, Mr. Kohr would say, because we did not have sense enough to break down these colossi of organization and retreat to a humbler scale of things. He puts it in terms of certainty: the only possible result, sooner or later, of the present tight organization of the world must be self-annihilation through war. He uses the effective analogy of the critical mass of uranium: we are close to the critical mass, and reason has little to do with the inexorable processes of explosion. Out of what was left from such a war, he thinks, might come some kind of world unification, a world empire (not state), but this he sees

as beginning to break up as soon as it was formed, and by its break-up securing for those who might be left the blissful, anarchic world of long ago—and a chance to start the whole process over again!

A stimulating book, though it overargues its thesis, and written with just enough wit and nonchalance to cause the heavy minded average who drive us all on to destruction to dismiss it as nonsense.

A. R. M. LOWER

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Dialectic of Vocabulary

A GUIDE TO COMMUNIST JARGON.
By R. N. Carew Hunt. New York: The Macmillan Company. Toronto: Brett-Macmillan Ltd. 1957. Pp. xvii + 169. \$3.50.

It has been said that there is no longer any ideology among Russian Communists, but only phraseology. This is true insofar as the aim of the Soviet government is no longer (if indeed it ever was) the bringing of the greatest good to the greatest number of people, but sheer power—the holding and expanding of power for the Communist party, more precisely for that party's top leaders.

But *pretense* at ideology is there, and this fools millions of people, particularly in Asia and Africa. To them, the Soviet claim of racial equality, socio-economic justice, and political democracy is incontrovertible fact, not the clever camouflage for the power of the New Class (to quote Milovan Djilas) over all the other classes and the general run of the masses.

Because the Soviet phraseology of today does make a success of its pretense at ideology, because all those Red slogans and epithets do serve the consolidation and growth of Moscow's power at home and abroad, we need just such a penetrating analysis as Professor Hunt's guide to Communist lingo.

Embracing 50 terms alphabetically arranged and therefore handily found when needed, the book averages slightly more than three pages per entry. The terms range from such well-known ones as Aggression and Coexistence to such obscurities (but

important ones!) as Tailism and Voluntarism. Each entry has a brief yet adequate historical survey in addition to a discussion of the current status of a given term. Thanks to this admirable plan, by the book's end you have reviewed practically all the pertinent history of the Communist party, both in its early or underground phase and since coming to power in Russia.

The author's manner in exposing the fraud of the Red jargon is a felicitous combination of ironic urbanity and stern regard for facts. On rare occasion he may appear to be the devil's advocate when he concedes logic to the Red phrasemakers if "granted their premises." An instance of this is in his section on Bourgeois Democracy, where (pages 9-10) he declares that, in the Soviet attack on the multiplicity of political parties in the non-Soviet system, "from one point of view the Communist case is unassailable". But while stating the Communist case he makes it clear that he does not at all grant the Communists their casuistic premises.

The selection of terms is done judiciously. We may perhaps be surprised by the omission of Summit Conference as typically a creation of Soviet policy and Communist jargon (*vstrecha na vysokom urovne*, or "a meeting on a high level," being the Russian term). We may perhaps question the inclusion of Neutralism, which (as the author admits) is a Western, not Soviet term, though of course applied to a large phase of Communist policy outside the U.S.S.R. Had Professor Hunt included at least one more word of this category, he could have listed also the Fellow Traveller. Like Neutralism, it is used (also derogatorily) outside, not inside, the Soviet empire. Unlike Neutralism, the Fellow Traveller is of Soviet origin, having at one time been used in Russia (*poputchik*, first employed by Trotsky in the 1920's to denote non-Communist literati sympathetic with the Soviets).

Two minor errors in the text should be noted. On page 28, Howard, the American journalist who interviewed Stalin in 1936, is called mistakenly Rex instead of Roy. On page 152, the date "August 1952" should surely read "August 1953" as applying to a time following the Berlin riots which occurred in June 1953.

But these are small matters in no way detracting from the overall excellence and value of this book. The author's documentation is faultless yet not excessive and thus does not clutter up the book. His eleven-page Introduction is a model presentation of the *raison d'être* for this slender volume of "terms which may be strange" to the reader, or "the meaning of which is not what he hitherto supposed", but all of which the reader must know to be well informed.

ALBERT PAJRY

COLGATE UNIVERSITY

Technique of Totalitarianism

THE PERMANENT PURGE. By Zbigniew K. Brzezinski. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders and Company. 1956. Pp. 256. \$6.25.

This study is sponsored by the Russian Research Centre at Harvard University which has issued a score of such monographs. This one lives up to the high standards of the others, and provides a well documented and cogently argued analysis of one of the most significant totalitarian techniques employed by the Soviets.

The author makes the case that the purge is a necessary concomitant of modern totalitarianism. It involves the systematic elimination of presumably loyal members of the party and government service whose efficiency or associations have become questionable, or whose presence might impede the reorganization and reinvigoration the leader has decided upon. By purging his followers, the dictator sustains the vigour and enthusiasm of those who remain, and makes them more dependent upon his favour. The purge serves to make room in the hierarchy for the younger *protégés* of the leader who have not had time to grow complacent or soft. It creates instability among the subordinates in order to prevent them from combining against the higher-ups; in this way firm control from the top is sustained. However when a member of the higher stratum himself falls victim to the purge, then his subordinates must also

be eliminated, lest pockets of unrest be left intact.

The purge and terror are distinguished one from another. The former is applied against members of the controlling party and bureaucracy, whereas terror is the application of the same technique to members of the general population to ensure submission and cooperation. As a rule the regime alternates between purging its agents and applying terror to possibly dissident segments of the population. If the regime is undergoing a purge a lenient policy will be pursued towards the people, to ensure their loyalty. If terror is in full sway, the regime does not risk a purge of its agents. In this way concessions to one group indicate a crackdown on the other.

The purge is shown to be not just a vicious outbreak of brutality, but a practical device for coping with problems peculiar to the totalitarian state. It serves to sustain the vigour of a regime that has no machinery for holding it accountable to the people. It introduces that atmosphere of revolutionary struggle in a situation of firmly rooted dictatorship. This strengthens the regime by introducing rivalries within the hierarchy that prevent the coalescence of forces that might challenge the leadership or the system. Individuals are isolated and frightened, and so cannot act independently; each tries to outdo the other in demonstrating his loyalty and devotion, lest the purge turn upon him. Also, purging tends to relieve tensions as one rival or another falls before it, and the peoples' feelings of hate and resentment are gratified by the fall of one or other of their tormentors. It brings about an "equalization of suffering" that drains off the resentment of people and directs it to the purged wrecker, deviationist, spy or slacker. Also the purge opens up places for the rising stars of the regime in the hierarchy, and eliminates old Bolsheviks when what are needed are competent bureaucrats and technicians, whose devotion to the regime is assured. In this way, political and professional leadership can be merged. It insures discipline and submission to authority, at the same time as it gives the illusion of democratic control over the organization. The public is enlisted in the fight against the regime's enemies, so their support for the purge is assured. The illusion is created

that the people are bringing down the wreckers in high places, whereas in fact control remains firmly in the hands of the inner circle of leaders. The use of self-denunciation along with the purge turns it into an effective propaganda device. Show trials enlist popular enthusiasm for the regime, and release pent-up feelings of hate in a way that strengthens the position of the rulers.

The purge is of special value to the leaders as it enables them to free themselves from the party. If the leader is coming to feel himself the prisoner of the system or of his subordinates, he can liberate himself by letting loose the purge against those who challenge or inhibit him. In this way the dictator can be independent from many of the restrictions of his own system, and free to take whatever course of action he considers expedient.

The purge is not without its dangers for those who employ it. It is difficult to keep under control, and bring to an end once it has achieved its purpose. The tendency is for it to get out of hand and become so violent and widespread as seriously to weaken the system. It involves a heavy reliance upon the secret police whose power grows with the spread of the purge. They have therefore a vested interest in its extension, and must be curbed in time lest it get out of hand. Unless the brakes are applied soon enough the party will come to be dominated by the secret police, who themselves become swept along by the current of the purge, and whose own personal safety depends on swimming at the head of it. This, of course, is what happened in the great Yezhov purge in the late thirties, which so weakened the whole structure of the country and ended with the purge of Yezhov himself. The author suggests that the mass purge is now obsolete in the Soviet Union, but that purges in the upper stratum will continue. This is because there is no longer the basis for an ideological battle—rather the rivalries now are naked struggles for power between the leaders. The mass now follows whoever wins, so the arena of rivalry is now confined to the apex of the power structure.

This is an extremely cogently argued and carefully documented book, which cannot

but add to the concern of the western observer. It gives him further cause to respect the formidable powers of modern Communist totalitarianism. He can no longer point complacently to the inevitable bureaucratic tangle and frustration of initiative that must so hobble the Soviet system that western scientific and industrial supremacy is assured. In fact techniques have been developed, (whose brutality does not diminish their effectiveness), that overcome the major weaknesses of totalitarianism. Vitality, enthusiasm and loyalty can be conjured up by the frightening engine of the purge. The West is engaged in a race with a formidable runner, in which there are no rules, and if he is drugged with the frightening narcotics of modern totalitarianism, it must still outrun him or lose. This is an enormous challenge that must be taken up. This book is one of those that serve to awaken us to the realities of our situation. One criticism might be ventured of this admirable study. What are the antecedents of the purge? What did the Soviet leaders learn from previous absolutist systems? How much of this frightening technique is original? If these questions were answered one could achieve a better perspective on modern totalitarianism from this volume. However the analysis is well supported, clear and convincing, and in view of the Soviet scientific breakthrough, should be widely read.

HUGH THORBURN

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

The Two Lives of Edward Coke

THE LION AND THE THRONE: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR EDWARD COKE. By Catherine Drinker Bowen. Toronto: Little, Brown and Company. 1957. Pp. xiii + 652. \$6.75.

Whatever Mrs. Bowen had in mind when she set out to write the life of Mr. Justice Holmes (*Yankee from Olympus*), she has progressed to a trilogy bound together by the strands of the Anglo-American legal and constitutional tradition. One could not write of Holmes without pondering the

place of law in the life of a people. Seeking the foundations of the American people, Mrs. Bowen was led back to the lawyer, John Adams, the magistral figure among the founding fathers on political and constitutional questions (*John Adams and the American Revolution*). However, Adams had drawn very heavily on the legal and constitutional notions of 17th century England, where stands the "masterful, masterless man", Sir Edward Coke. Here now she presents Coke and his times.

Coke is not only central to his times but also to the later development of Anglo-American legal and constitutional ideas and processes. Coke's *Reports* and Coke's *Institutes* transformed the mediaeval legacy in these matters and transmitted it to future generations in England and America. As a judge under James I, he set the integrity of the judicial office against the designs of the palace. Later, an old man in the House of Commons, he marshalled mediaeval learning to draft and to push through the Petition of Right. He did not save the Common Law and the constitution single-handed, but he is the towering representative figure with the most enduring influence. If we want to know how the foundations of free, constitutional government were laid, we have much to learn from Edward Coke.

He is also fascinating as a human figure because there were two Edward Cokes. One was the ambitious, pushful lawyer and none too scrupulous advocate, who sought and got preferment at the Court of Elizabeth, as Solicitor-General, as Speaker of the House of Commons and as Attorney-General, the savage, ruthless prosecutor in the treason trials of the Earl of Essex and Sir Walter Raleigh, forceful, irascible, using a very rough wit with very bad taste. This Coke reached the pinnacle as Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench and Privy Councillor under James I. The other Coke was the student and devoted servant of the Common Law, indefatigable reporter of judicial decisions, the learned scholar with 400 years of English legal and constitutional history at his fingertips. This is the Coke that emerges in the *Institutes*, which are peppered with the homily and pedantry usually associated with the aging professor. There is even a marked

streak of gentleness, also professorial, in the way Coke keeps encouraging his reader to persevere in pursuit of the Common Law. This was the Coke that challenged the King, first as Chief Justice of Common Pleas and later as leader of the opposition in the House of Commons.

Mrs. Bowen makes no claim to have unearthed new material about Coke. As in the two earlier volumes she has tried to get perspective on the period by mastering all there is to be known about it, and then, as she herself has said, to make the man himself come into focus, moving before the backdrop of the time and place. The technique for this is a lively detailed narrative which tells how things must have been, even though the exact setting of the historical events related are partly constructions by the author.

As readers of the earlier volumes in the trilogy would expect, the method is highly successful. The passionate religious strife of the times with its devoted martyrs, political factiousness, and instability, the power politics of the young nation-states of Europe, the men who saw in the Crown the only makeweight against chaos and gave it their unstinted loyalty, the colourful Renaissance adventurers who recklessly exploited the instability in pursuit of their personal ambitions, the rapid unsettling under the Stuarts of the precarious balance the Tudors had maintained with consummate skill, tipping England inexorably toward civil war, all come clear here. This backdrop of the time and place is embroidered with rich detail on the pomp of the Tudor Court and the turbulent life of London at 1600. The two Cokes emerge in sharp focus.

To talk about Coke with insight and understanding, the author had to amass enormous learning on the mediaeval Common Law and constitution. The discussion is never stinted (if anything, it is perhaps overdone here and there) and is carried through with great accuracy. Legal and constitutional historians will find little to quarrel with, and much to marvel at in the sure-footed way she moves around the icefalls and crevasses of this broken terrain.

The fascinating puzzle about Edward Coke, of course, is the startling change

from the savage Crown prosecutor in the treason trials to the judge who defied James I and to the leader of the Parliamentary opposition, asserting that the King is subject to the Common Law and challenging royal pretensions to unfettered power on the ground that "Magna Carta is such a fellow that he will have no sovereign". It is almost as if Vyshinsky, at the end of his life, had suddenly appeared as a determined and unyielding advocate of popular liberties in Soviet Russia.

Mrs. Bowen supports what has become the standard explanation. Edward Coke came to think of himself as the embodiment of the Common Law, not so much opposing the King as telling him the place assigned for him by the law. Francis Bacon, always the courtier, could urge that the judges should be lions, but always lions under the Throne. To Coke, the lion could never be subordinate to the Throne because he was the servant of a law that stood above the King. This explanation has not always carried full conviction and still provokes reservations. One can wish that she had made some assessment of the fact that Coke, in his later years, was handsomely established in the middle class landed gentry who could see that Stuart pretensions threatened the security of private property. She might have come out of such an assessment denying the imputation, but a judicious estimate of Coke must examine the possibility.

She does, however, bring substantial support to her interpretation by showing that from the beginning there were always two Cokes. Even when he was avidly on the make in his earlier years, he was compiling reports of decided cases and rummaging in the ancient charters, records, statutes and Year Books. If he had not loved the law and its history, he could not have kept at it through his busy and stormy career, nor could he have driven himself, in his old age, to finish the *Reports* and write the *Institutes*. In the critical latter years of his life, the case for obsession with ideas rather than an obsession with property is a strong one. He deserved his accolade as the oracle of the Common Law.

The Anglo-American world today needs to draw strength, courage and wisdom from its tradition. No one should miss being

instructed and elevated, as well as richly entertained, by Mrs. Bowen's story.

J. A. CORRY

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

The Judicial System Surveyed

THE EVOLUTION OF THE JUDICIAL PROCESS. By J. C. McRuer. Toronto: Clark, Irwin & Company, Limited. 1957. Pp. xi + 104. \$3.00.

The Chief Justice of the High Court of Ontario delivered, in 1956, the first of a series of lectures inaugurated by the University of Saskatchewan in honour of the Hon. W. M. Martin, Chief Justice of Saskatchewan. The three lectures, revised and expanded, are now published in book form. The first, after a brief discussion of the nature of justice, deals mainly with selected events and features illustrating the history of English courts and the appointment and tenure of office of the English judges. The principal part of the second consists of a rapid survey of the systems of judicature and methods of training and selection of judges in the countries of Western Europe, as well as in the United States, Russia and China, and some remarks on our Canadian judicial system. The third consists of an outline of the history of international arbitration and international tribunals, culminating in the formation of the International Court of Justice, followed by an affirmation of the necessity of the rule of law in the international field.

Although intended primarily for the general reader, the book will be of interest to lawyers and law students. The author disclaims any great originality, which was virtually impossible of achievement having regard to the subject matter. The attempt to deal with so vast a subject in three lectures has inevitably led in some instances to a seemingly arbitrary selection of topics and has made necessary considerable gaps in the organization of the material, but all elements introduced are brought to bear on the main theme. There are, naturally, in the circumstances, one

or two places where clarification is desirable, as on page 15, where the text can be interpreted as endowing the Anglo-Saxon kings with knights and barons. The denial on page 45 that there were lawyers in Canada to plead cases during the French regime is corrected on the next page. More important is the somewhat misleading character of the title, since the book deals only to a limited extent with the judicial process, and is chiefly concerned with the history and comparison of judicial systems and judicial procedures, the training, methods of appointment and of tenure of office of judges, and of the development of the concept of justice in the national and international fields.

The work discloses a passion (mental and emotional striving) of the writer for justice, conceived of as the object of a natural law, divinely inspired, but with "variable content" and reflecting in each age and society so much of the divine law as the society is capable of appreciating.

International law is asserted to have objective existence, superior to natural laws, independent of the consent of nations and weakened only in application but not in essence by the inadequacy of the means of its enforcement.

The survey of the judicial systems of other countries is designed to illustrate the sharp contrasts between other concepts of the judicial office and our own. The prestige and confidence accorded to our judges and those of England and other Common Law countries are not equalled elsewhere, and are apparently incomprehensible in the U.S.S.R. and Red China where the judges are required to hew strictly to the party line and are subject to penalties for failure to do so. While we rightly demand that our judges be independent and non-political, the author points out that "no matter how scholarly and upright our judges may be, law and its administration must inevitably reflect the conscience of the society in which we live." The law must be served by men "who are prepared to bring to a reality the visions of those who have dreamed of a temple where the spirit of justice will be enshrined . . . , at whose gates the weak and oppressed may find justice dispensed by those who 'do justly,

love mercy and walk humbly' before their God."

STUART RYAN

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Inside Canada

CANADA: TOMORROW'S GIANT. By Bruce Hutchison. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. 1957. Pp. 325. \$4.95.

The title has nothing to do with the book, since it is not about Canada's future, but is a record of Bruce Hutchison's recent Canadian tour. He follows John Gunther's system of observing and interviewing as he goes along, but he is not so successful. There are some reported conversations—usually quite interesting—and a great deal of pseudo-philosophising.

It is clear that the author loves Canada, though his numerous expressions of love are far from clear. One of his difficulties is that he does not understand Canada. He declares the loved one to be enigmatic in almost every chapter. He sees a mysterious force at work in Canada as a whole but 'as usual the Canadian cannot define it or his place in it.' Newfoundland contains a clue 'if one could read it'. In Nova Scotia he found 'an abiding mystery', in P.E.I. 'magic' which he later lost, but he understood most of New Brunswick except St. John, whose character 'a stranger cannot hope to analyze'. As for the essence of Quebec,—'No words can convey it . . . It is too deep for words.' Quebec's 'mystique' isn't up to that of Ontario—'the most mysterious' province. Winnipeg 'can never be understood by anyone': an educated Saskatchewan farmer could only give him 'half an answer' since the rest 'could not be put into words.' In northern Alberta he found that 'neither I nor any other man from the city streets knew much about Canada', while the British Columbians 'shared a mystery'. There are many more expressions of Mr. Hutchison's mystification.

There are few facts in the book because statistics 'only try and fail to measure the important facts.' Presumably facts are omitted to make the book easier to read,

as it would be if the author had something to say. His nearest approach to articulateness is in the chapters on Alberta. The prose tone poems which separate (or glue together?) the chapters must be mentioned. The one about Canada's summer shacks on pp. 121-123 is very amusing—reminiscent of Leacock. Many books do not achieve as much.

DONALD Q. INNIS

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

METALS AND MEN. By D. M. Le Bourdais. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Ltd. 1957. Pp. 416. \$8.50.

In his latest book Mr. LeBourdais has set down for the record the story of mining in Canada and, inextricably interwoven, the growth and development during the last hundred years of a nation which owes so much to this basic industry.

Mr. LeBourdais recognizes in his forward the immensity of the task he undertook in writing on "such a dynamic subject as Canadian mining" and faces the fact that "the repetition of familiar situations in mine after mine" may become monotonous. In spite of these two acknowledged difficulties, the author has succeeded in producing a very readable book which, at times, fires the imagination with the tales of man's endurance and stubborn confidence in the finding, development and exploitation of those mineralogical freaks known as mines. It is a book that should appeal not only to those strictly within the related professions but also to all of those who have ever felt the mining fever, whether as prospector, financier, or speculator in the penny stocks.

The story of the men who work in mines, as the author remarks, would make a fascinating tale but the extent of the material rules out such digressions; nevertheless, the book as he has written it is by no means void of human interest. From his mention in the opening chapter of Peter C. Donlevy, that unknown young man who prospected in the Cariboo in 1859, on through the rise in importance of the Kootenay, the Kootenay, the Klondike, Sudbury Basin, the Porcupine Camp, Kirkland

Lake, Noranda, Rouyn, Manitoba, Quebec and the Maritimes, right down to the uranium areas of 1957, Mr. LeBourdais has added colour to his pages with brief sketches or mere mention of men—men as varied in their type and contribution as John A. "Cariboo" Cameron, Ralph W. Diamond, Mel O'Brien, James Stobie, Fraser Reid, Noah Timmins, "Ike" Wait, Karl Springer, Thayer Lindsley, M. J. Boylen, Franc R. Joubin, and many others through whose tireless efforts and obdurate confidence the mining industry in Canada gained in stature. It is a story of men as well as metals.

This is a volume which will mean very different things to different readers. For some of us who have actually been engaged in mining in Canada there may arise a certain nostalgia when the eye falls on once familiar names—Similkameen, Ope-miska, Lardeau, Yellowknife Bay, Val D'Or. For others the fascination may lie in the record of discouragement overcome, of successes long awaited, of unexpected twists of fate that caused one company to drop an option, another to find and develop a Flin Flon. For still others, the seemingly monotonous statistics relating to financial or metallurgical operations may have unsuspected interest. For all who buy a copy of *Metals and Men* there is assured a veritable storehouse of information for future reference.

Mr. LeBourdais is a professional writer and, in the reviewers' opinion, he has turned his technical skill and imagination to good account in this book. He has been generous with maps and photographs, giving the reader the opportunity to study the areas concerned and the faces of many of the men whose lives have been and still are, dedicated to the furtherance of an industry whose contribution to the national interest is undisputed. His publishers have shown an equal imagination and concern for the general appearance of the volume with its attractive dust cover and bold clear type.

In a fitting conclusion to his record, the author reminds the reader that a "new metal age is dawning, one toward which Canada can contribute in even greater measure than in the past was believed possible. But whether it shall be to supply the means of self destruction for mankind

or to help provide the possibility of peace, plenty and some release from toil is the question with which humanity for the first time in its history is confronted."

ELIZABETH and DONOVAN CLARK

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Railway History

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA. By A. W. Currie. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1957. Pp. ix + 556. \$8.50.

DAYLIGHT THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN: THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER AND FRANCIS SHANLY. Edited by Frank Walker. Montreal: The Engineering Institute of Canada. 1957. Pp. xiii + 442. \$6.00.

In his history of the Grand Trunk, Professor Currie has filled in a corner which has been distressingly blank. The Canadian Pacific has represented glamour, nation-building, and the conquest of half a continent; even those who are ready to watch the Company slowly bleed to death today are willing to enthuse over its history before 1914.

No such public appeal has fastened on the Grand Trunk. It was, in the common belief, a British-owned railway company which finally failed and was taken over by the government and incorporated in the Canadian National.

This isn't half good enough. The Grand Trunk began as a line from Portland and Montreal to Sarnia. It ended as the classic expression in its period of the drive toward the south west which is a recurrent theme in Canadian history. By a rather complicated deal the Canadian government put it in funds to extend to Chicago. It became, in effect, the fifth trunk line to seaboard, and for the strongest commercial reasons the Canadian National has tried and is now trying to extend the position which the Grand Trunk initially built.

The relations between the Board of Directors in London and the General Manager in Montreal are utterly fascinating to anyone interested in problems of organization. In the end it did make an effort to go direct-

ly from Ontario to the Canadian North West and proved the weakness of its executive corps both by the grandiose plans which it adopted and by the weakness in their execution.

The Grank Trunk is an integral part of Canadian history from the 1850's to the early 1920's and Professor Currie has performed a considerable service in making this first survey of it.

Daylight Through the Mountain is, basically, a collection of letters exchanged over a space of more than forty years between two brothers who were engineers and later contractors in a very large way of business. Among their contracting ventures was the Hoosac tunnel which still ranks as a very respectable work.

The editors have written a long introduction and have also reproduced a memoir on the family written by one of them.

The whole makes a fascinating tale of movement from relatively small beginnings when they were young men dependent on their monthly salaries, through bigger jobs, until they ended as large contractors and as consulting engineers.

The only criticism which can be offered is that the editor might well have taken a much firmer hand with his materials. The correspondence which makes up the body of the book shows two men, honest, intelligent, and with a talent for taking hard decisions and for directing large works; but one can't help but be tantalised by the questions which are left unanswered. Letters are interesting to one who knows the background; but the background must be sketched in much more firmly than is done here.

JOHN L. McDUGALL

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

An Elusive Politician

EDWARD BLAKE, IRISH NATIONALIST. By Margaret Banks. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1937. Pp. ix + 370. \$5.50.

One naturally turns to this volume with a double purpose in mind: to discover the real nature of Blake's contribution to the

Irish Home Rule movement, and to receive more light on the central riddle of Canada's most elusive historical figure. Both purposes may be achieved, but the first more fully than the second. Since Blake's Irish career is the main theme of Miss Banks' study it is scarcely a valid criticism to say that she does not fully explain the colossal sense of failure and frustration that still broods over the name of Blake—that task still remains to be accomplished.

The volume is a model of precise use of original sources, careful attention to footnotes, chronology and bibliography. From June of 1892, when Blake received the invitation from the Irish parliamentary party to "accept an Irish seat" at Westminster, until his retirement in 1907, Miss Banks describes every move, great and small. We learn of Blake's relationships, month by month, to the incredibly jealous leaders of Irish nationalism—Dillon, Healy, Redmond, O'Brien and their lieutenants. We see clearly that Blake's contribution to the movement was very similar, in nature, to his rôle in Canadian Liberalism. We hear him in the Commons droning through an expert exposition of the Irish question, and find him afterward complimented for his mastery of the details yet criticized for the length of the statement. We see him behind the scenes helping to frame key resolutions, penning voluminous letters that explore every last nuance of personal relations, offering advice on Dillonite policy (which was usually accepted), explaining why he might have to resign (many times) because of unkind treatment, misunderstood positions, poor health or declining fortune. We are made fully aware of his significant contribution to the United Irish League, the extent of fund-raising activities in America and the unfeigned esteem in which he was held by all his colleagues. For the documentation of all this Miss Banks' book is important.

But what about the central question? Why did Blake "fail" in Canadian politics (and never attempt a comeback) and also miss the leadership of the Irish parliamentary movement? Miss Banks suggests that Blake's rôle in Ireland was played at a time when real success was impossible, just as his rôle in Canadian politics was played in a similar context. She suggests

further that his chronic poor health and diminishing personal fortune were reasons for holding back his natural claims to leadership. Actually, Blake seems to have enjoyed a remarkable physical resiliency, and certainly he managed to make plenty of money from the cases he argued before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council while he was an Irish member. Indeed, one has the feeling at several points in his Irish career that Blake was not nearly as reluctant to accept leadership as his frequent protestations of incapacity would indicate.

Miss Banks does not qualify Blake's formal reason for his original acceptance of the Irish call—that his Canadian career had ended with his refusal to accept the reciprocity plank and the Irish invitation opened a door to service in both the Irish and imperial fields. But is it not possible that Blake's need to be a leader (which surely explains many of his Canadian political difficulties) led him to hope that he might obliterate Canadian failure by Irish success? The present volume skirts this question and accepts at face value Blake's frequent protestations to the contrary. Perhaps this is right. But somehow it does not seem to be the whole truth.

Blake remains unsubstantial, if wordy—sensed but not really seen.

KENNETH MCNAUGHT

UNITED COLLEGE

Martime Vignettes

BLOMIDON ROSE. By Esther Clark Wright. Toronto: Ryerson Press. 1957. Pp. 206. \$4.00.

BLUENOSE GHOSTS. By Helen Creighton. Toronto: Ryerson Press. 1957. Pp. 280. \$4.00.

Nova Scotia has been aptly named "Canada's most storied province", for its features have furnished subject matter for a great number of books ever since Thomas Chandler Haliburton began his "Sam Slick" series. Dr. Wright is tremendously in love with Nova Scotia and, like those in love, sometimes becomes over-enthused in her

descriptions which attend more to detail than general impressions. She describes the area around Minas Basin as "one of great and varied beauty. It is full of phenomena—the tides, the dykes—the rivers—the red muds, the many types of rock, the fields, the orchards, the forests, the hills and valleys and the different kinds of shore." She has, as always, used excellent prose in her effort to present to outsiders the beauty and heart beat of a part of the province endowed with rich historical associations and a truly picturesque landscape.

Her book will have appeal for those in search of new lands to visit but is unlikely to catch the attention of the casual explorer of book counters who will be dulled by too much geographical detail before finding the real meat of the volume—homey and attractive tales about the apples and dykes and tides, grand stories in themselves, bits of atmosphere that should have been interspersed with the descriptive material. Some parts of Canada may have as much to offer by way of scenery, and there are others with a claim to historical distinction. Few, though, combine such a wealth of romantic history with outstanding scenic attractions and the phenomena of Fundy, and Dr. Wright, with her skill of pen, humor and love of countryside, has established that fact with the ardour of a devoted mother explaining a child.

Tales of ghosts provided a dominant form of entertainment in the maritime provinces before the advent of movies and radio. Oldsters of that area remember with mixed emotions the long evenings spent around the old Franklin stove as guest and grandfather recited accounts of sheeted figures parading "haunted grounds" during the dark of the moon. Youngsters of that day did not roam far afield at Hallowee'n or any other time of year once dusk had made familiar landscapes seem peculiar. Dr. Creighton has a rich field to explore when she delves for tales of the unusual, for those who live by the sea and have daily contacts with its moods and menace hold a firmer belief in the supernatural than inland dwellers. Thus Nova Scotia, with 4,625 miles of coastline, possesses a wealth of hair-raising accounts that have not lost colour or credence during the last generation. Visitors soon note that those who

dwell beside the sea cherish superstitions that, to quite an extent, govern their daily stint by dory and dip net.

The stories Dr. Creighton presents are not the particular possession of any one section of the province but may be found, with variations, in practically every county. The three ominous knocks on a door, so often regarded as a "forerunner," have been heard by many members of the present generation. It is only a few decades since those in rural districts believed in witches and stories were rampant of calves, bewitched through malice, walking up the sides of barns, of pigs and horses speaking with the voices of friends long buried. Less than thirty years ago an old man on Nova Scotia's South Shore was still selling "witch brooms", formed of thirteen varieties of wood growth and fastened with nine "witch knots". These were kept over the doors of homes to prevent any witch or her curse from entering.

Dr. Creighton is doing excellent work in preserving the material she has gathered over a period of twenty-eight years, and any who read her chapters with such headings as "Angels and Devils", and "Leave 'Em Lay", will experience a sudden desire to have company the remainder of the evening.

WILL R. BIRD

HALIFAX

Native Literature in Canada

THE FRONTIER AND CANADIAN LETTERS. By Wilfrid Eggleston. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1957. Pp. viii + 164. \$3.75.

Wilfrid Eggleston, Director of the Department of Journalism at Carleton University, over the years has contributed a number of talks on early Canadian writing to a lecture series of the extension programme. His discussion of Grove, for instance, is included in *The Living Tradition*, edited by Dr. Bissell and recently published by The University of Toronto Press. In the book under review, the circumstances of pioneer writing are re-examined. It is at once obvious that the author found the

research a fascinating study. His concern for the cause of literature communicates itself through his quick curiosity and lively sympathy. Perhaps the frankness of his appraisal can be attributed to his prairie upbringing. This is a candid chronicle, tempered by friendliness and humour.

Several aspects of the story of the slow emergence of a true native literature led him to study the parallels in the frontier extensions of other societies. Assuming that the same general forces were at work on all frontiers, whether American or Australian, he developed a theory to explain the long cultural lag in the colonies. He had also to consider the work of emigré authors and the pockets of culture in which the literary flame flared up and flickered out. This book is his study of the environment of pioneer settlements to demonstrate that literature is the flowering of a complex society rather than the sum of the contributions of isolated individuals.

The central theme is the examination of the conditions within the pioneer home and its immediate vicinity and the changes necessary in general frontier society before any considerable group of scholars and writers can emerge. First attempts at authorship and early publishing ventures are set against their proper background. Writers invariably owed much to college-trained parents who kept their books around them or to teachers who had studied abroad. The fate of magazines is read in circulation figures. Available markets and the personalities of editors shaped the nation's literary output and determined the careers of authors. Schools and textbooks, publishers and presses, farm magazines and public libraries contributed in increasing measure to form the favourable soils and climates that permit the current crop to be so considerable. This botanical figure, incidentally, serves the author remarkably well.

With the understanding, candour and sense of identification of a good small-town editor, the author pictures the life of frontier settlements. He reveals the harshness of necessity, the stultifying effects of hard labour, the bigotry bred of illiteracy, the progressively less favourable conditions for literature as each generation hacked its way farther into the hinterland. All this

is told so unemotionally that romantic notions about "the pioneers of this great country of ours" should no longer be possible. This is an historical sketch that interprets local traditions and provincial attitudes as no other survey of Canadian literature has managed to do. From a lifetime of reading, aided by a good memory and extensive files, Wilfrid Eggleston has illustrated his story with discrimination and wit. Few men know Canadian writing as intimately as he does; no man has fewer illusions.

Modestly the author maintains that his essay is "a reconnaissance rather than a scholarly assault on the theme." As he documents his thesis that schools, libraries, printing presses, book shops, a receptive society, publishers and critics are prerequisites of a worthy native literature, he repeats his plea for other investigations. In effect, he asks for examinations of our social and cultural history with its sets of values by discerning, literary minded anthropologists. In common with E. K. Brown and A. G. Bailey, he believes that such an approach will be more profitable than collected biographical sketches of authors. His essay, brief, informed, good-tempered and thought-provoking, carries Canadian literary criticism a firm stride forward.

FRED SWAYZE

TORONTO

Shakespeare's Tragedies: A New Design

ON THE DESIGN OF SHAKESPEARIAN TRAGEDY. By Harold S. Wilson. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1957. Pp. 256. \$5.00.

Some eight or nine years ago Professor A. S. P. Woodhouse of the University of Toronto, in an article on *The Faerie Queene*, dwelt upon the distinction which the Elizabethans themselves observed between the "order of nature", the world as governed by God-given natural law, and the "order of faith", in which God's providence and grace transcend this natural law. Now Professor H. S. Wilson, inspired

as he assures us by his colleague's article, has sought to apply these same categories in a full-length study of Shakespeare's tragedies. In setting forth the design which he consequently discovers, Professor Wilson works in a second system of classification: those plays which he places within each of the primary orders he views also in terms of Hegelian thesis and antithesis, while in his climactic sixth and seventh chapters he presents *Antony and Cleopatra* and *King Lear*, for him the greatest of the tragedies, in terms of a crowning synthesis between the two orders.

What we are offered, then, is a beautifully symmetrical design. Two by two the plays pair off. Within the "order of faith", for example, *Romeo and Juliet* joins up with *Hamlet* to present a thesis, while *Othello* and *Macbeth* jointly offer the antithesis. The question which arises, of course, is whether or not the tragedies of Shakespeare really fit into Professor Wilson's categories and sub-divisions. Can so protean and subtle a genius be so treated? Certainly if we take the plays in the probable order of their writing they do not admit of any such design. Of this objection Wilson is aware, but he protests, quite rightly, that Shakespeare was not bound to a methodical progression, play by play, in the realization of his design. Liberated from the chronology of the canon, Wilson is able to group the plays in any manner he likes, and he avails himself freely of this privilege. Here it must be noted that what gives the book much of its interest is the unusual juxtapositions which result. It is stimulating to be invited to view in terms of their similarities two plays so far apart in the time of their writing as *Julius Caesar* and *Coriolanus*, and what Wilson has to say of the character parallels between Brutus and Coriolanus is well worth the saying.

It is when we come to the categories themselves and the placing of individual tragedies within these categories that our misgivings begin. Take this "order of faith". We are informed that use of this term "signifies that in all four plays of this group a Christian conception of the significance of human actions in this world is an ordering principle of the drama." We then learn that, since such Christian con-

ceptions find expression within *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *Othello* and *Macbeth*, all these plays fall within this category. But what happens, at this point, is that our critic, seeking his design, falls into the oldest trap in Shakespeare studies—picking out on a highly selective basis particular speeches by particular characters and interpreting them not as the views proper to those who utter them, but as representing the viewpoint of the author in writing his play. Thus it matters not at all that Shakespeare in a prologue informs us that *Romeo and Juliet* is a tale of "star-crossed lovers", hardly a Christian theme. Since the Friar observes, as a friar must, that "a greater power than we can contradict / Hath thwarted our intents" (actually, a somewhat ambiguous declaration if we think it over), and the prince, supporting the orthodox religious view of his society as princes are apt to do, assures the parents "Heaven finds means to kill your joys", Wilson concludes that "the directing and shaping power of Providence is central and paramount" in this play. So let's have no more nonsense about "star-crossed lovers"!

Coming to the second order, the "order of nature", we find that this comprises those plays in which characters do not express Christian sentiments. We also find that the plays so classified by Wilson all deal with ancient Greece or Rome and that consequently any such speeches here might be curiously anachronistic. But at this point our author comes up with an ingenious retort and one which merits some thought—these plays are not unchristian since they are ancient Greek or Roman in their subject matter, but ancient Greek or Roman in subject since Shakespeare did not want to have Christian implications in these tragedies:

... among the reasons that led Shakespeare to choose these particular themes for treatment was the fact that he could treat them as tragedy without overt reference to a Christian scheme of things. The idea is a novel one, and it offers a new way of looking at these plays.

It is in the chapters in which he deals with *Antony and Cleopatra* that Wilson particularly invites challenge. Now, a view of this play which no critic can afford to ignore is that which sees Antony as a

great man betrayed by middle-aged sensuality into what both he and Enobarbus call "dotage", dotage moreover upon a wanton so that, as still another character observes, he becomes "a strumpet's fool". True that strumpet is Cleopatra, a genius of her kind, "age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety"—and she is Queen of Egypt besides. But neither of these facts can obscure the other truth about her. When disaster strikes she behaves according to her kind, being dominated by thoughts of her own preservation. She is ready to betray Antony, she sends him a report that she is dead, and she persists in seeking to negotiate with Octavius. In Granville-Barker's view, she becomes "a trapped animal . . . cringing and whining and cajoling lest this one chink of escape be stopped". She abandons her attempt to make a deal with Octavius only when she realizes that he "words" her and is set on using her as part of the spectacle during his triumphant entry into Rome. Then, and only then, comes the superb conclusion with Cleopatra dying at the last like a queen, with a realization of the greatness of love and Antony. But for neither of them has it been a case of "the world well lost". Such, in barest outline, is an interpretation of the play that has become so widely accepted among Shakespeareans that it is hard to see how anybody today can write at length on the play without either refuting it or taking it into account. But Wilson does neither. In fact, he declares "we need not raise the question whether Cleopatra has indeed betrayed Antony to Octavius". Aided by his refusal to raise this and a host of allied questions, Wilson finds himself able to proceed to a view of the play which has been pretty generally called into question by the adversaries whom he ignores: that for Antony and Cleopatra the world is well lost for love.

... this spectacle is inspiring, uplifting, an affirmation, at the same time, of human dignity, of the dignity of the love of man and woman. It is not too much, perhaps, to say that the play contains the greatest affirmation of this value in the world's literature.

This debateable view of the play does not represent the final reach of our writer's interpretation. Assuring us that the "exal-

tation of human love as a value is of course a Christian conception", Wilson concludes that consequently *Antony and Cleopatra* is "ultimately and distinctively Christian in the ethical attitude reflected". Having reached this unusual interpretation of *Antony and Cleopatra*, and adopted the Bradley view that spiritual regeneration occurs within *King Lear* (the theme of parental love within it being the "purest conclusion and sees these two plays as the form of human devotion, on the secular level, that we know"), Wilson reaches his culmination of Shakespearean tragedy:

They achieve a harmony or synthesis, a transformation and refinement, of natural human ethics through the triumphant emergence of a supremely Christian value, the value of the new law of human love which takes precedence of the old law of justice.

A few concluding observations may be made about this book. It is one in which illuminating comments are to be found from time to time. It is also one in which there is an occasional tendency to pontificate. Those who, in the phrase which the late Dr. Sedgewick so liked to use, "do their own thinking" are more likely to be irritated than enlightened when they find the author in his discussion of *Julius Caesar* and *Coriolanus* dogmatizing:

The operation of moral law in these two plays may be likened to the second law of thermodynamics: if anything leads you to question it—taking Sir Arthur Eddington's word for it—you must be wrong, you have missed the point.

Two appendices complete the book. One takes W. E. Farnham to task for the extent to which he uses the Aristotelian tragic flaw as a key to Shakespearean tragedy; the other maintains that "the increasing tact with which Shakespeare suits his dramatic method to his material" is a consequence of the doctrine of literary "decorum" to which he was probably exposed at the Stratford Grammar School.

G. P. V. AKRIGG

UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

German Poet and Novelists

RAINER MARIA RILKE. CREATIVE ANGUISH OF A MODERN POET. By W. L. Graff. Princeton: Princeton University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders and Company Limited. 1956. Pp. x + 353. \$6.00.

In writing this book the emeritus Professor of Germanic Languages at McGill University has had a hard furrow to plough. He has chosen to devote more than half of his text to the poet's early development, when he was far from being vouchsafed plenary inspiration, and when his ruling pursuit was to prove to his family that he was a great poet and when he published as much as he possibly could. According to the famous word of Joubert, the great writer has a natural facility and an acquired difficulty. Apart from that prodigious facility there are few signs of promise in Rilke's early works. Most of the anecdotes about Rilke tend to hide him instead of revealing him. They show a helpless and ineffectual dreamer with an effeminate streak. The real Rilke was not at all like that. If we disregard his frequent complaints and view his life as a whole, he never gives us a sense of indirection. This life is the story of an education, the education of the great European poet. He never studied for a degree, refused to take employment, would not even work as a journalist, and left his wife and child. It was an education without drudgery and boredom, eclectic and peripatetic. It involved prolonged travels all over the continent, friendship with some of the greatest and many of the lesser artists and writers of our time.

The impecunious young man was taken up by rich people who took an interest in literature. We find him spending long stretches of time as guest in their houses and castles all over Europe. Much financial help was extended to him by such patrons. If anywhere at all, he compromised here in the field of social relationships. His snobbish interest in the aristocracy, a trait which he shares with Proust, is an essential feature of his mental make-up. He could be ridiculous. One should have liked to see Professor Graff show more detach-

ment and laugh at some of the poet's antics. But he sticks to the tone of high seriousness in Rilke's utterance and there is no relief in his psychological disquisitions which contain some forbidding jargon. (e.g. p. 91: "His own congenital dependence on protracted parturition made him partial to Botticelli . . ."). In spite of some felicitous expressions and some adroit formulations the weakness of this book lies in its style. For one reader at least the author still seems to lean towards the hagiographers, and in his psychological treatment to show more respect to "authorities" than is warranted. The stressing of the first half of Rilke's life entails an exaggeration of the Russian influence on the poet. The French component is infinitely more important. From 1902 until his death in 1926, Rilke moves, with the exception of the war years, very much in the congenial atmosphere of French culture. He never returned to Russia after his two trips in 1899 and 1900.

As is only to be expected, the author displays an enviable knowledge of the Rilke literature and its intricacies. The structural problem of uniting what is to a considerable extent a number of studies on the poet into a single book by insertion of articulating biographical passages has been successfully solved. This first Canadian book on one of the greatest German poets of our time is a very creditable performance.

CHARLES A. BENTLEY

ACADIA UNIVERSITY

THE GERMAN NOVEL. STUDIES. By Roy Pascal. Manchester University Press. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1956. Pp. ix + 344. \$4.50.

KAFKA'S CASTLE. By Ronald Gray. Cambridge: University Press. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada. 1956. Pp. viii + 147. \$2.75.

"As an artistic form," Professor Pascal tells us in the final chapter of his book, "the novel . . . is involved directly with the world of social experience and practical reality; as Henry James said: 'It is on

manners, customs, usages, habits, forms . . . that a novelist lives — they are the very stuff his work is made of.' Or, in Hazlitt's words, the scope of the novel is 'the very web and texture of society as it really exists.' Whatever the philosophical intention of the novelist, his art demands that he portrays the lineaments of "prosaic reality'."

The two authorities Pascal quotes are an Englishman and an Anglicized American. Their statements aptly characterize the English tradition in fiction, and, as it happens, hold of the French tradition as well; but they are not universal criteria. "While no other national literature can show novels comparable with the German in illuminating the moral and spiritual development of man from subjective preoccupations to the affirmation of objective activity," Pascal himself points out, "German literature is extraordinarily poor in novels which present the main theme of the nineteenth-century European novel, the problems of actual social life." Surprisingly enough, however, Pascal concludes from this not merely that the German novelistic tradition is different, but that Germany "has been notoriously less successful in the sphere of the novel than France, England or Russia," and indeed that there is something "provincial" and "philistine" about the German novel. To be sure, an Englishman brought up on English fiction is likely to find the German novel deficient in some of the specific virtues he has learnt to expect from this genre; but quite similarly, a German reader will not find in the English novel the kind of 'inwardness' and metaphysical probing to which he is accustomed; and the former is as little justified in concluding that the German novel is provincial as the latter would be in asserting that the English novel is superficial.

However, Pascal himself admits that he has "put [his] criticisms too sharply"; as his study is addressed primarily to readers brought up on English rather than German fiction, it is important to warn them what they should *not* expect to find in most German novels; and, if Pascal here somewhat overshoots his mark, he makes up for it by a brilliant exposition of the positive side of his subject, to which he devotes by far the larger part of his book. For rea-

sons of presentation, the book is divided into two parts. Its first half provides an analysis of four great "novels of education"—Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, Keller's *Der grüne Heinrich*, Stifter's *Nachsommer* and Thomas Mann's *Zauberberg*, the usual examples of a type of novel which constitutes Germany's most original contribution to this genre—while the second half contains studies of Gotthelf, Raabe, Fontane, Kafka and Thomas Mann. This selection inevitably reflects the author's own predilections, but he has made it clear that he is offering a collection of studies rather than a history of the German novel; and by restricting himself to novelists he likes, he has been able to devote to every author discussed not only scholarship of great breadth and depth, but the kind of insight that springs from genuine sympathy. The general reader, to whom this book is primarily addressed, will find in it precisely the kind of help he needs in a first approach to the German novel. That Pascal has also been able to say much that will be of interest to the specialist without ever becoming obscure or technical or introducing 'asides for the initiated', is a high tribute to his power of organisation.

In his chapter on Kafka, Pascal makes some of the most helpful remarks that the present reviewer has come across in the literature on the subject, but refrains from providing a systematic interpretation of any of this controversial author's novels. Ronald Gray goes so far as to suggest that "any further attempt at interpretation can . . . do only damage to Kafka's reputation" and, in an excellent introductory discussion of the methods of criticism, he insists on the need for caution in dealing with Kafka. But in spite of his protestations to the contrary, he himself offers an interpretation. In his opinion, *The Castle* is "a novel about a man's entry into a state of grace," and "the castle in this novel is the 'seat of grace'." Unfortunately, his method of supporting this claim illustrates some of the faults which he lays at the door of his predecessors: it presses the text beyond the boundaries of good sense, and is occasionally dependent on mistranslation.

In Chapter II of *The Castle*, K., the hero of the novel, is told that he is ignorant in

matters concerning the village which is the scene of action. K. replies:

Freilich, unwissend bin ich, die Wahrheit bleibt jedenfalls bestehen, und das ist sehr traurig für mich . . .

(It is true, I am ignorant, this truth at any rate is certain, and this is very sad for me . . .)

Mr. Gray renders this passage as:

It's true, I am ignorant, but at any rate truth exists, and that's a very sad thing for me.

This rendering fails to make sense; for why should it be sad for K. that "truth exists"? But Mr. Gray derives from it the conclusion, not only that "the one certainty K. has is that truth exists," but that "for K., the castle is . . . the only place he knows of where the truth might be ascertained."

Again, in Chapter I of *The Castle*, K. steps from the street into a dark, smoke-filled room; it is the living-room of a family whose voices K. can hear, but whom, unadjusted to the half-light as he is, he cannot see. K. now tries to justify himself to those people, on whose privacy, as he knows, he has intruded, but whom he cannot as yet see:

"[K.] suchte sich so vor den noch immer Unsichtbaren zu verantworten."

Gray translates this as "[K.] sought thus to justify himself before the still invisible ones," and asks:

Why should these villagers be described as 'invisible ones', instead of by the more normal phrase, 'these invisible people'? A vague sense of mystery is conjured up by these words.

The answer to Gray's question is that German is fond of adjectival nouns, and that the normal phrase in this context is, in fact, "die Unsichtbaren." A sense of mystery is indeed conjured up in many scenes of Kafka's novel; but in this particular instance, it is merely due to the English translation. But Mr. Gray occasionally reads too much between the lines also where there is no linguistic difficulty. A single example must suffice. "K." he quotes, "... at least at the very outset, . . . was fighting by his own will [aus eigenem Willen], for he was the attacker." The meaning seems plain enough: at the outset, K., being the attacker, fights because he

wants to; subsequently, perhaps, he will have to fight wilfully, being attacked. But according to Gray,

The narrator overlooks the scene and suggests that, as he is aware, there came a time, not yet reached in the narrative, when K. was assisted in his fight by some will other than his own!

As his book on *Goethe the Alchemist* shows, Gray is a scholar of no mean stature. How can we account for the bias that seems to be at work in his interpretation of Kafka's *Castle*? In the introductory pages of his book, Gray describes the procedure of a critic who has "read . . . some of a commonly accepted form of belief into Kafka's work:"

One observes certain parallels between some features of the narrative and a quite distinct, though possibly related system of beliefs, or exposition of doctrine, or an entirely personal experience of one's own. This is often useful and serves to illuminate the passage in a quite fresh way. Then comes the temptation to extend the parallelism so as to bring further aspects from each side of the equation into relationship. . . . But there is always the feeling, accompanying the effort, that one is erecting a scaffolding round the meaning of the work itself, and later on comes the realization that the parallels have served subtly to distract one's attention from the text in hand.

This is what seems to have happened to Mr. Gray himself. To see in *The Castle* a novel about a man's entry into a state of grace is to see it in a light which distorts its outlines.

In order to show this process of distortion at work, I had to dwell exclusively on the demerits of Mr. Gray's book; it should now be said that in spite of its unwarranted conclusion, there is much in it that is suggestive, helpful and penetrating. It is written with a persuasive brilliance and an easy grace that is rare among essays of interpretation. If it is read with due caution, it will provide a valuable stimulus to Kafka studies.

HANS EICHNER

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Essayist and Satirist in France

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MONTAIGNE. Translated by Donald M. Frame. Stanford: Stanford University Press. 1957. Pp. 1094. \$12.50.

Michel Eyquem de Montaigne wrote only one work, his *Essays*, which he began at the age of 39 and to which he devoted twenty years of his life. His *Travel Journal* never got beyond a rough draft, and his correspondence, although it helps us understand the main project, was neither an extension nor an integral part of those essays which were the achievement of a lifetime and which have proved a source of literary delight to readers for nearly four centuries.

Montaigne's essays are a commentary upon man as well as upon the man himself. In the solitude of his castle tower, where his library was located and where he could work free from the interruptions of ordinary life, cut off from wife, children and friends, Montaigne was able to devote his time to reading the ancients, Seneca, Plutarch, and scores of others, and from them to cull his observations upon mankind. When he travelled his eye was ever searching men, places, and things, and not least, himself. This self-centred esoteric investigation has given us the portrait of a man who belongs to all ages. For Montaigne's self-portrait is of interest to all classes of human beings. In it psychologists and moralists find the motives underlying man's behaviour; physicians discover a true understanding of the problems of pain, suffering and death; lawyers admire the author's penetrating judgment; historians are interested by the breadth of his analysis of great civilizations; linguists enjoy his archaic forms; soldiers learn the principles of war and politicians, the precepts of their difficult art. In fact there are none who may not derive some profit from reading these revealing comments upon friendship, happiness, moderation, solitude, glory, and virtue.

In its fundamental characteristics, the human soul is altered by no political frontiers; in essence it is the same under all skies. It is this which probably accounts

for the fact that no sooner was the final edition of the *Essays* published in France in 1695, than translations began to appear in other tongues.

The first English edition was prepared by John Florio in 1603. More than any other people the English found pleasure in Montaigne's work. Perhaps they had cause to recognize themselves in that layman's breviary. Montaigne, with the exception of his travels, spent his whole life in Bordeaux, a French city where British influence has been and still is considerable. It is an odd fact that in the high society of Bordeaux, well-to-do people still speak French with an English accent probably derived from the days when Edward III claimed the French throne and the Black Prince marched his armies over the province of Guyenne. There is, however, probably a more profound explanation for the fondness which English people have always displayed for Montaigne. Certainly that author is much closer to their hearts and minds than are so many other French writers such as Corneille, Racine or La Fontaine. He is a precursor of Voltaire. Perhaps it is the Protestant in Montaigne; for although he was himself a Catholic, his mother had been a Protestant, and so too were one of his brothers and two of his sisters. Perhaps it is the emphasis which he laid in his writings upon the importance of the individual conscience, the starting point of free thought. Montaigne held in esteem that kind of practical charity mixed with respect and sincerity towards others, which is called "Fair Play" and which has so long been a characteristic feature of the Englishman. Even the general title of *Essays* was more readily accepted and more commonly used in England than in the author's native France. Furthermore, that popular realism, that search after the fact, that conservative attitude so apparent in Montaigne, elicited a more enthusiastic response from the factually-minded English than did the psychological crises of the French classical drama. For that reason one need not be surprised to discern a distinct influence on the part of Montaigne's *Essays* upon several of Shakespeare's plays, including *The Tempest*, *Othello*, *Coriolanus*, and most of all, *Hamlet*. Of Lord Byron

it is said that he preferred Montaigne over all the early French writers.

When we realize the extent to which Montaigne's work influenced English playwrights, moralists, poets and prose writers from the time of Francis Bacon, it is easy to understand the ready acceptance of Montaigne in the United States. One might, in fact, suggest that he travelled to the United States along with the Pilgrim Fathers in the *Mayflower*. Americans thoroughly relished Montaigne's freedom of thought. It expressed in words what they themselves felt. Franklin knew by heart many passages of the *Essays*. Emerson placed Montaigne among his *Representative Men*.

In any event, Montaigne seems always to have enjoyed considerable popularity in American academic circles. One need only refer to the various editions of his work which have appeared in the United States under the editorship of people like G. B. Ives, Grace Morton, Marvin Lowenthal, and last, but not least in this distinguished company, Donald M. Frame. Dr. Frame is one of the best contemporary scholars of Montaigne. His new translation of Montaigne's complete works is a literary contribution of the first rank. That would be true were it only for the fact that Dr. Frame's is the first English translation to include the lesser known *Travel Journal* and *Correspondence* in addition to the more familiar *Essays*. But Dr. Frame has done more. He has performed his task—and it is a task to appall a lesser man—in a most conscientious manner. He has devoted over fifteen years to the translation of these immortal pages, nearly as many as the author himself spent in writing them. He has used the most up to date French edition, that prepared by Thibaudet in *La Pléiade* collection. His knowledge of the French language, of the author, and of mankind in general, has made it possible for him to understand and give meaning to those difficult passages which earlier translators have either distorted or evaded. The unstudied character of his English text imitates so closely, here the relaxed confidence, there the tense brevity of Montaigne, that it is almost as great a pleasure to read the translation as to read the original text. It is a rare and a pleasurable exper-

ience to pick up a translation and find in it so much of the author and so little of the translator. Under Dr. Frame's English version we easily recognize Montaigne himself, that "man marvelously vain, diverse and undulating".

LEOPOLD LAMONTAGNE

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA

DOCTOR RABELAIS. By D. B. Wyndham Lewis. London and New York: Sheed and Ward. (Palm Publishers). 1957. Pp. xii + 274. \$4.50.

This is a type of biography with a wide appeal which comes somewhere in between the learned monograph and the *vie romancée*. Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis has already given us a Villon and a Ronsard (to keep only to his French subjects), and now he gives us a Rabelais which, although based on the latest research is more valuable as the assessment of Rabelais as a man seen through his own writings, quoted in the rollicking translation of Urquhart and Motteux, and against the background of the sixteenth century. It is called *Doctor Rabelais*, and indeed Rabelais held the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the University of Montpellier. However, before we see Rabelais as a surgeon, we meet him first as Father Rabelais, then as Dom Rabelais. Mr. Lewis goes far in making the reader understand Rabelais' career within the Church, an astonishing career, too, for one who, to quote Mr. Lewis "is in fact, in his prevailing mood, a typical Victorian liberal agnostic born before his time, believing in the self-sufficient perfectibility of man, natural progress, and natural virtue." It must be admitted that this is not everybody's Rabelais.

When he refers to academic writers as 'the learned' Mr. Lewis is perhaps a little waspish and he is himself at some pains to reduce the learned aspect of his book to the minimum by giving in the bibliography only those books which have not been mentioned in the body of the book or in foot-notes. We are given a good reproduction of a Rabelais portrait and an excellent photograph of the manor-house

of La Devinière; but why reproduce Braun's map of Paris, 1530, (which has also served in Mr. Lewis' *Ronsard*) in a book on Rabelais whose life centred around Lyons, then the intellectual centre of France?

Doctor Rabelais is a book to be enjoyed—I liked especially the précis of Pantagruel's journey in the form of the log of the Thalamege—and Mr. Lewis brings his subject down to earth where he belongs. To quote Mr. Lewis again: "the Doctor is no very dependable pilot through Renaissance reefs and sand-banks. But one would rather be run aground by him, still laughing, than be brought to strange ports by some of his soberer contemporaries." If Rabelais had lived to-day he would doubtless have drifted from medicine into journalism and would have written a humorous column on the day's events, he who was always so taken with *Factualité*. This is perhaps why Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis is so much in sympathy with his subject.

W. H. EVANS

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Astronomical Observation

THE COPERNICAN REVOLUTION. By Thomas S. Kuhn. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1957. Pp. xviii + 297. \$7.25.

James B. Conant, who writes the Foreword, and Thomas S. Kuhn of Berkeley, California, the author of this book, are deeply concerned that "the curious interplay of hypothesis and experiment (or astronomical observation) which is the essence of modern science" is largely unknown to the nonscientist. For "science is but one phase of the creative activities of the Western World which have given us art, literature, and music." Dr. Kuhn discusses the revolution in thought initiated by Copernicus in the manner which he believes to be needed if the scientific tradition is to take its place beside the literary tradition in our culture.

The Copernican revolution was of three-fold significance. Astronomy had to cut the binding cords which for seventeen centuries

had enmeshed it with the Aristotelian postulates and theories. Cosmology had to take full cognizance of the newly developing physics of the 150 years following Copernicus's death. All thinking men had to disentangle their Christian beliefs and theological doctrines, their natural philosophy and their cosmological speculations from the traditional, the hypothetical unit "ancient wisdom".

The early chapters deal with the task of the Greek observers who sought to explain the apparent motions of the sun, the moon, and the five visible planets about a central or near-central earth, against the background of the steadily moving sphere of the stars, complicated in the later years of their era by the discovery of the precession of the equinoxes.

Hellenic science is distinguished from Hellenistic science. The former was philosophical and only partially successful; Aristotle, "the Master of those who know", was its greatest proponent. The latter was geometric, to some extent quantitative, exceedingly complicated, very beautiful, and much less unsuccessful; Ptolemy of Alexandria was its effective expositor.

In the thoughts of the early Christian Fathers these two lines of approach to cosmology were telescoped, though 500 years separated Aristotle and Ptolemy. The efforts of Augustine and Aquinas to square their readings of Aristotle with certain passages of the Scriptures are discussed in some detail. The influence of Dante is stressed in widely diffusing, far beyond the ranks of scholars, the Aristotelian universe both as the actual cosmological picture and as the symbol of man's life and future destiny.

The ideas of Nicole Oresme are given to illustrate how scholastic critics of Aristotle began to prepare men's mind for the drastic change which Copernicus's innovation was to bring about.

Fifty pages are devoted to *De Revolutionibus* and the next forty to the assimilation of Copernican astronomy in the years following 1543. To readers outside the ranks of astronomers, the book was somewhat unreadable, but the practising astronomers soon found many of Copernicus's mathematical techniques indispensable and thus

its importance was recognized before large-scale clerical opposition came to a head.

Copernicus's prestige soared steadily in astronomical centres throughout Europe as the superiority of tables prepared by Erasmus Reinhold (1551), by using Copernican methods, became evident. Whether or not to assert belief in his cosmological postulates was another matter. John Donne felt that the new scientific theory would win out, but he and, fifty years later, John Milton were filled with apprehension for the future since "the Christian drama and the morality that had been made dependent upon it could not be adapted to a universe in which the earth was a planet and new worlds could continually be discovered." The bitter Protestant opposition to Copernicanism is attributed to the desire of Luther and Calvin to return to a pristine Christianity based on the Bible as the single source of Christian knowledge.

From 1616 to the incredibly recent date of 1882 the Roman Catholic church made anti-Copernicanism a doctrinal issue, and in the earlier part of this period the grim weight of the Inquisition was directed against the Copernicans.

In spite of clerical opposition and lay timidity and conservatism of thought, the Copernican revolution moved on to its inevitable fulfilment through many stages of restatement. Chapters 6 and 7 outline the part played by Tycho Brahe, Kepler and Galileo and the contributions of René Descartes, Newton, and Robert Hooke. There follows a survey of the present scene with passing reference to Bohr, Planck and Einstein and to the fact that this century is witnessing a further revolution in cosmological thought.

The moral of the book is this: no scientific theory should be permitted to become a creed!

This book is well printed, contains two useful lists of reference books and a short technical appendix. It deserves to be read; whether it will achieve its author's worthy aim must be left to each reader to decide.

A. VIBERT DOUGLAS

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

The Churchill Family

THE EARLY CHURCHILLS: AN ENGLISH FAMILY. By A. L. Rowse. London: MacMillan and Company Ltd; Toronto: The MacMillan Company of Canada Ltd. 1956. PP. 420. \$7.00.

In *The Early Churchills*, A. L. Rowse has produced a book attractive to both academic historian and general public alike. From its controversial origins the fortunes of the family are traced through the first Sir Winston, a Cavalier Colonel, to the death of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Whether the family sprang from a West Country blacksmith's forge or the donjon of a Norman Castle, it matters very little. The second Sir Winston's early forebears on their own account provide material enough for any reader without excursions into the realm of conjecture.

Dr. Rowse's documentation is detailed and accurate. He quotes widely from different sources, blending together the whole in a living picture of the Churchills as individuals rather than the empty names of an indifferent history text-book. It is here that his gift as a poet emerges. Who but a poet at heart could make a catalogue of marriages and family connections so live and vivid? Distantly connected with the Cecils, the first Sir Winston married into the Drakes of Ashe. This brought Villiers blood into the family. "Something in that errant, vivacious, brilliant blood, with its wonderful looks, passed an electric current into the stocks with which it mingled. Nothing in the Churchills so far, earthy and commonplace, could have foretold their astonishing future — nothing until that marriage."

The most original part of the work deals with the first Sir Winston. It is unfortunate that this section is of little historical interest. That loyal, but minor, official of the Restoration court received little recognition for his service to the Crown. His experiences seem to have left their mark on his son John, the first Duke of Marlborough, for as the story develops we see a mask of charm and reticence covering steely ambition and a determination to avoid poverty.

It is fortunate that Dr. Rowse concentrates on the domestic side of the Duke's

life rather than his military career. The detailed account of his relationship with Sarah Jennings, his wife, shows that even so cool and unscrupulous a soldier could be utterly captivated by a passionate and hot-tempered woman. Sarah, that incorrigible and formidable favourite of Queen Anne, nearly ruined her husband's career. This seems to have mattered very little to the Duke for he appears to have done virtually nothing to check her.

It is clear that Dr. Rowse is fascinated by the family which he seeks to recreate. Despite this, while unleashing his vivid imagination, he has approached his task with the disciplined mind of a scholar. The vast array of material contains little that is superfluous to his story, yet his heroes and the events recorded come alive. Those who have read and enjoyed this first volume will eagerly await its sequel.

KINGSTON

JANET YOUNG

A Writer Recants

THE NAKED GOD. By Howard Fast. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. Toronto: Burns and MacEachern. 1957. Pp. 197. \$4.75.

It has taken Howard Fast thirteen years to learn what everybody else has found out long ago: that there is no intellectual freedom for the writer who becomes a member of the Communist Party. The present book is an account of how he discovered the obvious. One wonders who could conceivably be interested in such a discovery. His former comrades who are still in the Party will ignore his story as the lies of a cowardly traitor, while anyone else who has ever known a Communist leader or two will find nothing new in Mr. Fast's account of Party commissars who combine lust for power with enjoyment of intellectual self-mutilation. A strong impulse toward public repentance must have called forth the book; he says himself that he is writing "with anger and shame and hatred".

The slowness of Mr. Fast's withdrawal from the Party is matched only by the lateness of his going into it. During the 1930's when Marxist intellectuals came a dime

a dozen, he was only on the fringe of fellow-travelling organizations, and in 1939 he broke in anger with Communist friends because of the Hitler-Stalin pact. Yet only four years later he joined the Communist Party because he believed that Communists were the truest and most consistent fighters against Fascism. He stayed for thirteen years in spite of being constantly on the carpet before the culture commissars. He was insulted as a writer; he was told to modify his books in conformity to Party clichés; and he was twelve times threatened with expulsion. A nagging but suppressed awareness that he had consented to the degradation of his own soul came fully into consciousness with the horrifying revelations of Khrushchev's "secret report" to the Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

Mr. Fast's most engaging quality in this book is that he neither vilifies his former associates nor spits at the political idealism which led him into the Party. He speaks of the honesty and kindness of many rank-and-file members of the Party and he remains a socialist. Still he has learned the truth of Rosa Luxemburg's dictum: "Freedom is always freedom for the man who thinks differently."

CARLYLE KING
UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

The Christian Witness

THE RESPONSIBLE CHRISTIAN. By Victor Obenhaus. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1957. Pp. xi + 219 pp. \$4.00.

Many would disagree with Emil Brunner when he declares that no man "rightly knows" responsibility "unless he holds the Christian Faith", but few would question the contention of Obenhaus that the Christian, if he is to manifest "genuine religious vitality", cannot escape "engagement with moral and ethical issues", and is summoned to live responsibly in relation to his fellow men". No true Christian

can divorce himself from the needs of man and society and discourse abstractly on Christian doctrine or Christian principles. Likewise "a church content merely to extol principles has in a considerable measure abdicated and defaulted."

This is the thesis which Dr. Obenhaus seeks to defend in a book packed with sound information and penetrating in its analysis of the social and economic problems of our age. One is impressed as our author discusses with such evident critical understanding the challenging facts that emerge from an examination of our economic life, labour and industrial relations, agricultural policy, racial tension, communism, public and private welfare, health, Church and state, civil rights, all seen, as he insists they can only properly be seen, in their "spiritual dimensions", that is to say, within the content of the Christian Faith and within the range of the Christian's vocation.

The issues are not minimised, nor is there a facile assumption that the answers are on tap. Dr. Obenhaus clearly recognizes the complexity of the areas of life which come under his scrutiny. He is convinced that the responsible Christian must be informed accurately and fully about them so that he may know what is implied, how intricate and far reaching the questions involved are, and in what spirit they may be approached. He illustrates this conviction very well himself for he has followed carefully all modern movements towards social betterment, both lay and clerical, and is well qualified to view his subjects in the light of what has been thought and said upon it, particularly within the past fifty years. His work is in some respect a work of reference in that he traces trends of thinking, often gives potent illustrations from history, and generally provides the orientation necessary to any adequate understanding of the matters under discussion. He rightly observes, what few would dispute, that the crucial problem today is the achieving of community. To this the Christian must dedicate himself, as also must the Church, not because the atomic age is forcing us into this way of thinking, but rather because this way of thinking is intrinsic to

the Hebrew Christian interpretation of life, which recognizes "the religious foundations of society as a whole", and demands that all life be brought under the integrating power of God's sovereign will and purpose.

Though the solutions offered to the problems discussed here are not always as clear as the need for them, nevertheless Dr. Obenhaus is aware that the ultimate down-to-earth question for the Christians who is urged to be responsible is, "What can I do?" The answer is that though the Christian cannot know with certainty "which solution is absolutely right, which plan most surely accords with God's will", he must be committed to "God's sovereignty in human life and history", and be prepared to submit his decisions both to the best insights of his faith "and the practical judgment of other sincere and informed men". When this is done, "there is reasonable assurance that God's purposes are furthered". This responsible attitude to the furtherance of God's purpose in human relationships points to the highest possible view of Christian vocation and the place that the laity must take in this highest of all ventures, for this "is the point where the Church makes its main contact with the world". For this reason this book is highly recommended to laymen who are genuinely searching for guidance in the matter of Christian witness.

ELIAS ANDREWS

QUEEN'S THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE

Roman Historian

A HISTORICAL COMMENTARY ON POLYBIUS, VOL. 1. By F. W. Walbank. The Oxford University Press. 1957. Pp. xxvii + 776. \$12.75.

In this, the first comprehensive commentary on Polybius to be published in any language for over a century and a half, Walbank has set himself a formidable task. A great deal has been written about Polybius, and even Walbank's fifteen page bibliography is not exhaustive. The editor of Polybius has to cover a wide range of

knowledge of Greek and Roman military tactics, constitutional history in theory and practice, philosophy, antiquities, textual criticism, epigraphy and numismatics.

This commentary is designed not for the philologist, but for the reader who is concerned primarily with the historical and historiographical problems raised by Polybius. This not to imply that Walbank is uninterested in philology, or the interpretation of disputed passages. Indeed, one of the valuable features of the book in his correction of the mistranslations in Paton's edition in the "Loeb Series", and of Strachan-Davidson's earlier version. Nevertheless, Walbank's main interest lies in his author's description of the rise of Rome to world empire, an interest that will be shared by most readers.

The introduction contains a brief but adequate account of the author's life and travels, his attitude to history, Tyche, his sources and his chronology. But the real substance of the work, of course, is to be found in the commentary. In a review of this scope, detailed discussion is impossible. Let it suffice to say that the commentary is sound and well-balanced, and provides an admirable guide for anyone who wishes to find his way through the maze of theories and hypotheses that have been provoked by Polybius' history. Walbank is at his best in his commentary on the Sixth Book which contains the discussion of the mixed constitution, Anacyclosis, the Roman constitution and its antiquities. His selection of secondary sources is judicious, useful to the specialist, without confusing the reader who has a more general interest in historiography. The specialist will welcome the bibliographies of new material that has appeared since publication of the relevant volumes of the *Cambridge Ancient History* on vexed questions such as the treaties between Rome and Carthage (in Book III) or the campaign at Cannae. The general reader will be grateful for Walbank's summaries of the literature on such topics.

Every student of ancient history will doubtless find material for criticism in the work. The reviewer, for instance, would like to have seen a more extended discussion of Tyche which has recently been

specialized studies in many languages. To mention but a few, he must have expert dealt with by von Fritz in a work which Walbank cites in his bibliography, but does not mention in the text. But even in a voluminous work such as this, the editor had to make a rigid selection of his material. Rather than be criticized for his omissions, he should be congratulated on the amount of valuable material he has

been able to include in this authoritative work.

This book is handsomely produced. It contains, in addition to the introduction and the bibliography, four indexes and thirteen maps. Scholars will await eagerly the second and final volume of the work.

S. E. SMETHURST

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Potpourri

Literary Squirrels

Humans, like squirrels, enjoy collecting things. Some concentrate on stamps, coins, or matchbox covers. Others prefer to amass the treasures of mind and pen, publishing them as anthologies, collected works, encyclopedias, or just plain reprints.

One of the most unusual, recent specimens of such collections is Daniel George's *A Book of Anecdotes* (Hulton Press. In Canada, Clarke, Irwin and Co. \$4.00). Using as his criterion for selection Johnson's definition of an anecdote as "a minute passage of private life," the author has compiled a fascinating mélange, arranged in alphabetical order by subject matter (a procedure giving rise to weird juxtapositions of authors and confusion for the reader). We begin with Columbus and the egg ("Ab Ova") and end with "Zeuxis", that painter who depicted such realistic grapes that the birds were deceived into pecking at them — to the distress of the painter who was annoyed because the boy holding his grapes in the picture was not sufficiently life-like to frighten the birds away. This is a perfect storehouse for a "dipping-into" mood.

More serious and stimulating fare has been produced by Edward Weeks and Emily Flint who have, in editorial piety, celebrated the centenary of *The Atlantic Monthly* by harvesting from its back files a most impressive anthology (*Jubilee, One Hundred Years of the Atlantic*. Little, Brown and Co. (Canada) Ltd., \$8.25). "Such things," wrote one friend to Lowell, the first editor, "are never permanent in our country. They burn brightly for a while, and then burn out . . . It would be a great thing for us if any undertaking of this kind could live long enough to get affections and associations connected with it . . ." This sampling of a century's literary achievement not only proves the durable powers of *The Atlantic* but gives ample justification for its survival. From the lesser pinnacle of our sixty-fifth year of publication we salute *The Atlantic* and take fresh hope for our own future.

Closer to home, a tremendous "squirreling" operation has been taking place during the past five years. Hundreds of Canadian scholars, headed by editor-in-chief John Robbins, have been collecting material for a new encyclopedia. The first three volumes of *Encyclopedia Canadiana* (The Grolier Society, 10 vols.) have now made their debut: surely a product which in form and substance ought to do more to establish Canada's place in the world than anything else we could export. The grand conceptions of its sponsors have been artistically executed: the volumes are clearly printed, lavishly illustrated, splendidly and durably bound. The writing is simple and direct, appealing to inquiring spirits of all ages. Every school in the land ought to make this a first charge on its 1958 budget.

Much more modest in dimensions but rather more immoderate in intentions is *The Blasted Pine, An Anthology of Satire, Invective and Disrespectful Verse*, selected and arranged by F. R. Scott and A. J. M. Smith. (Macmillan's of Canada, \$3.50). Squirrels love to scold so, apparently, do poets. The pretentious, the pompous and the complacent are the butt of the poets' rhymed chatter, if we are to judge from this selection. Occasionally there is just that note of petulance heard from squirrels when they find no one has been listening to them. All this is rollicking fun, with perhaps too much invective spoiling the satire. For their own good, have the squirrels been too long up in the trees quibbling with the prosaic philistines below or even shouting rude words across at each other?

The mellower note is revealed in *The Best of Leacock*, edited and introduced by J. B. Priestly (McClelland and Stewart, \$4.50). Here, as his admiring anthologist says "is a kind of humour that might be compared to summer lightning, suddenly illuminating the scene of our follies but not striking and blasting." Since the bulk of Leacock's work is out of print, we should be grateful to Mr. Priestly for his excellent selection—even if his introduction has that trace of condescension which has not, in

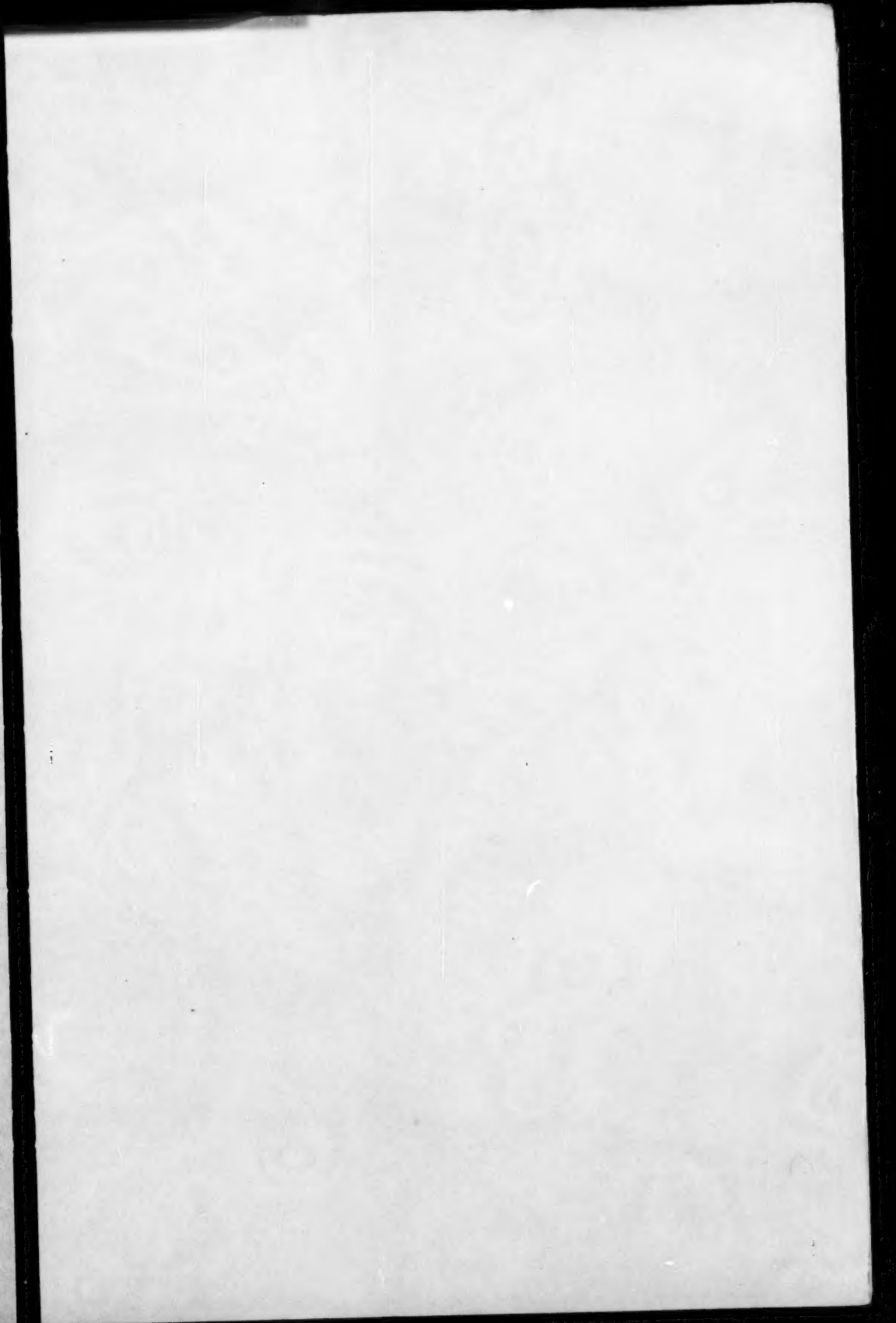
recent times, exactly endeared him to the Canadian public. It is sufficient to say, with Priestly, this book contains "a whale of a lot of good Leacock".

Leacock turns up again in another reprint venture: the *New Canadian Library*, a series of paperback reprints of Canadian classics sponsored by McClelland and Stewart. Surely no publisher has ever initiated a project in such a frankly gloomy mood: "We are hoping to interest readers in good Canadian writing," says J. G. McClelland, "but past experience doesn't lead us to believe that we shall have a resounding success." The first four titles, priced at one dollar each, are Grove's *Over Prairie Trails*, Leacock's *Literary Lapses*, Callaghan's *Such Is My Beloved*, and Sinclair Ross' *As For Me and My House*. Roy Daniells' splendid introduction to my favourite, the Ross volume, is alone worth the price of admission. One hopes that this "gamble at ridiculous odds" (McClelland again) will pay off its pessimistic sponsors and induce them to expand the series.

Finally, there is a type of literary collecting that has become increasingly valuable as the number of publications continues to expand: the reprint or abstract. A new monthly *Abstracts of English Studies* made

its first appearance in January of this year, issued by the University of Colorado (Boulder, Colorado, \$4.00 per year). We are pleased to know that our own Quarterly is included in the list of one hundred from which abstracts will regularly be taken. *Panorama. The Laurel Review* (Edited by R. F. Tannenbaum, published by Dell, New York, fifty cents per issue) has also made a beginning, in glossy paperback format, with reprints of seventeen articles or extracts drawn from the most varied fields of knowledge, written by outstanding persons. Contributions to the *Queen's Quarterly* are also scheduled for inclusion in this publication. A third and relatively recent entrant to this field is *Best Articles and Stories* (issued ten times a year, 165 South Main Street, Spencer, Indiana. \$6.00 per year in Canada). Editors of selected periodicals are invited to nominate articles, short stories and poems that have appeared in their own publications and these are reprinted in full. Again the Quarterly is pleased to say that a handful of its contributions will soon be appearing in the pages of this most attractively arranged publication.

THE EDITOR



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